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NOTES FROM A DIARY

1892-1895

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5 Mr. Buddle & Buddleia

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47. Marbot's Memoires. ‖

116. my Crown -

128. arnold & clough. — ??

133. the Inner Life

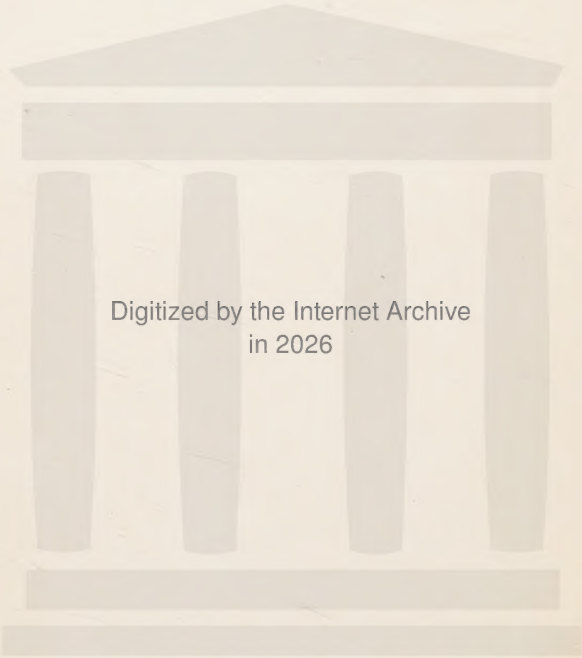
208 - Jebb & premisses. ‖

208 - Lupercalia.

209. Workkeepers - ~

216. D of Wellington ‖

301. Canon Doyle. ~



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NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

1892-1895

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1904

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1894

January

3. At a house where I was calling to-day, people talked of some absurd schoolboy answers which appeared in the *Spectator*, and several of which looked as if they had been happily invented. The Dean of Christ Church said: "I should have set down the one I am going to quote as happily invented, if I had not known the man to whom it was actually shown up."

Question: "Enumerate the principal battles between Marston Moor and Naseby."

Answer: "General Marston Moor and General Naseby repeatedly encountered each other; but at last General Naseby defeated his opponent in a great battle, and Marston Moor was left dead upon the field."

6. At Heath Court, Coleridge's Devonshire home, we spoke of Thirlwall. After his great speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church, which had been preceded by a good deal of exertion, Coleridge said to him: "It must have been very hard work." "Yes,"

replied the Bishop, "it was; but when the debate was over I went on to Westminster Bridge and repeated Wordsworth's sonnet. That put me all right again."

Conversation wandered to Tennyson, whose house at Freshwater had been the home of Miss Seymour, Coleridge's first wife, and of her brother, who is described in Shairp's poem on the Balliol Scholars from 1840 to 1843. My host once went to see Tennyson there, and in the course of conversation he distinctly put Wordsworth second among English poets, below Shakespeare, but above Milton.

We talked of course of Newman, and I asked Coleridge to show me the last paragraph of the *Essay on Development*, which had passed from my mind, but which Stanley, with whose life I am occupied, described as "one of the most affecting passages ever written by an uninspired pen." Coleridge showed it to me in the edition which the Cardinal had given him, and it is certainly very striking. He told me that Whately called Keble, whose portrait is over the chimney-piece in the room which I am occupying, "a caged eagle," and quoted a saying of Madame de Stael's to his father which was new to him. Sir John had gone on a visit to Coppet when the Continent was opened after the Great War, and remarked to his hostess that none of the changes in France had done much for personal

liberty—the citizen as against the State was almost as helpless as before the Revolution. "The difference," she answered, "between you and us seems to be mainly this: you are a proud people and care for liberty, we are a vain people and care for equality."

The name of Sir William Grant came up, whom Coleridge considers to have been the greatest judge we have had for the last hundred and fifty years. He gave a curious account of the life which Sir William led on the ground floor of the Rolls House, never once, during all the years he passed there, having had the curiosity to look at the rooms even in the storey immediately above After dinner he solemnly consumed two bottles of port, then went into his Court and sat like a statue till both sides had had their say, whereupon he delivered those great judgments which are to this day a marvel to the profession. Talk of Sir William Grant led on to Pitt, and Coleridge quoted some very fine lines of a translation by the great statesman of Horace's, "Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae."

> "On wing sublime resistless virtue soars,
> And spurning human haunts and earthly shores,
> To those whom godlike deeds forbid to die,
> Unbars the gates of immortality."

Coleridge told me also an amusing anecdote of Mr. Buchanan, which had been told to his informant by

Buchanan himself. That gentleman when in Andrew Jackson's Cabinet had found the President (who, rough as he was, was by way of being very courteous to women) writing in his shirt-sleeves, although he expected a visit from a lady. Buchanan took upon him twice to remind the great man of his *deshabille*, and on the second occasion the latter observed: "Mr. Buchanan, I once knew a man in Tennessee who made a large fortune—by minding his own business."

11. To call on Lady Arthur Russell, who told me a story of a clergyman to whom some one had said: "What resources you must have in your daughters!" "Yes," he replied, "but unfortunately I have to husband my resources."

12. After a Committee Meeting at the Athenæum to-day I was talking to Mr. John Murray, when Sir George Chesney joined us, and mentioned something amusing which he had just come across in a novel. "That," said my companion, "is quite a true story; it happened to my own sister at her first dinner-party. An old and very confidential servant of my father's came behind her and whispered: 'A little more conversation to the left, Miss.'" He told me, too, that Hayward was one day telling an anecdote to the lady who sat next to him at dinner, which was evidently going to have rather a risky termination, when she said to her

neighbour on the other side: "Mr. ———, I think Mr. Hayward is speaking to you," thus saving the situation. She did not take the same view of the subject as did a lady of whom Henry James told me when he was here last Sunday. He addressed some observation to her at a dinner-party when he first appeared in London. "Don't you think we had better listen to Mr. Hayward?" was the reply.

13. I took Lily and Iseult to the Botanical Department of the Natural History Museum to-day, where Mr. Carruthers showed us a herbarium, in two large volumes, which had been collected towards the end, I suppose, of the 17th century, by Mr. Buddle, the same who gave his name to genus *Buddleia*. Most of the plants are still admirably preserved, but here and there were strange intruders, as for instance the egg-pouch of a skate, which had been mistaken for a seaweed. I had never before seen the "Mercurius Britannicus" of Johnson, the botanist, who was killed at the siege of Basing House in 1644. On our last visit to the Department, Mr. Baker, son of Baker of Kew, showed us a number of plants from Mount Kenia, very European in character, on which he is now at work.

15. Dined with the Literary Society, where we had only a party of four; Coleridge, Birrell, and Lyall being the other three. The first-named told a story of a member

of the Bar, who was not a first-rate legal luminary, although he had published some volumes of Reports. "That case," he said on one occasion, addressing Baron Alderson, "is, I think, only reported in Lewin, Volume I." "Ah!" interposed the judge, "there is a good deal of law in those Reports which can be found nowhere else!"

Ward and Goulburn had been intimate at Oxford, but had fallen out of acquaintance after the secession of the former. Coleridge brought them together again when Goulburn had the church close to Oxford Square, and they fell back into something like their old relations. At last Ward said to Goulburn: "I observe you always address me as the Rev. W. G. Ward, but I am really only W. G. Ward, Esq.; and as I see that your letters excite remark, I had rather you addressed them in that way." "I have a difficulty about that," replied the other, "for it has been decided that Anglican orders are indelible, and whether you like it or not, you are the Rev." "Oh! very well," said Ward; "if it is a matter of principle, do as you like, but as we do not acknowledge Anglican orders, you won't mind if I address you as E. M. Goulburn, Esq."

20. Dined with the Edmond Fitzmaurices, meeting amongst others Mr. Conway, who told me that, after his Karakorum Expedition, he showed the plants he

had collected to Mr. Duthie at Saharunpur, and asked him whether they were Alpine in their general character. "Not at all," was the answer; "they are essentially maritime, and have many affinities with the flora of our British sea-shores."

24. The new French Ambassador, M. Descrais, his wife and daughter, dined with us, as did the Akermans, the Reays, and others. Madame Descrais told me that she was present when Prince Rudolph took leave of his father, kissing his hand, immediately before the departure which was to lead to so mysterious a catastrophe. M. Akerman mentioned that he had occasion once to examine the records relating to Swedish affairs during the reigns of Philip II., III., and IV., which are preserved at Simancas. He found to his amusement that the Spanish Foreign Office, in those days, classed all the affairs of Europe under two heads. Whatever did not come under the head of France came under that of Holland. M. Descrais said that he had been for more than a year Directeur des Affaires Politiques at the Quai d'Orsay, and that the work was so tremendous that no consideration on earth would ever tempt him again to take such a burden on his shoulders. He gave me some very sad details of the last days of Waddington, whose life seems to have closed amidst great troubles.

25. To see Lady Derby. She told me that Peel, who

was very kind to her as a girl, mentioned to her that he made a point of learning a verse of poetry every night before he went to bed, to take away the taste of the House of Commons.

It was not to herself that he said, what she knew nevertheless to be true, when some one was criticising a portrait of Lady Burleigh as that of a silly woman: "I don't know; I think she is the sort of person who would do pretty well for a public man; she wouldn't ask what the Division was when he came home."

She told me, too, a curious story illustrative of the devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli to each other. On her way down to Hatfield, the latter had a fall, on the premises of a dealer in marble, and cut her face most severely. When she reached her destination she took her hostess aside and said: "My husband is preparing a great speech; if he finds out that I have had this accident he will be quite upset. I want you to take me straight up to my room and say I've a headache. He has lost his eyeglass, and if you put me a long way from him at dinner, he will never see what a condition I am in." Her wish was complied with, and, if I recollect right, it was not the next day, but the day after, that Disraeli found out the state of the case. When he did so he was thrown into such low spirits that he was obliged to beg leave to go home immediately.

26. At the British Museum this morning Mr. Murray showed us an Athenian vase, made by Sotades, in illustration of the story of Polyeidos and the dead son of Minos shut up together in the tumulus: a subject on which it is known that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides all wrote tragedies, of which only one fragment of Sophocles survives. I did not know that the Romans had a word for a pepper-castor—*piperatorium*; nor had I ever observed the restoration of the Mausoleum according to the ideas of Mr. Cockerell, hid away in a corner of the Halicarnassian room; nor the extraordinary effect of movement in the bas-relief of the charioteer hard by. Mr. Murray mentioned that it was *de rigueur* for the charioteer in the race competition to be dressed as a girl.

29. Met Acton, just returned from Madrid, bringing me messages from Castelar. We talked of his party in the House of Lords, and he repeated a saying about the Doctrinaires belonging to the early Twenties: "Ils sont quatre, mais quand ils ont besoin de faire peur ils pretendent qu'ils sont cinq!"

Dined with Coleridge to meet Mr. Bayard, the new American Ambassador. He talked much to me about the extraordinary beauty of the buildings of the Chicago Exhibition, and of the new power which had been put into the hands of the architect by the cheapness of steel,

and by a new composition of which I had never heard, both of which seem to have been used at Chicago on the largest possible scale. Thanks to them, he said, it was now safe to assert that whatever can be drawn can also be built.

30. To the Blumenthals at night, where many people were wearing "the Châlet Order," the pretty little badge which they give their friends when they have stayed several times with them in Switzerland. The motto is *Songez à Sonzier*, the name of the little village close to them, and which in the locality is pronounced Songez.

31. Dined at the Farm House in Pont Street with Mr. and Mrs. Lampson. Of what great French House is the story told which was repeated by one of my fellow-guests, to the effect that in their genealogical tree there is a representation of the Ark, near which a little figure holds up a bundle of parchments, and cries: "Monsieur Noé, Monsieur Noé, sauvez les papiers de la famille!"

February

2. To the British Museum, where Lady Reay with Miss Adèle Hay met me, and we saw many more of the things under Mr. Murray's charge. He told me that Lord Elgin had never seen the sculptures of the

Parthenon *in situ*, but had employed people to draw them. His artists begged him to do all he could to have them sent to England, and thus saved from a destruction which was otherwise inevitable. He repeatedly appealed to the Porte to allow him to have them taken away, but his request was constantly refused until the victory of Trafalgar. As soon as that was known the Sultan said: "You may have them now as soon as you please." One of the high-reliefs fastened to the wall of the Elgin room is not an original, but a copy. The original is in Paris. It was captured on its voyage from Athens by Nelson, who wrote to Lord Elgin to ask him how he would wish it disposed of. He replied: "It is the property of my old friend Choiseul Gouffier; send it to him."

4. Dined with Mr. Maxwell Lyte, who is at the head of the Record Office, and is a grandson of the author of *Abide with Me*. Mr. Murray was there, and the conversation turned upon what he told me yesterday about the Elgin Marbles. Who first said *à propos* of them what Sir Anthony Hoskins quoted to me to-night?—

"Quod non fecerunt Goti
Hoc fecerunt Scoti."

Of course the distich is only an echo of

"Quod non fecere barbari
Fecere Barberini."

5. Mr. W. Lindsay breakfasted with us. We talked of the Stuarts, on whose genealogy and connections he is a great authority. In his opinion the family was originally settled in the neighbourhood of Dol, in Brittany.

After breakfast I went, under his guidance, to St. Peter's in the Docks. The service was a close copy of High Mass, and beautiful exceedingly; but what was most interesting was the congregation. It consisted almost exclusively of young men and women, with a fair sprinkling of children. I saw one man who might conceivably have been in the position of a gentleman; but the immense majority were just above or just below the lower limit of the middle-class. The man next me might have been the mate or second mate of a moderate-sized vessel. Yet in my whole life I have never seen, from first to last, more perfect propriety of demeanour or a more complete absence of anything that could, in the slightest degree, offend the most fastidious taste. Putting altogether aside the religious significance of the matter, the fact that such an oasis of civilisation should have been created so near the once notorious St. George's in the east, and in the centre of one of the roughest populations in England, is curious and significant in the highest degree.

Mrs. Walpole, who, since her husband became Secretary

to the Post Office, has been living close to us, gave me this afternoon the following verses by a Belgian poet:—

"La vie est vaine;
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—Bon jour!

"La vie est brève;
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rève,
Et puis—Bon soir!"

Dined with the Literary Society. We were a large party, just four times as many as last time—sixteen in all.

Dr. Hubert Parry was on my left, and the Bishop of Rochester on my right. I talked with the latter about my experiences of yesterday. He said: "The public at large, and even the kind of men who are assembled round this table, have no idea of the amount of civilising work of that kind which is going on in our large towns. Nearly all those people you saw in church are probably engaged this evening in connection with Clubs or Associations of one kind or another. I am trying at present gradually to put myself into relations with all the leaders of such things in each parish of my diocese."

6. Dined with Sir Richard and Miss Webster. Both my host and the American Ambassador spoke in very

high terms of Mr. Gresham, the present Secretary of State, and the latter told a curious story of him. During the Civil War, Mr. Gresham's troops had taken some position in which they found a Southern officer who requested to speak with their commander. He complied with the request, and having learnt from the surgeons that his prisoner had only a short time to live, told him so. The wounded man then asked Mr. Gresham if he would take a message to his wife. Mr. Gresham enquired where he lived. "In Mobile," was the reply "Well," rejoined the other, "it is very doubtful whether we shall ever get as far as that into your territory; but if we do, I will give the message if possible." The dying man dictated some very clear and business-like directions about his affairs, and handed to Mr. Gresham all his personal jewellery. Mr. Gresham then asked him if he had any further request to make. "Yes," said the other, "I will ask you to hold my hand till I die;" which he did.

7. Talked with Sir George Russell about Lord Beaconsfield. He was staying at Hatfield at the time of the dissolution of 1880, and Lord Cranborne drove him to the station to see the results of the first day's polling. They had gone heavily against the Conservatives, and as the pair returned, the Prime Minister said to his companion: "What a difference age makes

To you this is probably a rather agreeable excitement; to me it is the end of all things."

Sir William Rose said to him when he first became Prime Minister: "I am going, if I may venture to do so, to give you a piece of advice: when you fill up Bishoprics take care to appoint moderate men." "Moderate men?" said the other hesitatingly, "moderate men? Ah! yes, I quite understand what you mean—men without convictions!"

The same privileged adviser found him one day eating strawberries "alienis mensibus," and remarked upon it. "They are a present," he said, "from Lady Beaconsfield. Her attentions transcend those of a wife and equal those of a mistress."

8. Mrs. Greg and Dr. Klein dined with me. He told me that he is the great-great-great-grand-nephew of Fénelon, whose sister Marie married an ancestor of his mother, herself descended from an English stock, the Essex Baynards, one of whom, after fighting under the Black Prince, settled in Saintonge. Dr. Klein's grandfather on the father's side was behind Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcola, and thinking him too much exposed, tried to get in front, but his General said: "Laissez-moi tranquille, chacun à son tour." He fought all through the wars of those times without being wounded, except at Waterloo, where a ball grazed two of his fingers; and

it was his men whom Ney tried to rally on that occasion by calling out to them: "Venez avec moi et voyez comme meurt un Maréchal de France." He was, too, with Ney's corps on the retreat from Moscow, as was also a cat, which was got with much difficulty over the Beresina and reached France, but died at Châlons. This story, or the presence of Lavender, led to my asking what was the real origin of our word Puss, which Whately called the vocative case of cat. Some derive it from the Egyptian goddess, Pasht, but that is, I suppose, a mere cleverism. Dr. Klein says that in addition to the word *Minette*, the French sometimes use *Poucet* (little darling) as well in addressing a cat as a child.

He mentioned having come across the curious superstition about placing a piece of money in the hand of the dead, which I have recorded in these Notes for last September. He says that it exists in Brittany and in Saintonge as well as in Burgundy.

11. Dined with the Dilettanti—Meade, Walpole, Welby, Sir Ralph Thompson, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Pember, and others being present. I had not attended since the Society migrated to its new quarters at the Grafton Galleries, where its pictures are seen to much better advantage than ever before. The two great Sir Joshuas which were lent to the National Gallery are both now

in our own keeping, as is the portrait of Sir Joshua by himself. I had forgotten that we possessed three by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

13. Met at the house of Mrs. Somers Cocks Miss Jane Harrison, who has become a recognised authority upon Greek Art. I asked her what had induced her to devote herself to it. She replied, that from the time she first studied Greek she had a great interest in the language; but that, having begun it late, she saw no chance of doing much on the ordinary lines of scholarship, and took accordingly to a department in which comparatively few were at work.

14. Dined with the Flowers. Sir William mentioned that they had recently received at the Natural History Museum, for the first time, the skin and skeleton of the camel from the Gobi desert, where, if anywhere, the creature is wild. It is the two-humped variety, but both the humps are very small. The camel appears to have originated not in the Old World but in the New, and can be traced a good way back through geological time in the regions near the Rocky Mountains. From the primeval animal two very different types seem to have been evolved, the camel as we know it and the llamas with their relatives. Conversation passed to the great deer of the Irish and other European morasses, the hugest of all its kind—so huge that whereas the

antlers of the Wapiti weigh about thirty, its antlers weigh about seventy pounds.

15. I gave this afternoon the Annual Presidential Address to the Royal Historical Society, and tried to do for Tacitus what I did last year for Thucydides.

16. Dined with Eleonora Lady Trevelyan, meeting the Reays, Mr. Victor Williamson (who used to travel with Arthur Stanley), Lady Muriel Boyle, her husband, and others. I talked all the time after dinner to Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, whose extraordinary range of reading impresses me more and more every time I see her, and far surpasses that of any woman I have known, except Lady Blennerhassett. Flaubert's correspondence, a new edition of Æschylus, the Chanson de Roland, the management of the London Library, Bayreuth, the Euryanthe of Weber, and her new Spitz puppy, were only a few of the many subjects which came up during our conversation.

19. Dined at Grillion's—a large party; Lord Ashbourne in the chair.

I asked Lord Cross whether he had not been under Arnold at Rugby. "Yes," he answered; "and I left it at a memorable time—the day after he died."

20. Sat some time with Reeve, who told me that Guizot had considered Renan's *Life of his Sister Henriette* one of the best things of the kind in the French language.

21. My sixty-fifth birthday. Mrs. Greg and others dined with us. Miss Somers Cocks mentioned that ———, delighted, as she well might be, with *Lena's Picture*, wrote to a friend of hers: "Mrs. Barrington must have a very beautiful *sole*."

24. The Breakfast Club had its first meeting of 1894 here (4 Cromwell Houses) — Trevelyan, Aberdare, Reay, Courtney, Leveson Gower, and Lyall being present. The American Ambassador and the Danish and Dutch Ministers came as guests.

When Trevelyan came in with the book of our records in his hand, Mr. Bayard said to me: "How I wish it were the second volume of his Life of Fox!"

With Lily to the Exhibition of the Old Masters, full as usual of beautiful things, of which I think none struck me more than the portrait of Andrea Spinola, Doge of Genoa, by Van Dyck, belonging to Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale. There was also a picture by a master whose name was quite unknown to me, Vincenzo Biagio, called Catena (who seems to have lived from about 1470 to 1532), the property of Dr. J. P. Richter, "Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter." The other figures did not appear to me remarkable, but the principal one is so in the highest degree, and curiously modern. I was interested to see a view of Dresden painted by Bellotto and belonging to Lord Hillingdon, in which my old friend the

Katholische Kirche is represented as still unfinished. Later in the day with my wife and Iseult to the Zoological Gardens, chiefly to see the Snow Leopard, from Lahoul, a most attractive creature. Although full grown, it allowed its keeper to go into its den, fondle it, and lift it out of its basket.

Dined with the Charles Pearsons, meeting amongst others Sir Robert and Lady Hamilton, whom I had never seen before. He has just returned from Dominica, the beauty of which he extols as highly as did Sir James Longden. She told me that her daughter, now married and living at Melbourne, had been a favourite of Father Healy's, and had said to him one day: "I don't think you managed your party very well, for you put me beside my own father." "What matter, my dear," was the reply, "whom you are beside, if you are not beside yourself." The same daughter, when a rather monopolising talker in Dublin tried to get possession of the conversation by asking the well-known question: "What did the Devil say when he first read the ten commandments?" enquired of the speaker across the table: "When did he tell you so?"

When John Morley first went over to Ireland he stayed with the Hamiltons, who found him servants, and made other arrangements for his occupation of the Vice-Regal Lodge. Two of her children, aged, I think

she said, three and four respectively, came to him and said: "We are afraid you will be rather lonely at the Lodge, and we are going to lend you the kittens."

25. Who was it who told me recently a saying of Mrs. Grote's about her husband, which came back to me to-day when I was talking of his admiration for Fanny Essler: "One is never safe with these old Pagans!"

26. Miss Walpole repeated to me a story which she heard the other day at the Dutch Legation. The Spaniards have a good deal of difficulty in distinguishing between the pronunciation of B and F. Napoleon III. asked one if he was married: "Non, Sire," was the reply, "je suis bœuf."

27. Dined with the Eltons. They are born collectors, and have prepared together a most elaborate catalogue of their very remarkable library. A Grolier lay on the table, and Mr. Elton put into my hands a copy of Addison's *Travels in Italy*, given by the author himself to Sacheverell, and with the autographs of both. Tanagra figures, Persian plates, and what not, fill the cabinets or decorate the walls. One ancient Cufic lamp had a singular history. It hung once in a mosque at Jerusalem, but somehow or other came to the West. Mr. Elton, when he was a young man, bade £60 for it at a sale, but it went for £240. Again it came into

the market, and he bade £70 for it; but again it went at a far higher price than he was prepared to give. Time passed, and one day a Jew took him to a garret and showed him the lamp, saying: "I know you have long wanted to possess this lamp, and I know if you have it it will have a good master. I will give it you accordingly." Mr. Elton, on a subsequent interview connected with the business, asked him if there was nothing in his collection that he would like in return. The man refused. He then asked if he could do anything for him. "Yes," was the reply; "just give me that" (pointing to a large jug or pot) "in my hands for a few minutes." This was done, and the Jew sat stroking the article in question, which to an inexperienced eye like mine had no special merit, for some time, muttering, as he did so, a sort of charm or incantation. He then returned it to its owner, and went away.

March

4. Dined with the Dilettanti — a party of eighteen. I sat next Mr. Elton, who told me that the settlement of the long and tiresome question about Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek had been brought about solely by the discovery which he made, after long search in

the Record Office, of a document which enabled Christ Church to intervene as *Deus ex machinâ*.

A squire of considerable position and Radical opinions in the west of England was lately interviewed by his tenantry, who wished to know how he would like them to vote. He scolded them not a little for referring to him about such a matter, and asked them what were their own opinions. To this they replied that they were in favour of all reforms, and that the first reform which they desired was to get rid of education.

I went on to the Cosmopolitan, which was pretty full of men chiefly engaged in discussing the Ministerial changes necessitated by Gladstone's resignation. Have I ever, in these Notes, recorded the fact that when staying at York House in the July of 1881, he said: "Well, I wonder what it will be like when you come back? I shall be out of it all." To this I replied, of course: "Why should you be?" He rejoined: "Dear me! you do not imagine for a moment that I have the remotest intention of remaining in my present position; I merely took it in order to put right one or two things which I thought were wrong; I have no idea whatever of continuing to be Prime Minister!"

5. Dined at Grillion's, expecting to find a large party, but we were only six — Lord Stanhope, Albert Grey, and one or two others. *À propos* of a rather neat

answer of Lord Rosebery's to a reclamation by the French Ambassador, Lord Norton mentioned a saying of Sheridan's which I had not heard: "I pay my debts chronologically, and the first debt I mean to pay is the debt of Nature."

8. Amongst others who dined here to-day was Goldwin Smith, who has been in England some little time. He mentioned, in the course of the evening, that he had talked with Lord Sidmouth, who was Prime Minister in 1801, but long survived his public career. Mr. John Murray, who was also with us, said that he supposed his father was the only person recently alive who could say that he had seen and conversed with Goethe, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott. He mentioned also as a curious link with the past, that the grandfather of Captain Maude, who died in Onslow Square in 1887, and whose son is working with him now in Albemarle Street, was born before the restoration of Charles II.

10. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's, whose appointment to the Under-Secretaryship of India is this morning officially announced. Acton called my attention to an article by Jules Simon in the recently established *Revue de Paris* about Renan, and I glanced through it at a later hour in the Athenæum. I thought it very good and very friendly, more friendly than, judging from some expressions its author had used to me, doubtless in a

moment of irritation, I had expected. The following sentence reflects very well the spirit of the whole:—

"Je voudrais qu'il ne nous eut pas conduits un jour à l'Abbaye de Jouarre; mais il nous a conduits au lac de Némi, à Jérusalem, en Phénicie, en Grèce, sur tous les sommets à travers tous les siècles."

The Lord Chancellor mentioned that the right to give assent to Bills is conferred by the Commission which enables certain persons to open Parliament on behalf of the Crown. A further and separate Commission is, however, always made out to enable the Royal Assent to be given to Bills. In case, however, it were desired to expedite business when the Sovereign is out of the realm, it would, it appears, only be necessary not to issue the Second Commission.

12. A note from his eldest daughter brings us the sad news of the death of my old friend Sir James Stephen. I made his acquaintance while I was still an undergraduate at Oxford, but never became intimate with him till I met him one evening early in 1854 in Charles Pearson's rooms in London. From that time till I entered Parliament, when our hours and occupations became different, I think I saw more of him than of any one else. After my marriage in 1859, my wife adopted him, and till his mind began to fail, a year or two ago, they wrote to each other constantly. She

possesses a long series of letters which will show him to much advantage. He was very little known to the general public, who imagined one of the most warm-hearted and affectionate of men to be only a Rhadamanthus.

14. To call on the Creeds. Emily talked more, I think, than I have ever heard her do before during our friendship of more than fifty years' standing, about her early days in Paris—the house in the Rue de Miroménil, *entre Cour et Jardin*, where her family lived, now all built over; and her childish delight, when, from a friend's windows, she saw the funeral procession of Louis XVIII. "Ah que c'est beau!" she exclaimed, to the horror of her Royalist *entourage*, as the car, with its great velvet pall studded with silver tears and surmounted by golden angels, came in sight. Very amusing, too, was her account of the old Duchesse de Rohan-Chabot, who lived next door to her parents, and was the possessor of a much-petted little dog called Flora, who frequently required the visits of the doctor. Flora's mistress used to relate that she once asked this functionary whether he meant his son to follow his own calling. "Hélas non, Madame la Duchesse," was the reply, "il n'a pas assez d'esprit pour cela; je compte de le faire prêtre!"

15. At luncheon with the Reays, to meet the Empress

Frederick. Amongst others there were the Robertses, Acton, and the Duchess of Buckingham.

Later in the afternoon I presided at the Council of the Historical Society, and took the chair at the evening meeting, after which I went down to York House—our brief, but lively, winter season in London having come to an end.

16. Dined at Buckingham Palace with the Empress Frederick.

When the Duchess of Teck was at York House last year, she told me a curious ghost story which had been related to her by her brother-in-law, the blind Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He was startled one day in bed by a sudden sensation of intolerable oppression. He thought that something was bending over him, and felt an icy-cold blast. Excessively alarmed, he rang his bell, and when his valet came, the latter saw, or declared he saw, the impression made by the strange visitant upon the bedclothes. I asked her, with reference to this, whether she could tell me any more ghost stories. She said that she had nothing new; but that some strange circumstances known to her husband were detailed, not quite accurately, in a book by Miss Broughton, under the title of *His Serene Highness' Story*.

Count Seckendorff was with the party which had charge of Napoleon III. after his surrender, and gave a curious

account of a dinner at the little town of Bouillon, where they halted. During it the Emperor expressed much interest about the fate of an officer belonging to one of the great French families, who had been one of his *officiers d'ordonnance* at Sedan. Seckendorff made every enquiry, but for a long time without any result. At length he discovered that the officer in question, when he saw that all was lost, had determined to die, and asking leave, for form's sake, to take some message to another part of the field, had ridden off and never been heard of more.

20. To meet, at the house of Mrs. Somers Cocks, Miss Beatrice Harraden, the authoress of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. She told me that the motto of her book was given her, years ago, but that she did not know, any more than the rest of us, till comparatively recently, whence it came. It occurs in *Elizabeth*, which forms a portion of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, by Longfellow. I looked for it in vain yesterday at Pembroke Lodge, in that collection of poems; but this is explained by the fact that *Elizabeth* is only printed in some editions, and does not occur in the copy which Lady Agatha Russell brought me.

Miss Harraden seems to have written her deservedly successful book, by the command of her doctor, who insisted on her doing something of the kind. She sat down to obey him, and the story was evolved as it were

of itself and by no volition of hers, in about eight months. It was far, however, from being her first work, for, before she began it, she had written a good deal anonymously. We soon found another topic of common interest in Mrs. Sydney Buxton, to whom she had become much attached when they were together at Cheltenham.

My wife and I drove over to Claremont in a lovely moonlight night to dine with the Duchess of Albany, meeting amongst others Canon Dalton, who sailed in the *Bacchante* in charge of the two young Princes. Goldwin Smith was also of the party. Conversation turned to the desperate fighting of the American Civil War. In the first battle of the Wilderness he said that no less than 40,000 men were put *hors de combat*. He spent a good deal of time in General Grant's camp, and saw enough to speak very disrespectfully of the effect of shells, more respectfully of round shot, especially when they *ricochet*.

I wonder if I have ever noted the story which I made him tell to-night of a long hot journey in the interior of an Eilwagen from Hamm to Hanover, which extorted from his companion, John Conington, then in the heyday of his Radicalism, the despairing ejaculation: "Well, this is worse than a hereditary Aristocracy!" He had known Mr. Patterson, the son of King Jerome by his American wife, and said that he was a thorough Corsican, with all the violent nature of his race.

27. Our Easter party, which consisted of Sir Hubert Jerningham, the Tyrrells, and some young people, broke up to-day. The first-mentioned, who is now Governor of Mauritius, had much to say of the terrible hurricane which, shortly before Adrian went there, swept over the island, committing frightful havoc. For a very short time the wind blew at the rate of 120 miles an hour, and for an hour continuously at the rate of 105. He gave an amusing account of an old French lady whom he had found in the utmost trouble. He asked her name—"———," she replied, "'De ———,' car je tiens beaucoup à ce petit 'de' malgré les ruines qui m'entourent." He cited also a despatch, sent by a namesake and connection of his, from some European Court, which Lord Palmerston used to quote as a model, and which was couched in some such terms as these :—

"I have the honour to enclose a copy of a new Constitution just promulgated, and to draw your Lordship's attention to the fact that, if it is not absolutely perfect, it is at least perfectly absolute."

30. I copied to-day the following notice in the window of a Bond Street jeweller :—

"Model showing part of the wall and one of the pearl gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem, with the Lamb in diamonds and twelve real precious stones representing the twelve foundation stones set in the wall!"

(Rev., chap. xxi. ver. 10-21.)

The ingenious modeller was unable to make his gate of a single pearl, and so fell back upon mother of pearl!

Maine used to say that the author of the Apocalypse, whoever he was, was certainly a jeweller; but I never expected to see the Celestial City turned, in the middle of London, into a trade advertisement!

31. Mrs. Snagge, who, with one of her daughters, is staying here, told me a happy answer made to a lady who, complaining of her advancing years, said: "J'ai mes quarante-six ans." "Oh! non, Madame, vous voulez dire que vous avez vingt-trois ans le matin et vingt-trois ans le soir!"

April

1. A Russian, who dined with us to-day, said that he had dined, a few months ago, at the English Club in Moscow in company with a M. Grodief, who was a hundred and seven, and apparently in very fair health.

He told at dinner a story, probably *ben trovato*, of an Italian who had fought fourteen duels in defence of the position that Tasso was a greater poet than Ariosto; but remarked on his death-bed: "Et cependant je n'ai pas lu une page ni de l'un ni de l'autre."

10. On the 8th I went over to Ramsgate to see the exquisite little church of St. Augustine, the pet work of

Pugin, remaining for Vespers and Benediction. On the 9th we drove to the ferry on the Stour not far from Ebbsfleet, where St. Augustine is said to have landed, and walked across the meadows, amidst the singing of larks, to Richborough; Lily gathering great nosegays of kingcups. Richborough was the Roman Rutupiæ, a strong fortress. The massive walls densely covered with ivy took my thoughts back to the Appian Way as I first saw it in 1851. The lines about Rutupiæ and its oysters in the fourth Satire of Juvenal are familiar enough, but I did not know that it was alluded to also in Lucan, which, I see from Murray's Handbook, is the case.

Dined with The Club. I had entirely forgotten that Juvenal had been Governor of Assouan, a fact of which Herbert, who has just returned from Egypt, reminded me.

Plunket told us, that in the last year or two Gladstone, whose humour used to be elephantine, had become very amusing in his speeches, and gave a curious instance of Bright's extraordinary oratorical power in the effect produced on his own mind by a speech which the great orator had made about a Quaker funeral: a speech which, as reported, is, he said, not remarkable.

He mentioned, too, that he had once walked home with Bishop Magee from a party at William Rathbone's, and that his companion was telling a good story in a

loud voice, when they were admonished by a policeman. "Come, come," said the man, "none of your masquerading here." "I am much honoured," said the divine. "I have sometimes been told that I was a fairly good Bishop, but never yet that I was a good actor." The guardian of the law did not see that he had mistaken the real for the spurious article. Plunket likewise quoted an Irish *bon vivant*, who had remarked: "I don't think much of that claret. It's very pleasant while you drink it, but it doesn't stay with you. I drank four bottles, and expected to have had a thoroughly good sleep; but not at all—I woke at four o'clock to all the horrors of sobriety."

Reeve talked of Macaulay's conversation and the decline of the art in English Society, mentioning incidentally that Montalembert, asked to meet a carefully selected party, complained that they talked only of cookery and the news of the day, saying not one word about the British constitution!!

11. St. Busbequius—so far at least as the white lilac is concerned—which is fully out to-day at York House.

15. A long letter from Mr. Cooke, dated Jerusalem, 2nd April. He writes with reference to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre:—

"I have had the good fortune to explore it under the guidance of an English architect, who has been the first to

make really accurate and exhaustive plans and measurements. His researches, and especially the excavations of the renowned Baurath Schick, have all gone to support the traditional view about the site."

He gives an interesting account of the Greek Patriarch Gerasimos, who has succeeded my old acquaintance, now dead, and speaks very highly of the schools founded by Alphonse Ratisbonne, adding: "I am quite charmed with your friend the Mother of the Dames de Sion. She bids me tell you that she has most pleasant recollections of your visit, and begs to thank you for your gift to the convent. These sisters are doing an altogether admirable work."

More fortunate than I, he has visited Ascalon, a place about which I have always had a great interest, and reports most favourably of the Circassian colonies on the east of the Jordan; filled, he says, with admirable agriculturists, able by their warlike qualities to keep the Bedouins in awe. He has also visited Mount Sinai, climbed Jebel Mûsa, and collated a manuscript of the Liturgy of St. James at the Convent of St. Catharine.

Wilfrid Ward, who is at work on the Life of Cardinal Wiseman, has been seeing something of the few persons still alive who were cognisant of the relations between him and Newman, immediately before and after the appearance of Father Dominic upon the scene. One of these,

Father (Barnard) Smith, who preceded his leader by several years in giving in his allegiance to Rome, went over to Littlemore and saw Newman, who would not, however, say one word to him, or indeed to the men who immediately surrounded him, about the change which was becoming inevitable. Smith went back, nevertheless, to Wiseman and reported that Newman was coming, and coming immediately. "What makes you think so?" said his chief. "Indications so slight," was the reply, "that to you, who don't know Newman, they would mean absolutely nothing, while to me they amount to a demonstration." "Give me an instance," said the other. "Well," was the reply, "he asked me to stay to dinner, and, when dinner was announced, he came down in a pair of grey trousers; that was decisive!"

Ward mentioned, too, that some one—I suppose Henry Oxenham—writing of Wiseman after his death in the *Saturday Review*, had said "that his face never appeared to advantage save when he was laughing or praying." He repeated also the account of a sort of vision which Wiseman had had, at a moment of great depression, shortly after he became a bishop; not that he believed it in any sense to be supernatural, but it was evidently an extraordinarily strong subjective impression, a phenomenon such as that related by St. Paul in II. Corinthians xii. 2. He thought of the words of

the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, and suddenly believed that he saw, with perfect distinctness, the figure of Our Lady calming a troubled sea.

Ward told me too that, long years before the crisis of 1870 came, Cardinal Cappacini said to the elder Bunsen: "I think it is very likely that the temporal power may go; but, if it does, the old lion will shake his bars in a way to make all Europe tremble."

He mentioned also that a connection of his wife's had gone in 1847 with Montalembert to hear Ravignan preach, and on coming out had said to his companion: "That sermon will change my whole life." And it did.

M. de Franqueville, who came down to spend the afternoon and dine, told me that Madame de Montalembert took her youngest daughter to see Leo XIII., and expressed a great wish that she should marry, asking the Pope to urge her to do so. "My daughter," said His Holiness, "your mother gives you excellent advice; I strongly recommend you to do as she did." "Most certainly," was the answer; "when I meet a man like the one whom she married, I too will marry."

16. In the afternoon I went up to see Lady Derby, who is in London for a few days. She told me that on the 19th April 1880, Mr. Gladstone was calling upon her, when, not a little to her horror, the door opened and a servant announced Lord Beaconsfield. The rivals were

equal to the occasion, and shook hands. I suppose this was their last meeting, for Lord Beaconsfield died that day year.

21. The Breakfast Club met at Robert Herbert's, Aberdare, Courtney, Lyall, and Herschell being present. The Chancellor told us that travelling during the night along the South-Western in order to fulfil some business engagement in the morning, he found himself amongst a number of Americans just landed, and more full of curiosity than knowledge about the society in which they found themselves. "Lords in your country," said one of them, "never do any work, do they?"

I walked to the Athenæum with Aberdare. He described a visit to the present Bishop of Chester at Lampeter, where the Archbishop of Canterbury and many other ecclesiastical magnates were assembled. A flag under which the procession passed bore the inscription *Per angusta ad augusta*. "What does that mean?" said Aberdare to his companion. "Why, of course, 'from Lampeter to Lambeth,'" was the reply.

22. The Dean of Salisbury writes:—

"Two more of the many pleasant guests at Queen's Gate Gardens, Emly and Ffoulkes, I see gone. There too it was at dinner I met Bowen first, and began what had grown into real intimacy. Such a remarkable union of light and sweetness we shall not see again. H. Smith once said to me, 'The three cleverest men I have ever taught were Bowen,

Swinburne, and T. H. Green, and the modesty of Bowen was the most charming feature in his mind.' He then said, 'After all, Swinburne has given to poetry something it had not before,' and of Green, 'He will make a mark on Oxford thought.''

Bowen seems to have had no idea how very dangerously ill he was. Herschell told me, some time ago, that his case was most serious, yet when Coleridge saw him on the 20th March he borrowed a Horace of him to correct Gladstone's version, and spoke of a long sick leave, while all the time Coleridge knew that he had not a month to live.

"Jowett," writes Coleridge, "might have given us an estimate of him, for no one has done it yet."

> "Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land."

23. Mackenzie Wallace came down in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. He is just going to Spain. I asked him if, when he was last there, he had seen the Queen. "Yes," he said; "I had a talk of about an hour with her." "Did she speak German?" I enquired. "She began," he replied, "in French, but after a time, finding from a German word which I used that I spoke German, she continued the conversation in it, but towards

the end of our talk passed into English, which she speaks quite well."

Long letter from Evelyn, just starting for Ispahan and Shiraz, partly on a pleasure trip, partly on a mission to the Zil-i-Sultan. (See these Notes for 1885.) He seems much struck with the ability of Mr. Greene, who is now in charge. Sir Francis Lascelles, his former chief, has been transferred to St. Petersburg; and Sir Mortimer Durand, his new one, has not yet arrived.

Mrs. Tyrrell, who dined here to-night, told us that soon after Leo XIII. had dedicated England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, the Cardinal met the Bishop of Oxford, who had lately returned from the Continent, and said to him: "Where have you been?" "Oh!" said the other, "I have been to Rome, and I dedicated it to St. George and—the dragon."

24. A phrase quoted from La Mothe Le Vayer by Bolingbroke in his *Letters on the Study of History—Dieu lui fasse la grace de devenir moins savant*—sent me back to Saint-Beuve's charming paper on Huet in the *Causeries du Lundi.* I had forgotten that the old Bishop always made a point of reading Theocritus in the month of May.

Dined with The Club—a party of ten—Poynter in the chair. I had Coleridge on my left, and Hooker on my right. The former spoke with the greatest admiration,

which was echoed by the latter, about the grand leaf of *Rhododendron Falconeri*. Coleridge also told a story of a counsel whose features were very far from handsome, and who was pressing a witness in cross-examination about the history of his ancestors. At length the witness refused to reply, and the judge was appealed to, who ruled that the question though seemingly far-fetched was not inadmissible, as the counsel claimed that it had a bearing on the character of the witness.

"Well," said the latter, "if I am to answer it, all I can say is that my ancestors were gentlemen when yours were throwing cocoa-nuts about in the trees."

Some one mentioned, on the authority of Sir William Flower, that a boy had picked up a great Auk's egg the other day for two or three shillings. In the course of the conversation to which this gave rise, Hooker said that considering the enormous extent of coast, such as that of Hudson's Bay for example, which was suitable to the great Auk, it cannot have been destroyed merely by the action of man, and its extinction must be the result of some cause not yet ascertained. He took the same view with regard to the disappearance of Steller's sea-cow.

25. Long talk in the Athenæum drawing-room with George Boyle. In the course of it, he said: "The last time I ever saw Bowen was in this room. The Dean of

Llandaff (Dr. Vaughan) came up, saying: 'I always refer to you for a poetical quotation; where does this line occur—

"'Who next shall fall and disappear?'"

"'That,' said Bowen, 'is from Wordsworth's lines on the *Death of the Ettrick Shepherd*,' proceeding to repeat a considerable part of them." "It is curious," I answered, "that four lines from that very poem should be quoted in the letter which Coleridge wrote to me about his death."

27. My wife finished reading to me Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book *Marcella*, interesting in many ways, but to us peculiarly so from the fact that so many of its most important scenes are laid at Hampden. The first page describes a scene very familiar to our memories :—

"The mists—and the sun—and the first streaks of yellow in the beeches—beautiful! *beautiful!*

"And with a long breath of delight Marcella Boyce threw herself on her knees by the window she had just opened, and propping her face upon her hands, devoured the scene before her with that passionate intensity of pleasure which had been her gift and heritage through life.

"She looked out upon a broad and level lawn, smoothed by the care of centuries, flanked on either side by groups of old trees—some Scotch firs, some beeches, a cedar or two—groups where the slow selective hand of time had been at work for generations, developing here the delightful round-

ness of quiet mass and shade, and there the bold caprice of bare fir trunks and ragged branches, standing black against the sky. Beyond the lawn stretched a green descent indefinitely long, carrying the eye indeed almost to the limit of the view, and becoming from the lawn onwards a wide irregular avenue, bordered by beeches of a splendid maturity, ending at last in a far distant gap where a gate—and a gate of some importance—clearly should have been, yet was not. The size of the trees, the wide uplands of the falling valley to the left of the avenue, now rich in the tints of harvest, the autumn sun pouring steadily through the vanishing mists, the green breadth of the vast lawn, the unbroken peace of wood and cultivated ground, all carried with them a confused general impression of well-being and of dignity."

The gates at the end of the avenue in our days were sufficient for their purpose, and the sentences which, following the description I have quoted, deal with the immediate surroundings of the house, describe a quite different state of things from that which then existed. The village, too, if the account of it is correct, must have much deteriorated; but, after all, the many years which intervened between our departure and Mrs. Ward's brief occupation of Hampden must have worked great changes.

28. The Breakfast Club met at York House; Aberdare, the Chancellor, Sir A. Lyall, and Sir Robert Herbert being present. Talk found its way, *viâ* our absent member Lord Wolseley, to Marlborough, and Aberdare

mentioned that his father-in-law, Sir William Napier, had been so much struck with two articles upon that commander which appeared in the *Dublin Review*, that he communicated with the author, who turned out to be no other than Frederick Lucas, the remarkable Quaker, to whom, after he had passed out of his Quaker into his Catholic phase, I was introduced by John Stuart Mill.

The Queen has been detained on the Continent by bad weather, but is expected to return to-morrow. If she were detained a day longer, a very pretty Constitutional question might arise, for a Council must positively be held on Monday in connection with the Behring Sea arrangement. Can it or cannot it be held on board the royal yacht in Flushing harbour?

The Chancellor mentioned also that the establishment of female suffrage in New Zealand has worked exactly in an opposite direction from that in which it was expected to work by its chief promoters, and has been very far indeed from proving a Conservative measure, while it has led straight to another demand, namely, that women should not only be electors, but elected.

May

3. George Boyle sends me an extract from Copeland's preface to Newman's *Sermons on the Subjects of the Day*, to which he alluded in our recent conversation at the Athenæum :—

"It may be interesting to the reader to know that the text (Psalm cxiv. v. 23, 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening') which stands at the head both of the first (itself a recent one) and the last sermon in this volume, was the text of the author's first sermon in 1824, when he went 'forth to his work and to his labour,' and of his last in 1843, when 'the evening' was come."

8. Dined with The Club. Maunde Thompson, who was in the chair, told us, on the authority of a person who was present, that, when Disraeli was dying, one of the doctors, feeling his pulse, said: "I think the old gentleman is gone at last." Thereupon the supposed dead man quietly remarked : "Not yet."

Some one having made too sweeping a statement about the susceptibility to cold of the Eucalyptus, Hooker observed very truly that it altogether depends upon the species, and mentioned some which succeeded well enough on Lord Stairs's property in Scotland, in situations where even the Scotch fir will not grow.

The name of a well-known scientific man having been mentioned, who, forbidden to work, occupies himself in

closely watching his own case, Sir James Paget said: "It is a most dangerous thing to do that; people by dwelling upon symptoms which they have not got, are very apt to produce them." I said: "I have been told that the stigmata might quite well be produced in that way." "Undoubtedly," he replied.

9. In virtue of a promise made last night to Sir James Paget, I went on to the Senate of the University of London, and accompanied Herschell, who is at once Lord Chancellor of the realm and of the university, to the theatre, where he delivered an address, and had presented to him some hundreds of the persons just admitted to degrees. There was no spoken formula of reception like that which I had to use in Madras; the Chancellor merely handed a document to each graduate, and shook hands. Another difference consisted in the many girl-graduates, a fair proportion of them deserving the adjective which Tennyson applied to their sisters in the *Princess*. I had never before seen the costume of the LL.B., which I obtained the right to wear some forty years ago. It is very handsome.

12. Speaking of the saying, "Truth is strange; stranger than fiction," my brother quoted to me to-day Goethe's rendering of it, which I did not know before:

> "Seltsam ist Propheten-lied
> Doppel-seltsam was geschieht."

13. Looked through with Miss Russell the small collection of choice Northern plants which Axel Blytt sent me some twenty years ago, and which I have not opened for a long time, thus renewing my acquaintance with the Enchantress of the North (*Calypso borealis*), with the great *Sceptrum Caroli*, and other treasures.

In the afternoon we went over to Ham. While crossing the ferry, on our return, I repeated the Epigram about Bibo which Cowper once quoted to me under the same circumstances. Mrs. Greg capped it by a story of a German soldier. The man was carrying off for interment a wounded comrade, who, however, remarked that he was not dead. "Ein jeder kann das sagen," was the answer.

The lilac is nearly over, so is the horse chestnut. It is the hour of the laburnum. The gentianella, which has never before flowered with us, is doing well this year, as are many of the rockwork plants, notably the beautiful *Primula Cortusoides* from Siberia. Among our orchids the noble *Dendrobium densiflorum*, with its two shades of yellow, is just now the most conspicuous.

17. Finished *Diane de Breteuille*, a pleasant novelette by Sir Hubert Jerningham, the most remarkable point of which is that the extraordinary incident with

which it opens, the conversation with the heroine in the shop of Guerre, the *pâtissier*, at the corner of the Rue Castiglione, really occurred as described. She did appeal to the author, and he did succeed in enabling her to marry the man whom she loved; who was not, however, himself.

22. Dined with The Club; Lord Rosebery in the chair, and a party of thirteen in all. A smaller one would have been better, for the Duc d'Aumale was full of talk; but, thanks to the pernicious habit of conversation by twos and twos, some, Acton for instance, who was most anxious to listen, could hear little of what he said. I heard probably more than any one, except the Chairman, or perhaps Lecky, and I only heard snatches. Some of these, however, were very curious. Asked about the truthfulness of Marbot's Memoirs, the Duc said, that years and years before they were published, he had constantly heard Marbot tell the same stories in the presence of his old comrades, and that no doubt was thrown upon even the most startling of them. He gave an amusing account of Marbot's relations with his brother, the Duke of Orleans. That prince, when in Africa, had insisted upon his staff wearing black head-dresses, while he wore a red one. "You think yourself very brave," Marbot said to him, "for making this distinction; but don't you know that, when they fire at the

general, it is always the *aide-de-camp* who gets hit." The Duke of Orleans went to see him, whereupon he observed, using stronger expressions than I care to transcribe: "It is all your infernal *casquette* which has brought this about." He mentioned that his father had said, and as he spoke drew our attention to the 18th-century turn of the phrase: "J'ai vu M. de Voltaire et j'ai recontré Jean Jacques dans la rue."

I asked him whether it was not true that the King had been blessed by Voltaire. "Blessed!" he replied; "if you like to call it so—anyhow, visited. Voltaire chanced one day to meet Tronchin, who was going to see, in his medical capacity, the Orleans children, and said to him: 'J'ai envie de voir cette petite Bourbonaille.'"

I said: "When I used the word 'blessed' I had in my mind the same anecdote which you are now telling. In the form in which it was repeated to me by Lord Houghton, Voltaire, putting his hand on your father's head, said: 'Souvenez-vous que vous avez été béni par Voltaire.'" "I believe," the Duc rejoined, "you are perfectly right." Evidently the details of the story had a little faded from his memory. As Houghton told it to me on his authority many years ago, Voltaire said, when he saw the children: "Quelle belle Bourbonaille!" and the King used to contrast the elaborately dressed

old man who had come to see them in the garden of the Palais Royal with the unkempt figure of Jean Jacques, whom his tutor had pointed out to him one day, on the opposite side of a street.

To-night the Duc mentioned that his father had said, speaking of Rousseau: "Et cependant j'ai été grand admirateur de cet animal-là!"

In answer to a question which his neighbour asked him about the cause of the quarrel between his grandfather and Marie Antoinette, he said that it had been caused chiefly by a dispute about St. Cloud, and by a question of etiquette which arose when Joseph II. visited Paris.

He mentioned also what Stanley tells on his authority, that, namely, the Latin inscription on the monument of his uncle the Duc de Montpensier, in Westminster Abbey, was written by Dumourier.

He spoke much of the influence of Madame Adelaide, and said that they used to call their father in consequence "le mari à deux femmes." She wrote much to the Ambassadors, but never without talking with the King. By this means he was sometimes able to let them understand his views without being in any way compromised with his Ministers.

23. Geffcken came down to dine and sleep. We talked of a curious page in an album mentioned in the

second volume of these Notes, and the property of a friend of his. He told me *à propos* of this that the Princess of Hohenzollern had once put in his hands her album, with the following entries in it:—

"Wahrheit besteht, Lüge vergeht.
Moltke."

"Ich glaube dass in jener Welt
Die Wahrheit stets den Sieg behält
Doch mit der Lüge dieses Lebens
Kämpft unser Marschall selbst vergebens.
Bismarck."

She wished to have in addition the autograph of Manteuffel, and he took the book to Strassburg for that purpose. He found Manteuffel starting within an hour from Carlsbad. He had, however, just time to read the entries of his contemporaries, and to add:

"Habe beides gelesen und schweige.
Manteuffel."

27. My wife, Clara, and Victoria went to see the Trooping of the Colour; I to the Chancellor's, where the Breakfast Club met, and where we talked, amongst other things, of the way in which the Prince de Joinville in his *Vieux Souvenirs* has thrown over the Revolution of 1830.

I dined at the India Office, now presided over by Mr. Fowler, sitting between Lord Roberts and Sir

Donald Stewart, whose promotion to the rank of Field-Marshal was yesterday announced. Later I took the girls to the Foreign Office. It rained desperately, and Campbell-Bannerman, who had got wet, said to me: "I trust the despatches of this establishment hold water better than its awnings do."

To-day, the fiftieth anniversary of my first start for the Continent, I said good-bye to Clara at Charing Cross Station, and crossing the Channel, which was far less rough than I have often seen it, when the wind was not so high, reached Calais, accompanied by my wife and Victoria, *en route* for Athens, to negotiate with the Greek Government on behalf of the Bondholders.

28. It is long since I have passed a night in this place, and I was not sorry to revisit the old church, whose venerable ugliness restoration, necessary to preserve the building, has a little impaired since I was last there in 1870. We went to it in a furious storm of wind and rain, but were rewarded by the Procession of the Fête Dieu, held yesterday, and made charming by numbers of little girls of the middle class in their veils, as well as by the daughters of the fishermen, who still wear quaint caps and long ear-rings.

29. The detestable weather, which we hoped to have left behind in England, extended to Switzerland, but we were able to run up the lake to Fluellen, reviving recollections

which twenty-three years had done much to efface. I have seldom seen a more beautiful effect than one which was produced by some momentary state of the atmosphere. The smoke emitted by a passing train, close to the Tell-platte, assumed the colour of the finest Ceylon sapphires.

30. The wintry horrors of the last few days have disappeared, and the morning was lovely. The railway route by which we passed from Lucerne to Milan was quite new to me, though here and there it touched places which I had visited in former years. The journey between Fluellen and Göschenen recalled in parts that which we made in 1871 (recorded in Vol. I. of these Notes); but I did not see the bridge over the Reuss at Amsteg, with which I have particularly agreeable associations. The great tunnel was hardly begun when I was last in these regions, but time enough has passed, since it was made, to cover the mass of masonry on the left side of its Airolo entrance with the loveliest mantle of flowers. What they were I could not see. A lightning rush like this through Switzerland at the end of May condemns a botanist to the fate of Tantalus. From Altdorf onwards it was one garden. We followed the Ticino from its infancy till it had become a considerable river, greeted Bellinzona, and ran on to the station of Lugano. The view from the platform on which it is situated has surely few equals in Europe. A glimpse of Como and a short journey past

Monza, over the great Lombard plain, closed the most enjoyable railway day which I think I ever passed.

31. Milan looked as prosperous and was as noisy as it well could be. I took Victoria to the Brera, which contains hardly anything, save Raphael's "Sposalizio," which has much interest for me; and we also made a pilgrimage to see Leonardo's "Last Supper," in the Refectory close to the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie. My memory told me that it was even more faded than it really is. My wife contented herself with revisiting the Duomo, which, when all allowances have been made for great imperfections, remains, to my thinking, unsurpassed in its beauty and solemnity by any Gothic Church.

I had forgotten, by the way, what Murray reminds me of, that "milliner" is Milaner, a relic of the days when the relative position of Milan amongst the cities of the world was much higher than it is now.

June

1. We left Milan yesterday afternoon and went straight to Venice, not stopping, as we did in 1871, at Verona or Vicenza, nor even at Padua, which I have not revisited since I was there forty-three years ago. We reached our destination just at the end of a thunderstorm and established ourselves in the Albergo Grande, opposite the

Salute, and formerly the Palazzo Ferro. This morning was all that could be desired, and I went out very early in a gondola. I find that the house in which Alexandrine[1] lived was rather nearer the seaward end of the Grand Canal than I had supposed. It appears now to form part of the Hôtel de l'Europe. For its early history see Vol. III. of these Notes.

After breakfast we all went together to St. Mark's, to the Piazza, the Doge's Palace, and the Accademia—all, like everything else on this journey, new to Victoria. Just before leaving I went alone to St. Moïse, which was shut, and lost myself in the narrow lanes between it and the Grand Canal. Eugénie and Alexandrine knew, I trust, their way better, and some back door opening into one of these lanes must have communicated with the house of the latter.

We left Venice in the afternoon and travelled by railway through the rich district round Treviso to Conegliano, whither we came down in 1870 from Titian's country, and which I specially connect with Mr. Greg. (See these Notes for that year.) Thence we passed to Pordenone, where we observed, for the first time, the graceful form of campanile characteristic of this neighbourhood, and whence Alexandrine addressed to Mrs. Craven the letter beginning "Chère petite belle sœur sans trait

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, Vol. I.

d'union entre belle et sœur." She had come hither from Pontebba, where she wrote the lines about Italy, on re-reading which in her diary, seven years afterwards at Brussels, she added in her *Histoire* the very remarkable passage about that country which holds its own even with the "Salve magna parens frugum" of the Georgics. I re-read it in the Duomo of Milan yesterday. Soon we crossed the huge bed of the Tagliamento, and my thoughts wandered away to the tremendous Chenaub, which it resembles pretty much as a Scotch wild cat does a royal tiger.

Ere long we arrived at Udine, the capital of Friuli, and before we had gone far, found hills on the right hand as well as on the left, and crossing the Isonzo were in the charming Gorizia and the dominions of the House of Hapsburg.

Soon, however, we ran out of this pleasant country, and after the Timayo, the ancient Timavus, entered the limestone of the Karst, came down upon the Adriatic, and slept at Trieste.

5. We left that place in the *Amphitrite* about eleven o'clock on the 2nd, and moved over a perfectly tranquil sea along the coast of Istria, seeing Parenzo, Rovigno, and as much of Pola as can be seen from the open Adriatic, which is but little. Ere long our ship was opposite the mouth of the Gulf of Fiume, and we had passed a

good many of the Dalmatian Islands before darkness came on.

Soon after I rose on the 3rd, we came upon the little island known as Pelagosa, which lies right in the middle of the channel, but is happily provided with a lighthouse. Towards evening, in reply to a question as to our whereabouts, I was shown the white town of Monopoli, and exactly at sunset we were entering the harbour of Brindisi. There we were joined by a gentleman, who has been sent to represent the French bondholders at Athens. His colleague, who represents the Berlin National Bank and the holders of Greek securities in Germany, started with me from Trieste, and we have already had long conversations about the course to be taken in the approaching negotiations.

By eleven o'clock on the 4th we were in the port of Corfu, where we stayed long enough to enable some of us to make an excursion into the interior. I was agreeably surprised to see many more flowers along the road than I had expected under so fierce a sun. The most conspicuous of these was *Phlomis fruticosa*, about which John Stuart Mill had much to tell on his return from Sicily. The prettiest was a little blue campanulaceous plant which I had not before seen.[1]

[1] Heldreich named it for me at Athens. It was *Campanula ramosissima*, common in Western Greece, but not Attic.

The farthest point we reached was the terrace of the so-called Achilleion, the closely guarded villa of the Empress of Austria, commanding one of the most enchanting views on which my eye ever rested. Nothing could be less like the wild welcome which we received three-and-twenty years ago from the hills of Chimari than the perfect calm of this day. Coming out, however, much later from Corfu, we did not see Leucadia to the same advantage, and it was night before we entered the channel of Ithaca.

This morning we were at four o'clock in the roads of Patras; we left them at six, saw Missolonghi far to the right, passed Cape Kalogria on the left, and have been running along the low shore of Elis, leaving behind us to the north the scene of the battle of Lepanto, fought, by-the-bye, far away from the town of that name, which is in the territory of the Ozolian Locrians, while the actual theatre of the memorable struggle was off the south-west corner of Acarnania.

6. We kept pretty close to the coast of the Morea, and I did not see the Strophades, which I did see when we were running from Brindisi to Alexandria. *En revanche*, I saw on this occasion the fine range which is terminated on the west by Erymanthus, and obtained a better idea than I previously had of the position of Olympia, albeit it was not visible. I saw, too, the island of Proté,

Sphacteria, Ithomé, and various other interesting spots I had made out on previous voyages. Soon after dinner we were abreast of Matapan, and I saw the light on Cerigo before I went to bed. This morning, when I got up, we had just passed Hydra, and Ægina was near at hand. A faint mist lay along the land, so that the approach to Athens was not so striking as it was when we came up the Saronic Gulf on a fine autumn evening in 1871; but at length the well-known landmarks were clearly descried, and by eight o'clock we were in the Piræus. From first to last the sea was as calm as a river; we had few passengers, ample accommodation, an agreeable captain, and every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the behaviour of the *Amphitrite*.

From Piræus to Athens we came by railway, and are now in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne.

Arrived at the scene of our negotiations, I lost no time in calling on our Minister, Mr. Egerton, whom I did not find at home; but he came a little later, and we had a talk about the existing situation.

In the afternoon the three delegates went, by appointment, to see Mr. Tricoupi, and we had a long preliminary interview, the result of which we communicated to London, Berlin, and Paris. As, however, I shall have full details of all that passes with reference to our mission in another shape, I will pursue the same course I pursued in these

Notes with regard to business in the House of Commons, in Madras, and elsewhere: make, that is, the very slightest reference to it which is in any way possible.

As soon as the work of the day was over, and the sun (who must be treated here, as in India, with proper respect) had begun to sink, we went up to the Acropolis, and remained there till the hour of closing.

7. A day of preparations, consultations, calling, and sending round of cards. I went with Mr. Egerton to see the Foreign Minister, and met at the British Legation, Mr. Lister, Mr. Theo Russell, Mr. Martelaos, and Mr. Bakmétieff. The first-named, a brother of Lord Ribblesdale's, I have seen, I think, at Pembroke Lodge. He is an excellent artist, and has been studying the antiquities of Greece during the last two years in a way to make us deeply regret that he goes on leave of absence only a few days hence. The second is a son of the late Lord Ampthill's; the third is our Chancelier here; and the fourth, who is Russian Secretary at Athens, we used to see a good deal some thirty years ago, but had quite lost sight of till we came across him again this afternoon.

Later we called on Miss Tricoupi, whom we found embowered in carnations, and on the wife of the Minister of Public Instruction, Madame Calliphrona, who sailed with us from Trieste to Patras.

8. After the other occupations of the day were over we drove out to the Pass of Daphne, which traverses the range (known formerly as Ægaleos, but now as Scarmanga) and leads from the plain of Athens to that of Eleusis. The pines were beautifully green, but all other vegetation hopelessly burnt up.

Later we dined with the Bakmétieffs, meeting Prince Cariati, the first Secretary of the Italian Legation, who had known Arthur at Madrid, and his wife, who was a daughter of a former Swedish minister at Constantinople, and was born at Tangier. Our hostess was an American.

9. In the early morning I climbed with Victoria to the monument of Philopappus, traversed the Pnyx and the Areopagus, mounting thence to the Acropolis, where my wife was sketching the temple of the Wingless Nike.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the National Museum, which did not exist when I was last here. The hall, filled with gold objects from Mycenæ, is perhaps its most striking feature, but the whole is very interesting. I note especially a most beautiful Hermes, perhaps by Praxiteles, and the small replica of the great statue of Pallas, by Phidias, which is much more curious than beautiful. It was with regard to this that the late Lord Houghton told me the "ben trovato" story, to the effect that, when it was found, the Demarch of

Athens telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London: "Phidias recovered"; and received the reply: "Glad to hear it, but did not know he had been ill"!

In the late afternoon we drove to Colonos, which is at this season a hideous desert, to the Academy, and to the Ceramicus.

We dined with Mr. Egerton. Prince Cariati, who was long in Japan, told me that he thought that, far from being overpowered by European civilisation, the Japanese would know how to absorb and to modify it in accordance with their own genius, just as they long ago did with the civilisation imported into their islands from China.

10. In the afternoon we drove out by a horrible road to Kæsariani, a deserted monastery lying on the slopes of Hymettus, which at another season I should willingly have climbed.

We found a large specimen of *Testudo Græca*, too large to be taken home as a pet. "Chelone," said a pretty little peasant girl, when I picked it up, pronouncing the work as a dissyllable.

The Oleander was in full flower in the dry bed of the stream along which we drove, a tributary of the Ilissus, and I gathered a few plants, such as *Thapsia Garganica*, an umbellifer with a strange seed. More especially on the lower slopes, the ground was covered

by *Thymus Capitatus*, which has, at a distance, a little the look of the Scotch bell-heather—though it is blue, not purple. This is the plant which gave its special fragrance to the honey of Hymettus.

11. My wife got to her sketching ground in the Acropolis at seven. In the space between ten minutes past six and that hour we had visited the Panathenaic Stadium, Kallirhoe, which was as dry as a furnace, the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, the Horologium (formerly called the Temple of the Winds), the Stoa of Hadrian and that of Attalus—so near to each other are the objects of interest in Athens.

The finest views I have yet seen, alike of the Acropolis and of Lycabettus, are those which present themselves just as one turns away from the Stadium to drive towards the Arch of Hadrian, and the most picturesque spot I have come upon in this town is, I think, the Square of the Shoemakers, with the Stoa of Hadrian and the old mosque.

In the evening we drove to Phalerum, a summer evening resort of the Athenians, where a pleasant breeze makes them forget the intense heat of the day.

Along the shore a few plants were still not quite calcined, such as *Statice sinuata*, *Echium hispidum*, *Echium arenarium*, *Anthemis peregrina*, *Frankenia hispida*, *Helichrysum Siculum*, and an extremely curious thistle,

Cardopatium corymbosum, which, unlike the others, is coming into, not going out of, flower.[1]

14. The last days have been much occupied by affairs, but I may note one or two events outside their domain. I have made two more visits, the fourth and fifth since our arrival, to the Acropolis, and I have re-knit relations with Professor Heldreich. (See these Notes for 1871.) This evening he accompanied us in a long drive which took us to Menidi, not far from the foot of the Parnes range, and brought us back by Patissia. Much of the country through which we passed is more or less—rather less than more—watered by the Kephissus, which does its best: but is, though not such an impostor as the Ilissus, a feeble little stream after all.

On our way from Menidi to Athens we saw the Tholus, a tomb of the bee-hive form, which has yielded many treasures since I was last in Greece, and may belong to the same period as the constructions at Mycenæ.

In the earlier part of our drive between Athens and Queen Amélie's farm (which I mentioned as Baron Sina's property in my Diary for 1871), we stopped to

[1] Persons who care about plants will be glad to know what they are likely to find in Attica in June and July. To all others Italics should act as danger signals.

gather plants, finding more than I could have expected in what looked like a dust-covered desert. Here is a list of some of them: *Sorghum Halepense* (a tall, handsome grass, but a mischievous weed), *Echinophora Sibthorpii* (an umbellifer, with a very sweet-scented leaf, not yet in flower), *Medicago falcata* (as luxuriant as lucerne, but yellow), *Campanula drabifolia* (very small and pretty), *Avena barbata*, *Phleum græcum*, *Delphinium peregrinum*, *Lactuca Scariola*, *Cyperus longus* (which Lubbock and I found with Mr. Cunnack, near Helston, in 1874), *Lythrum Preslii* (a lovely sister of our English willow-strife), *Ammi majus* (closely akin to *Ammi visnaga*, used for tooth-picks here, but which is not an Attic plant), *Hypericum crispum* (abundant in the islands, and used there for the manufacture of brooms), *Ononis Antiquorum*, *Erucaria Aleppica* (a twiggy Crucifer with a pale lilac flower), *Mentha tomentosa*, *Bromus Madritensis*, *Eryngium virens*, *Plantago albicans*, *Asphodelus fistulosus*, *Polypogon Monspeliensis* (which I once found in England near Poole harbour), *Scabiosa maritima*, *Echinops græca*, *Dorycnium rectum*, *Apium graveolens*, *Mentha Pulegium* (also English), *Plantago lagopus*, *Nigella Aristarcha*, *Sisymbrium columnae*, *Ægilops caudatus*.

I saw nearly fifty in all, most of them in flower, the majority new to me. I told Professor Heldreich that, when driving at Corfu, I fancied I had caught

sight of *Aconitum Napellus*—which I associate especially with the Devil's Bridge. "That you certainly did not," was his reply; "but you did see a plant which one passing rapidly might easily mistake for it, *Delphinium Staphisagria*."

Pointing to some eminences rising above the general level of the Parnes range, as we stood in the grounds of the villa of which Queen Amélie had been so fond, he said: "She used to call these the Seven Hills, and to build many hopes on them—Dreams! Dreams!"

Acanthus mollis was growing in the garden; *Acanthus spinosus* was abundant in the fields around. It is the latter Heldreich maintains that suggested the Corinthian capital; for the former, though common in Italy, is not a Greek plant. Nevertheless it has had its influence, for there are two kinds of Corinthian capital, one more like the *spinosus* and another more like the *mollis*.

I urged him to publish a Flora of the Acropolis, like Deakin's *Flora of the Colosseum*. He said he had one in manuscript. It ought to be pretty rich, for I see the ruins of many plants. Commonest of all is *Parietaria Judaica*. This, Heldreich believes, is the herb by which Pallas was supposed to have cured a workman of Mnesicles, the builder of the Propylaea. Then there is *Capparis Sicula*, now in flower, *Phagnalon Græcum* (a yellow composite), and the very strange *Ballota acetabulosa*,

the Lychnites of Discorides, the grandfather of all night-lights, *Crepis fœtida*, *Alyssum Orientale*, *Matricaria Chamomilla*, and the strange-leaved very conspicuous *Verbascum plicatum*.

15. I did not leave the hotel till the sun was westering, when I accompanied my wife to the Museum of the Acropolis, which contains many things of great importance for the history of Art. Of things actually beautiful there are comparatively few; but some of them are of a high order, such as the Sandal-fastening Nike, and the bas-relief of dancers immediately opposite the entrance.

As we were returning along the southern side of the Parthenon, I saw something glistening on the ground. It was *Mesembrganthemum Crystallinum*,[1] the ice plant, which I have not seen since it grew in the gardens at Eden some fifty years ago.

My wife has finished her sketch of the Nike Temple, and was looking, as we went along the northern side of the Parthenon to the Museum, for a point from which to sketch the Porch of the Maidens in the Erectheum. It and the Parthenon are seen to most advantage by evening light, the Nike in the morning.

16. Our affairs having taken a turn which rendered it

[1] It appears to have been introduced by the Turks; but there another smaller species very near it, which is indigenous.

desirous that Mr. Egerton should see the King about them, His Majesty came down to-day from Tatoi, and the audience took place. After it was over and the heat had abated, we went with Mr. Egerton to the monastery at the foot of Pentelicus, where we dined, and returned to Athens by moonlight—a delightful expedition, taking us into regions which are still green, and bringing me a rich harvest of plants.

The Myrtle, the Lentisk, the Judas tree, the white poplar, the Oleaster, the common Arbutus and *Arbutus Andrachne* were old friends, as was *Pinus Halepensis*, the same which furnished the fading garlands of the Isthmian games. Two prickly leguminous undershrubs with yellow flowers were very conspicuous, *Genista Anthoclada* and *Anthyllis Hermannia:* the latter about as unlike its English cousin in habit and general character as it well could be. *Cistus Monspeliensis* and *Fumana Spacchi* were both present, but out of flower. I had, however, seen them elsewhere. *Cistus villosus* still retained a few of its rose-coloured blossoms. On the wet ground in the court of the unfinished and deserted villa of the eccentric Duchesse de Plaisance, I gathered the rare English plant *Lythrum hyssopifolium. Convolvulus tenuifolius*, *Dianthus pubescens*, and *Daucus setulosus* were new species for me, as was the *Hypericum*, happily named by Linnaeus *Empetrifolium;* but the least familiar-looking

plant I met with was *Chondrilla ramosissima*, a composite related to the Chicory, which grew abundantly near the foot of the hills. A *Coronilla*, the *emeroides*, was not in flower. Other plants were *Centaurea Orphanidea* and the pale *Echium Italicum*.

17. Mr. Dionedes Kyriakós, for whom I had brought a letter from George Bunsen, came to see me. He is Professor of Theology in the University here and a follower of Hase of Jena. "Der Hasianer in Athen" his friends call him. He told me of one excellent Greek custom, of which I had never heard. Only two persons in each Prefecture are allowed to preach, the Bishop and another ecclesiastic selected for that special duty!

When it had got tolerably cool, Victoria and I drove down to the sea, Heldreich going with us and showing me a few plants. Such were the very handsome *Salvia argentea*, *Lepturus filiformis*, *Allium sphærocephalum*, *Crozophora verbascifolia*, *Salicornia macrostachya*, *Chenopodina salsa*, *Hypecoum grandiflorum*, and *Bupleurum gracile*.

Mr. Theo Russell dined with us, and we went together to the Acropolis, as did two young officers from the flagship *Trafalgar*, which has just come into the Gulf, Lieutenant Fremantle and Lieutenant Cayley, the first a nephew of Lady Midleton's, the second a relation of the Mathematician and of George Cayley, whom I used to meet at the Cosmopolitan and elsewhere in bygone days.

The Erectheum looked very lovely in the moonlight, but, after all, sunset is the best time to spend on the sacred hill.

18. About five o'clock Victoria and I went to Old Phalerum by the steam tramway, one of the best institutions of this place, and walked there for an hour, finding *Allium Phalereum*, *Oenanthe media*, *Atriplex rosea*, *Juncus marinus*, *Juncus acutus* and *Convolvulus oleifolius*.

19. We ran down this evening to see the flagship, under the guidance of Lieutenants Cayley and Fremantle. It is accompanied by three other great ironclads, the *Collingwood*, the *Camperdown*, and the *Hood*. The *Devastation*, which was the last of the newer type of battleships I had seen, has now been completely left behind.

20. In the course of a long interview on business this afternoon, Mr. Tricoupi mentioned, as a curious illustration of the way in which landed property is subdivided in Greece, that a fig-tree near his house in the country had fifty separate owners.

Lieutenants Fremantle and Cayley dined with us. I asked the latter, who saved himself by swimming when the *Victoria* went down, whether there had been any danger from sharks. He replied that if there had been sharks on the spot, they would have been scared away

by the tremendous commotion in the water. Bubbles rose above the surface some ten feet high.

23. On the 21st I dined with the Admiral in the huge *Trafalgar*, and yesterday accompanied him in the *Melita*, a screw sloop of about 1200 tons, commanded by Captain Henderson, to Kalimaki, where we got into a small boat and were towed by a steam-launch through the canal, three and a half miles long and perfectly straight, which now joins the Saronic Gulf to that of Lepanto. It must be in some places about 200 feet below the top of its banks, and looks like a huge cut made across the Isthmus by the sabre of a giant. It was sad to see no sign, as yet, of a work which has cost £2,400,000 being likely to be much used.

My little voyage revived many recollections of 1871, which time had effaced, and I never before spent a whole day on board a ship of war or in the company of naval officers. Amongst those who went with me to Corinth was Captain Johnstone, who commanded the *Camperdown* at the time of the *Victoria* catastrophe, and commands her still; while on the 21st one of those I met at dinner was the captain under whom Hampden served, and whose ship, the *Hood*, he only left last spring. My wife and Victoria visited it on the 20th, while I was with Mr. Tricoupi.

As I came back to Athens on the 21st with Mr.

Egerton, after dining on board the *Trafalgar*, the conversation turned to Lord Beaconsfield, and my companion told me that one day, at the Berlin Congress, Gortschakoff was describing a boundary line, when he was interrupted by the English representative, who, with a map before him, said: "No! no! that's not right; it runs by such and such places." "Nous sommes trahis," whispered Jomini to Schouvaloff, "Il a notre carte." No one, however, had betrayed anything; but Lord Beaconsfield and the representative of Russia had seen each other that morning and had accidentally exchanged maps. "Such is the way," remarked Schouvaloff, when he told Mr. Egerton the story, "in which the affairs of the world are conducted."

24. In the morning I took Victoria to the Greek Mass at St. Irene, in the Æolus Street. There is at present a sort of crisis in the development of church music here. At the cathedral, where I attended last Sunday one of the earlier services, they keep to the old monotonous Eastern chant. At St. Irene they have borrowed, from the Greek Church at Vienna, German music adapted to their purposes, and other churches are trying other experiments. St. Irene is by way of being much frequented; but I doubt if there were a couple of hundred people present at any moment. Altogether, modern Athens strikes me as the least devout city I was

ever in. At the Catholic Church last Sunday a very perfunctory low Mass was the chief celebration of the day, and the Russian Church is shut up altogether, the priest being away. The Anglicans assemble in a very creditable little building, with good stained glass. I observed that they prayed by name for the Empress Frederick.

At five o'clock in the afternoon I went out also with Victoria to dine at Kephissia with the Bakmétieffs. The village, which begins to fill as Athens gets hot, lies at the foot, or on the lower slopes, of Pentelicus, and has grown up from next to nothing in the last ten years. In old days it was the home of Herodes Atticus; but its most remarkable antiquity is perhaps the very aged plane-tree, near which stands a white poplar, less venerable, but far larger. We walked round the place, enjoyed a lovely afterglow, heard the cry of *Strix Scops* (Shelley's Aziola), dined in the Bakmétieffs' garden, meeting there, or in the evening, a variety of people, among them Mr. Bosdari, attached to the Italian Legation, but of Albanian descent, Madame Paparigopoulo, and Prince Youriewsky, who is a son of the late Czar by Princess Dolgorouki.

I had much talk, saw a number of coins and a ring found at Corinth, which, if it did not belong to Lais, might have done so, and, walking to the station under

splendid starlight, got back to Athens about twelve o'clock.

I never before heard the American phrase, "She is the nicest girl I ever struck!"

My wife read to me to-day an exquisite little story by Madame Caro in No. 8 of the *Revue de Paris*, called *Après la Moisson*.

25. The Bakmétieffs lunched with us, and then took me, accompanied by Victoria, to see Mr. Comnos, a *savant* and old friend of Renan's, who was with him when he knelt on the Acropolis, and when the ideas, or some of them, passed through his mind which he afterwards threw on paper in some pages which have become famous. I carried the *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*" with me this evening, and read the *Prière* aloud in the Propylæa. The Bakmétieffs also took us to Lambros, who has for sale a collection of Tanagra figures. One of them, a woman suckling a child, is the most beautiful specimen of this kind of art I have ever seen, and nearly all of them are quite first-rate. He showed us many coins in very fine condition; but nothing which tempted me, for the Tanagra figures were all too fragile and all too costly to be even dreamt of.

27. Yesterday and to-day have given me nothing that need be recorded here, save that we went again this

evening to Kephissia, this time by road, and dined there with the Bakmétieffs. The air as we drove back was deliciously fresh, almost cold.

On the 26th came a long letter from Evelyn, dated 20th May, and giving an account of his journey from Teheran to Ispahan, Shiraz, and back.

He writes:—

"It is quite impossible to conceive a more utterly uninteresting country to travel in than this. Really from here to the tomb of Cyrus, near Meshed-i-Murghab, there is literally nothing but endless barren plains and mountains, with scarcely a single tree and apparently scarcely any animals, always excepting insects. . . . The stage from Murghab to Kavamabad is really interesting; you pass the tomb of Cyrus, and all the way after this are great rocks on each side with a river flowing down the middle. . . . From Zerghum to Shiraz is one of the worst bits of the road, and takes a long time. I thought we were never going to get to the end of this stage, when suddenly, as we passed through a great gateway, Shiraz burst upon us. I never saw anything so green, and with the snow mountains round it, it looked quite beautiful. Just beyond the gateway was the Nawab Hyder Ali Khan, with many servants, waiting for us; he had such a horse for me to ride as I think I never saw before in my life, a bay with black points, and a mane and tail like silk. Certainly the Shah and the Zil have got no such horse. It was the most curious feeling getting on this splendid creature after the miserable chapar horses. . . . At Shiraz they make very pretty silver work, much like the Cutch work in India, but more original. I sent mother a set of four salt-cellars of this work two years ago, but the Caravan

was robbed by Kuly Khan. However, the Nizam-es-Sultaneh recently blew him from a gun, so the salt-cellars are avenged."

With Persepolis Evelyn was somewhat disappointed. He writes:—

"It is very much smaller than I expected, the famous staircase being, I thought, a great fraud. There are many staircases in Rome I would prefer to have: the staircase in Palazzo Ruspoli for instance; of course the blocks of stone are fine, as are also the winged bulls."

Much of the rest of his letter is occupied with an account of his interview at Ispahan with the Zil-i-Sultan, the son of the Shah, and the same personage who is described in an extract from a letter quoted in the Indian Volumes of these Notes.

28. I enquired of Heldreich whether the question as to what the "hemlock" which Socrates drank really was, had ever been carefully examined. He said that *Cicuta virosa* not being a Greek plant, he thought it must have been what we know in the West as "hemlock"—namely, *Conium maculatum*. That has now become a rare plant near Athens, but he could remember it common enough. To the objection that it is not one of the deadliest of poisons, for the young shoots are said to be eaten in Constantinople, he replied that probably other poisons were mixed with it, or special care taken to use a very strong decoction. I should like

to be sure, too, that the young shoots eaten in Constantinople are really *Conium*, and not some harmless plant very like it.

Minerva's owl is *Athene Noctua*, larger than *Strix Scops*, and without its pretty tufted ears.

Met at Mr. Egerton's the Dowager Princess Cariati, whose family had been intimate with the La Ferronays at Naples, and who had herself known Mrs. Craven. The last time she had seen her was in Switzerland, immediately after Augustus Craven's death. She told me that the changes I saw beginning in February 1887 had been carried further, and that there is now a town on the Vomero. "Sic transit!"

30. We drove down to the Piræus, after five, to call on the Italian Consul, Count Thaon de Revel, and his wife, returning by Zea, Munychia, and Phalerum. Dark clouds covered Parnes and Pentelicus, through which blew a delightful breeze, and later we had a short, but heavy, shower, the second since we arrived in Athens.

July

1. I asked Heldreich if he had botanised in the Vale of Tempe. "Yes," he said; "but although the arborescent vegetation is very fine, Tempe contains little

that is of special interest in the way of plants. I have collected, however, on all the mountains round, and they are extremely rich." "Is the flora of Olympus Alpine in its character?" I enquired. "The most Alpine we have in Greece," he answered. "It is the Southern home of the Gentians in Europe. You find there both *verna* and *Asclepiadea*. Two other plants of the North also grow in immense abundance on that mountain, the wild strawberry and the wild raspberry."

In the early afternoon we drove out, by the Sacred Way, to Eleusis, and saw the much ruined ruins of its famous temple, which have been recently uncovered and explored. Foundations, bases of columns, and fragments without end are left; but Alaric and his Goths did their work thoroughly, and nothing remains that can throw the slightest light upon the Mysteries. I thought less about them than about the ancient legend of the place which Mat Arnold used so admirably in his poem on the death of Arthur Stanley, one part of which kept running in my head all day, as another part of it did on the Lake of Galilee on December 30th, 1887:—

"The boy his nurse forgot,
And bore a mortal lot.
Long since, his name is heard on earth no more.
In some chance battle on Cithæron-side
The nurseling of the Mighty Mother died,

And went where all his fathers went before.
—On thee too, in thy day
Of childhood, Arthur! did some check have power,
That, radiant as thou wert, thou could'st but stay,
Bringer of heavenly light, a human hour?

"Therefore our happy guest
Knew care, and knew unrest,
And weakness warn'd him, and he fear'd decline.
And in the grave he laid a cherish'd wife,
And men ignoble harass'd him with strife,
And deadly airs his strength did undermine.
Then from his Abbey fades
The sound beloved of his victorious breath;
And light's fair nursling stupor first invades,
And next the crowning impotence of death."

The Bay of Eleusis is quite lovely, especially the side of it which is nearest to the "rocky brow," known as the Throne of Xerxes. The salt lakes called the Rheitoi still remain, and the Thriasian plain, which lies between them and Eleusis, is plentifully supplied with Norias, which irrigate many acres of vines.

We stopped, as we drove back, at the monastery of Daphne. It was sadly knocked about by the last earthquake, so much so that many parts of the building appear to be in imminent danger. As we descended the pass towards Athens, between seven and eight in the evening, the wind was almost cold. A great-coat, and a tolerably thick one, would have been really pleasant,

There was an Egyptian afterglow over Corydallos and the further hills to the westward.

2. Accompanied by Heldreich we went up to Kephissia by rail, and then drove some twenty minutes to the edge of a deep ravine called Chelidonou, and entitled to be so called, for it is a great haunt of the swallows, who, as my wife pointed out to us, were actually sitting on the trees. Some of those trees were magnificent; one plane might quite well have seen a thousand years. Several common English plants flourished here, and were looked on with great respect as rarities. The *Galium verum* grew very tall. It is accustomed to be admired, but I think our familiar goose-grass, *Galium aparine*, would have been not a little flattered if it had seen the impression it produced in Attica. *Equisetum Telmateia* was also in some abundance, and treated with much distinction. I found likewise the very rare English plant *Cyperus fuscus*, which I rather think I once saw on the Nilgiris, but which the Russells and I hunted for in vain, before I went to Madras, on a Surrey common, where it was said to grow. I found also amongst other things the following:—

Cirsium Siculum, a tall, delicate light blue thistle; *Imperata cylindrica*, the *Saccharum cylindricum* of Linnæus mentioned in the *Iliad*; *Samolus Valerandi*, a widely-distributed plant, but which I had only once before

gathered; *Teucrium Scorpioides*, *Arum Italicum*, *Styrax officinalis*, *Carex echinata*, *Equisetum ramosum*, *Bupleurum fruticosum*, *Dorychnium rectum* and *hirsutum*.

All these grew in the valley, while on the parched upland between it and Kephissia we found the hoary *Stachys Cretica*, *Allium margaritaceum*, and *Erica verticillata*, which flowers, it seems, in October.

Chelidonou is a really attractive place, something like what that revolting Colonos must have been in his day, if Sophocles did not go beyond all bounds in flattering his fellow-villagers.

Besides the English things I have mentioned, our common reed, *Arundo Phragmites*, grew luxuriantly, and the pretty yellow *Chlora perfoliata*, which one finds on the southern coast of Kent, was fairly common. In fact, there were spots at which one might have fancied oneself in the north, had it not been for the intense green of the myrtle, which seems to rejoice in the coming of the hot weather as the banyan trees did at Guindy.

3. My wife and I drove down this afternoon to the coast east of Phalerum, and lingered some time amongst the low sandhills which fringe it. *Cakile maritima* and *Salsola Kali*, both northern plants, grew there, but more interesting to me was the large-berried *Juniperus macrocarpa*. We returned to Athens by the road which comes in close to the Olympeium, and which is to be recom-

mended to the pessimist as the least attractive way of approaching the city.

4. Climbed Lycabettus before breakfast — no slight exertion, even on a relatively cool July morning. The view is magnificent, but the distance was veiled in haze, and I saw nothing which I have not seen before, save the strait in which the actual struggle of Salamis took place.

The only plant worth noting which I had not seen before was *Inula candida*, a very salamander, covered with its yellow flowers, and looking perfectly happy on the burning rocks.

Called on Mr. Comnos, who told me that he much preferred Thirlwall's History to Grote's. Mommsen expressed the same opinion in 1862. (See these Notes for that year.)

Walked in the evening with Mr. O'Leary on the flats near Phalerum, finding the twining Asclepiad, *Cynanchum acutum*, and *Althæa officinalis*, which I gathered in Ireland in 1855.

5. Our negotiations, though not formally suspended, have been slumbering, and are like to slumber until we receive definite instructions upon various points which have come up.

To-day, accompanied by my wife and Victoria, I sailed across the gulf on the *Melita* to Aegina. We landed in

a bay on the east side of the island, under the Temple now called that of Athena—a large party, amongst others, the officers of the ship, Prince Cariati, Count Bosdari, the Austrian Secretary Baron Kuhn, Prince Youriewsky, Mr. Egerton, Mr. Theo Russell, Mr. Alexander the American Minister, with his wife and daughter, Mr. Beckwith, Professor of Greek at Trinity, Hartford, Connecticut—spending his first day in Greece; last, but certainly not least in importance, Marco, Mr. Egerton's dog of the old Potsdam breed, a near relative of Scherzo, mentioned in these Notes for 1881, and Rover, a black retriever, the pet of the *Melita*.

I gathered nothing not familiar to me save *Juniperus Phœnicea*, which was abundant.

6. In these last days my wife has read to me in the *Revue de Paris* some letters from Octave Feuillet, dated at Compiègne, and describing the life there in the days of the Second Empire. All that he relates is harmless enough, but all curiously frivolous. Only one good thing is cited—a remark of Persigny's to the Empress. He had just told her that mad people were very fond of underlining their words, even when quite unimportant. "Oh! don't say that," she replied; "I under-line my words a great deal." "Ra[illegible]rez vous, Madame," rejoined the Minister, "ce n'est que le premier degré." She was nettled, and said: "Vous avez le second, vous!"

One letter, the twenty-first, not from Compiègne, but from Fontainebleau, dated 28th August 1868, and describing a walk which Octave Feuillet had with the Empress, is far the most interesting thing in the collection. By that time the clouds, which burst two years later, were already gathering.

In the evening my wife read to me in the Parthenon some of Cavour's letters to our old friend Madame de Circourt, till exactly the right sunset colour had come on the Erectheum, which she is painting. Then I walked down from the Acropolis with Victoria, and crossing the Kalirrhoe Bridge went through the long cypress avenue, well named "The Way of Rest," to the cemetery, where I saw the tombs of two old acquaintances —Schliemann of Troy, and General Church.

7. We drove up to Tatoi and walked in the great woods which clothe the ridge of Parnes around that place. It was the ancient Deceleia, and one understands, when there, how well the Spartan garrison was placed for the annoyance of Attica. It had never before come home to me how noble a tree *Pinus Halepensis* is when allowed to grow old.

I had expected to find more plants at that elevation but my new spoils were few. *Rhus cotinus* grew along the road, so did *Helminthia echioides*, rare in England, and *Ajuga Chia*, a much prettier relative of *Ajuga Chamæpitys*,

which I found with De Tabley in Surrey, a quarter of a century ago, but have never seen since. *Cichorium divaricatum*, which replaces *Intybus* in these lands, *Daucus foliosus* and *Trifolium angustifolium*, a species almost prickly when in fruit, were also unfamiliar to me.

I asked Mr. Bourchier, the correspondent of the *Times* here and in Bulgaria, whether Sofia was a Greek name. "The Greeks think so," he replied, "and call it Sophía accordingly; but it is a doubtful point. Very likely the city is called after a Bulgarian tribe which lived in the neighbourhood. The Greeks never allow the name of any place to be Slavonic if they can help it."

"I presume," I said, "that the word Morea has nothing to do with the Greek for a mulberry, but is pure Slavonic." "Oh, undoubtedly," he answered; "it comes from a Slavonic root meaning the sea. It is the sea province, and is full of Slavonic names of places, more or less Hellenised now, right down to Cape Matapan."

8. Went for a little to the nine o'clock service at the Panagia Chrysospeliotissa in the Æolus Street, and looked in at St. Irene on my way home. At the former they have not German but a sort of amended Greek music, and there are some fine bass voices. The congregation was, however, considerably smaller than at St. Irene, where it was scanty enough.

10. I am taking some lessons in Greek pronunciation

from a very intelligent master, who told me to-day that the modern name of Hymettos is Trellos. The Venetians, striving after meaning, corrupted the old name into Il Matto, and the Greeks, in their turn, translated that corruption into Trellos, which means "mad" in the modern language.

I have been looking at Heldreich's book on the economic plants of Greece, which contains many curious things. I see, for example, that on Palm Sunday the laurel here does the same duty as the willow in England, and that the superstitions about the mandrake, alluded to in earlier pages of these Notes, are rife in this country.

If there were any doubt about the title of "City of the Violet Crown" having come to Athens from the colour taken in the evening by the mountains which surround it, the question ought, I think, to be settled by the fact that the *Viola odorata*, so abundant round Rome, is not a wild plant in the neighbourhood of Athens.

Sat long with my wife on the steps of the Parthenon while she drew the Erectheum, and lingered on the Acropolis later than usual, till the sun had quite disappeared.

14. The last few days have been fertile in incidents connected with the business which brought us to Athens, but have afforded little that need be recorded here.

I spent an hour the other night with M. and Mme. Onou

at the Russian Legation, meeting there the new German Minister, Baron von Plessen, who has just come from Friedrichshof, and tells me that the Empress has succeeded in making it perfect both as regards beauty and comfort.

Yesterday evening I went alone to the Ceramicus and found the tomb of Eucoline, who is represented with her little dog jumping up on her. It is very modern in feeling, and to my thinking one of the most charming things in Athens.

17. On the 14th I drove with Mr. Egerton and Marco to Old Phalerum, and took a walk at sunset along the ever lovely sea. I observed nothing new save *Centaurea spinosa*, which looks like white coral, and is now sprinkled with its pale blue flowers.

On the 15th, after much anxious consultation about affairs, which Marco, I am sure, half understood, we were again companions in a walk on the right, or Hymettus, side of the road to Chalandri, during which I gathered the very glutinous *Silene rigidula*, in full blossom at present.

Yesterday we went out earlier, and reaching Marousi by rail, made a round from that place to Kephissia, which gave me nothing save the Labiate *Sideritis remota*, out of flower, but a curious well-marked plant.

18. Yesterday, in the late afternoon, I received a

telegram from Lubbock, authorising me to leave Athens. It was sent in reply to mine of the 15th, reporting the refusal of the Greek Government to accept the minimum insisted on by our friends in London, Berlin, and Paris, and requesting permission to go.

This weighty matter having been settled, my wife and I drove out with Heldreich to a place in the bed of the Kephissus, where there was a little water, and where we found a few plants. Among them was *Xanthium spinosum*, a very unlovely composite common in Hungary, by whose pigs it has been involuntarily imported into Germany, its burlike seeds getting entangled with their bristles. It has not been long in Greece, for Sibthorp does not mention it; but it is now widely spread. Another plant which I thought more strange than beautiful was *Euphorbia Chamæsyce*, while *Eryngium Creticum*, which looks as if it were cut out of blue steel, seemed to me extremely ornamental. I was glad also to see *Isolepis Savii*, *Linaria Sieberi*, and *Juncus lamprocarpus*, the last-named an English plant, but one which, if I ever found it, I had forgotten.

Took my wife to visit Eucoline and her little dog on our way to the Acropolis, where we remained for sunset, and then dined at the Russian Legation. The conversation turning on Count Hübner's travels in India, I told M. Onou what really occurred on 1st January 1859. "I myself," he said, "had a very similar experience. Just

before the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war, I went to see the Grand Vizier. When I came into the large room in which he received me, there were a number of people present, some of them Russian subjects, who were intriguing with him against us. He was naturally anxious to get them out of the way, and for a moment or two was entirely occupied in attending to them—not to me. The rumour spread forthwith all over Constantinople, and has become an accepted fact, that the Grand Vizier received me very ill, and turned his back upon me, whereas his behaviour was in all respects perfectly courteous."

19. Marco, Mr. Egerton, my wife and I drove to beyond the Piræus. The first-named gracefully insisted upon his right to have the place of honour, and, of course, received it. We meant to have gone to the shore opposite Salamis, but our driver having landed us in a stubble field from which ran no road, save to a quarry, we retreated on the fragment of the Long Walls near the left of the entrance to the harbour, and regained Athens in time to dine at the British Legation, meeting Baron de Plessen, Count de Linden, and others.

20. With Mr. Egerton and Victoria to the Academeia, the interior of which is harmless and uninteresting; the exterior, in my opinion, surpassingly beautiful. I am never tired of seeing its white marble against the blue

sky, and the gilding introduced here and there only heightens its charm. I think it is one of the loveliest buildings I know anywhere.

The object of our visit was to see with the Director, Mr. Svoronos, the large collection of coins. Amongst the things which interested me most was the Hexadrachm of Berenice, the largest Greek gold coin known, save that of Eucratides the Bactrian, mentioned in the first volume of these Notes. I had never seen a coin of Pontius Pilate, though it seems they are not rare. The one I saw bore the *lituus*. Coin collectors in Greece have opportunities not given to other men. Mr Svoronos showed me a very fine specimen of the Rhodian Apollo, with the rose on the reverse, for which he had only given thirty drachmas —at the present exchange about fifteen shillings!

The pride of the collection is the Græco-Egyptian series, much the finest in the world—immensely superior to that in the British Museum, which comes second.

Amongst other notable things never before seen by me was a large portrait-medal of Scanderbeg, and a gold coin of T. Flamininus, the Roman "Liberator" of Greece.

22. Spent the last hour before sunset on the Acropolis, Parnes, who is rather fitful in his ways, putting on his most beautiful purple robe for our benefit. We descended to the Areopagus, seated on which my wife read aloud the portion of the Acts of the Apostles referring to it,

as well as the *Christian Year* for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity. I observe that it is doubtful whether St. Paul made his speech on the Areopagus proper or in a building belonging to it in the Agora below.

When I came in to dress for dinner, information was brought to me which obliged us to suspend our preparations for going on the 25th.

23. My wife and I repeated our attempt of the 19th, and, under the guidance of a more intelligent driver, took the right turn on the Piræus, and arrived at the ferry by which Salamis is reached. The last part of this drive is lovely, showing one the whole scene of the battle from the very point of view from which Xerxes beheld it on the same day of September which was to be made memorable to the generation now passing away, by the battle of the Alma. Where he sat is not precisely known; but it was most likely on a lonely little promontory on which now stands a small building said to contain gunpowder.

24. The weather on these last few days of burning sun and furious wind reminds me of Bellary at the same season of the year, when the south-west monsoon, having left on the Ghâts all the moisture it brought from the Indian Ocean, is tearing across the plains of India; but Athens, alas! knows not the punkah.

To the funeral of Madame Boudouri, whose death by

a boat accident at Phalerum has shocked every one here. We had exchanged cards, but never met. The Empress Frederick, in a letter received since I arrived, praised her much, and she seems to have been almost, or altogether, the most interesting woman in this society.

All that was distinguished in Athens gathered to the ceremony, which took place in the Church of St. George. The King, the Crown Prince, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, were all there: but this branch of the Oriental Church does not shine in its religious services, or, so far as I can see, in anything else. The genius of higgledy-piggledy presided over the whole most irreverent and ignominious performance.

In the evening we drove past the site of Plato's Academy, and then turning up along the course of the Kephissus—now a mere dry ditch—regained Athens by the Patissia Road, with a golden sunset behind, and Hymettus all clothed in pink to the eastward. Hot as it is, the wind was so violent that my wife, who was sketching in the temple of the Olympian Jove, had to give up the attempt in despair.

25. Another day of startling telegrams and abrupt changes in the state of affairs.

Our evening drive was to the place where the road through the pass of Daphne comes down on the delicious Bay of Eleusis. Wild as was the wind in Athens, it

hardly crisped the water there: blowing gently, not from the north, but from the west. The view of the city from the slope of Aegaleos, said to have been much admired by Chateaubriand, is not one of my favourites, but striking enough nevertheless, and sunset always atones here for the long hot mid-day hours.

26. Mr. Egerton, Marco, Mr. Theo Russell, Mr. Ornstein, Mr. O'Leary, Prince Cariati and his mother, dined with us under the trees close to the monastery of Penteli. The last-named told me that her sister, who must have been a remarkable person, is buried in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte. (See these Notes for 1876.) Mr. Egerton quoted a saying attributed to one of the Lords Reay, who was a great *gourmet:* "Conversation is the bane of Society."

27. Drove in the evening with my wife and Heldreich to the vineyard region near Phalerum, where a few plants were added to my list. There grew the tall *Lepidium latifolium*, with its large leaves and cream-coloured flowers. There was its near relative, so curiously different in habit, the spare, stiff *Lepidium Iberis*, and another equally stiff plant, *Euphorbia stricta*. *Rubia tinctorum*, once grown very much here for the manufacture of Turkey red, was present in some quantity; but the most conspicuous feature was the pretty Asclepiad *Cynanchum acutum*, which I have already mentioned.

Cephalaria Transylvanica, nearly allied to the Scabious, was new to me, and although I had frequently seen the Camel-thorn *Alhagi Græcorum*, both on this and my last visit to Attica, I had never before found it covered with its pretty red pea-shaped flowers.

29. Negotiations were broken off on the 27th, and my German colleague left yesterday.

This evening we went with Heldreich to a christening in the family of some people belonging to the lower middle class—a curious scene—interesting from the impression it produced of its extreme antiquity. The child was immersed three times in a metal font, or rather caldron, which stood in the centre of the room, had some locks of hair cut off, and was plentifully anointed with oil. The priests were men of the same class as the inhabitants of the dwelling to which they came—tentmakers by trade, for all I know to the contrary. The water was incensed before it was used, and had to be carefully carried to church, there to be poured away at a particular spot.

30. I have now brought to a close, in anticipation of our speedy departure, the lessons in Greek pronunciation which I have been taking (twenty-six in all). They have taught me a good deal incidentally, and I can now understand, without difficulty, at least five-sixths of what Mr. Kalogeropoulos says to me. The letter "d," pronounced

exactly like the "th" in "then," throws me off the right scent oftener than any other. Need I say that every day and all day I heap curses on the heads of the pedants who wasted my youth and that of all my contemporaries. Any intelligent boy of fifteen who knew the alphabet, applying himself to the study of Greek in Athens for three years, could read, write, and speak modern Greek by eighteen with perfect facility, and translate a hitherto unseen passage from an ancient prose author quite as well as the average Ireland scholar—all this without intermitting a reasonable amount of attention to other things.

Leaving my wife sketching at the Olympeium, Victoria and I drove up to the Acropolis to say good-bye. I thought of a visit which Faber had paid it for the same object, and agreed with him:—

"Who could stay for the moon? We will not wait. We will not come again to-morrow. The Acropolis shall be left in the heart of that deep sunset; it shall live with us our lives long, with that eternal gilding round it."

Heldreich dined with us. I did not know his early history. He seems to have been a pupil of Alphonse Decandolle, whom I once saw at Madame de Circourt's, and to have travelled much for Boissier in Asia Minor, more especially in the Taurus range. He surprised me much by telling me that one species of lilac is wild in

Transylvania, and that he had himself seen woods of horse-chestnut in the Pindus range.

31. The Crown Prince and Princess having returned recently from Friedrichshof, we were asked to lunch with them to-day. They are living in the house they usually inhabit at Tatoi, close to the larger building, over which they took us, the summer residence of the King, now at Aix-les-Bains. We had also a lovely drive with them along the slopes of Parnes, which are traversed by an excellent road commanding noble views of the Attic plain, saw their children, both sons—his pet horse, a powerful dark brown Hungarian—a Dachshund related to Boy—mentioned on an earlier page, and my recollection of whom through so many years amused her—had tea in the garden at a spot where a capital substitute for turf is formed by a very close growth of *Lippia nodosa*, and returned to Athens in time for a farewell dinner at the Legation.

August

1. The surprises with which the business that called me to Greece has been interspersed throughout, have been neither few nor small, and not the least of them occurred to-day, just as we were starting. I had barely time to send a telegram to London, rendered necessary

by the sudden change of circumstances, and to write two or three words to the German Minister, when the hour struck at which we had to transfer ourselves to the Piræus, where the *Maria Theresa* was getting ready for sea. Heldreich, Mr. Bourchier, and Mr. Egerton came to see us off, but Marco (the patter of whose paws on our parquet floor, followed speedily by his pretty face appearing round the corner of the screen which, *more Indico*, was our only door, will be one of our pleasantest recollections of Athens) had, by some accident, been left behind.

5. We got out of the Piræus about two o'clock on the 1st, and were in Trieste harbour soon after eleven o'clock to-day.

The channel of Corfu, always lovely, surely never looked lovelier than it did on the 3rd, and the Albanian coast, thanks to the surpassing beauty of the weather, was seen with the utmost distinctness from the shore line to the very highest peaks of the Acroceraunian range.

My wife's interest in a little dog named Djury induced us to enquire into the circumstances of the family to which she belonged. We found that the old Turk, who was at the head of it, was a great-grandson of Ali Pasha, on his way to visit some property he possesses in the land of his grim ancestor.

On our way from Brindisi to Trieste we kept further

to the east than when we last passed that way, and I saw distinctly, though a long way off, the island of Lagosta. Just as we were in the narrow strait which separates the town of Lissa from the small island opposite it, we were struck by a violent squall, happily of very brief duration.

A few hours afterwards I saw the Incoronata islands, and a little later, on the 4th, a wild, stormy sunset, followed by much summer lightning, threatened troubles which happily never came. Very green looked the shores of Istria when I came on deck this morning, and in the course of a short drive in the environs of Trieste we found so many flowers in bloom that we could hardly believe that the same seas wash these shores and those of the torrid region we have so lately left.

A letter received here from Miss Pater brought me the sad, and altogether unexpected news, of the death of her brother, who seems to have succumbed to an attack of rheumatic fever—a sad loss to English literature.

6. From Trieste, after a halt of only a few hours, we retraced our steps of last May to Udine, where we slept at an old-fashioned Italian hotel, and dined in the open air under a great canopy of *Bignonia radicans*. This morning we crossed the rich plain behind the town to the first bastions of the Alps, ascending first the Tagliamento, and then the Fella from Ospedaletto to Pontebba,

at both of which places I read the appropriate passages in the *Récit*.

At Pontafel, which is quite close to Pontebba, we were transferred to Austrian carriages, and ran speedily down to Villach, a town in Carinthia, situated at the foot of the Dobratsch and on the Drave, where I am now writing. The pass which we traversed this morning is certainly not equal in beauty to many which cross the Alps, the stony beds of the rivers and the very barren character of the mountains being rather oppressive; but to come, when the clouds are low and the streams are full, out of this desert into Italian sunshine must be a peculiarly agreeable experience, while at all seasons the southward-faring traveller can say with Alexandrine—"Peu á peu on retrouve les figuiers, et toute la vegetation du Midi."

8. We passed the whole of the 6th at Villach, which presents few features of interest, but is an admirable and evidently very popular centre for excursions. We took one to the lovely Ossiacher See, and wandered for some time in the great fir-woods near its banks, finding many well-known English plants in flower and some central European species.

Not far from Villach is the part of Carinthia whence Mrs. Greg sent me many letters in 1886 (see, for example, the passage quoted under date of 11th December in that year). The whole region is dominated by the great

jagged wall of the Karawanken or Carnic Alps, through which we came from Italy. They are very striking, but thinking of the landscape we have just left in Greece my wife remarked truly, as Disraeli did of some one's invective: "They want finish."

Villach owed its former importance to its lying on one of the routes to Italy, and to its close mercantile relations with Augsburg and Nüremberg, as well as to the mines in its neighbourhood. Paracelsus lived there for some time in the service of the Fuggers.

We came on to Toblach yesterday morning, ascending the Drave through the noble Puster Thal for some four hours. The scenery was delightful, but we passed few places of much importance—historically or otherwise. I looked, however, with respect at Greifenburg, one of the last stations in Carinthia, because near it grows the very rare *Wulfenia*, whose relative I saw at Simla.

12. Our halt at Toblach would have been more refreshing if we could have brought thither the cloudless heaven, without the heat, of Athens; but the spirits, who regulate the weather of the mountains, were in a very uncertain temper. We were able, nevertheless, to make some excursions. One of these was to the well-named Pragser Wildsee, a small lake lying amongst mountains of the most austere character, reminding us of the Lac d'Oo near Luchon. Another took us through the magni-

ficent gorge of the Ampezzo, which opens quite close to the primitive, but most pleasant, little hotel where we stayed, and to which it gives its name. Our object was to see once more the great Peutelstein view, which so delighted us in 1870; but alas! it was veiled in mist. A third was to Weit-Lanbrun, the only interest of which was, that in the woods behind the Bad, I came on my old friend the *Linnæa*, always a great pleasure.

On the 10th, while my wife sketched in the village of Toblach (a much more attractive spot than that occupied by the huge caravanserai known as the Hotel Toblach, by our hotel and by the Germania), Victoria and I walked through delicious roads, though under weeping skies, to the source of the Drave, where the noble river, which makes so important a contribution to the Danube, is a mere runnel down the mountain-side, over which it is as easy to hop as over the mouth of the Kephissus!

We visited, too, an excellent old Canonicus at Immichen, who named such of the plants I have collected, in these last days, as I did not know. A *Genista* which I found near the Ossiacher See he pronounced to be *ovata*. A sapphire-blue columbine from the Ampezzo pass, first gathered by Victoria, was, he said, *atrata*. The lovely mauve *Dianthus sylvestris*, very abundant near the same spot, is also worth mentioning, so is the handsome lemon-coloured thistle *Cirsium Erisithales* and *Achillæa Clavennae*.

Four plants dominate all the open country in the neighbourhood of Toblach. The Carraway and the white clover possess the fields, the common English Juniper and the Barberry lord it over all waste places.

We left the Gasthof Ampezzo yesterday and ran down to Innsbrück, *viâ* Franzensfeste, finding the Brenner, in spite of a good deal of rain, decidedly more striking than we had thought it on former visits. The last thirty miles or so are really very beautiful.

I had forgotten that the St. Grouse of Great Britain had been appropriated in the Ages of Faith to St. Clara of Assisi. Victoria and I assisted this morning at a very fine High Mass in the Pfarrkirche, and I afterwards took her to the Tomb of Maximilian and other well-known sights of this always attractive place.

In the afternoon it cleared, and I had a long ramble with the head of the Botanical Garden and his son. We drove up past Lanz to Igl, and then walked through the woods and pastures below Heilig-Wasser, obtaining much spoil. I note a very few of the plants which pleased me most: *Tunica Saxifraga*, *Libanotis Alpina*, *Orobanche cruenta*, *Campanula rapunculus*, and *Melampyrum arvense*.

15. Our route on the 13th carried me into a quite new country, of whose geography I was dismally ignorant. We ran straight to Bregenz, leaving the Inn at Landeck,

and ascending thence the Sanna, then the Rosanna, to the great tunnel which was finished while I was in India, and had, I suppose, for that reason, quite escaped my notice. It is not quite as long as the Cenis, which is shorter than the St. Gothard, but it is a work of the same class. Arrived at its western end, we passed down the valley of the Alfenz, and afterwards that of the Ill, which again took us to that of the Rhine and the Lake of Constance. The weather, indifferent when we left Innsbrück, became horrible as we advanced; but nothing could prevent the scenery being most impressive.

We did not linger in Bregenz, but pushed on to Constance in a powerful steamer, which needed all its power, for the Boden See was quite rough. There I found enough, and more than enough, to occupy an evening and a morning, seeing, amongst other things, the hall where the Council met, the Cathedral, and the Rheinthurm. Our hotel itself, the Insel, in which we had very lovely rooms looking on the lake, was an interesting place—an old Dominican monastery with the cloisters intact.

From Constance we went to Singen, and thence to Donaueschingen, held rather arbitrarily to be the birthplace of the Danube, for we followed a stream which sends its waters down that great river to the Euxine far into the hills of the Black Forest. The railway through

that region is remarkable in itself, and might well delight the soul of an engineer; but the scenery is nothing more than pretty, and its reputation must have been gained when people travelled far less than they do now. Hornberg we thought the best situated place we passed; but the villages and the detached houses of the peasantry are picturesque throughout. We were not sorry, nevertheless, to emerge on the broad valley of the Kinzig, and leaving behind us Offenburg and Steinbach, to reach Baden Baden, where I am now writing in the very rooms opening on the very balcony mentioned in these Notes for 1879, and made memorable by the passage in the *Récit* (Vol. II. 371): "Un jour pendant ce même été nous nous trouvions par hasard à l'hotel d'Angleterre."

18. Before leaving Baden we drove up to the old Schloss, and enjoyed the noble view of the Rhine valley. Then came Frankfort, over whose sights I took Victoria, visiting, in doing so, one or two things I had either not seen before or had forgotten. One of these was the Paul's Kirche of revolutionary fame, where the places which Arndt, Uhland, Auerswald, Lichnowsky, and others had occupied were pointed out to us, and where, by the help of a plan, I found that of Radowitz—always to me an interesting personage.

Another was the portion of the Staedel Institute appropriated to modern German art. There, amongst much for

which I did not care, but am glad to have seen, was a most remarkable portrait of Moltke by Lembach. In another part of the gallery I observed the "St. Jerome in his Study," of which I possess so fine a copy, and the original of which is in our National Gallery, attributed to Catena, the same artist who painted the striking head of Christ mentioned in these Notes under date of 24th February in this year.

The streets immediately in the neighbourhood of the cathedral seemed to me more remarkable than I had before thought them, and there is a really grand view of its tower as one drives thence to the Römer.

A telegram reached me here, informing me that the English Bondholders had not decided, at their meeting on the 14th, either to accept or to reject the arrangement to which their Delegates agreed, and which the London Committee had recommended to them with some modification. The question, it appears, stood adjourned.

We came to this part of Germany for the purpose of paying a visit to the Empress Frederick at her new home near Cronberg, and went thither on the 16th. I found all that Baron de Plessen had told me about Friedrichshof perfectly correct. It is an admirable creation, the very acme of comfort combined with stateliness, a villa on the scale of a palace. We thought nothing was wanting to the house save a conservatory opening out of one of the rooms, a little dog and cat.

Her Majesty took us over the grounds, showing us, as she showed me at Potsdam nineteen years ago, all her arrangements—the garden, the farm, the Swiss cows with their bells tuned so as to form a chime, the two collies, and what not. Later in the day, Prince and Princess Fürstenberg arrived from Donaueschingen, both young people who have not long come into their kingdom. The man who owns the source of the Danube ought to look, if not like the Nile in the Vatican, at least like one's idea of La Motte Fouqué's Kühleborn; but that is assuredly not Prince Fürstenberg's type. Of course I had a great deal of talk with the Empress about Greece and other political subjects, of which I make no note. She lent me a volume of Essays by Taine, collected since his death, and containing excellent things.

I showed her yesterday morning, before we started, in a paper on M. St. Victor, a passage referring to the days of Nero, which was a curious echo of some conversation we had had the night before about the recent disappearance of so many distinguished men we had known: "Les vies illustres s'eteignent sur tous les points du monde comme les mille flambeaux d'une fête qui finît."

She told me on the authority of the Duchesse de Galliera, who had been present, that when Prince Albert was a boy of sixteen or seventeen, Thiers had one day at dinner ridiculed the idea of locomotives and railways ever being of the

slightest use. "Before long," he said, "these things will only be to be found in museums, where they will be kept to show the folly of which man is capable." "Pardon me," said the youth, "I venture to think, with great deference, that one day the world will be covered with these things." On parting she gave her godchild a curious ring—a hoop of pearl, coral, and lazuli.

From Friedrichshof we made our way to Biberich, thence down the Rhine by steamer to Coblentz, and by rail from that place to Cologne. It seemed to us that a good many more of the historical castles along the river had been restored or incorporated in modern buildings than was the case when we first knew it.

19. Cologne is never an attractive place, and weather which befitted the middle of October better than the middle of August, made it yesterday even less agreeable than usual. I had, however, as it chanced, never before seen the great Medusa in the Museum, and we came on a quite lovely little picture in the same collection by an artist whose name I had never even heard — Stephen Lochner, 1452—"Die Heilige Jungfrau in der Rosenlaube."

20. Brussels is nothing if not bright, and anything more dreary than the aspect it yesterday presented I have rarely encountered.

We assisted after dinner at a sermon, foolish but innocuous, on the virtues of St. Joachim, and were well

rewarded for an exercise of patience by the Benediction which followed. Both these last functions took place in the fine old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, which I had never before visited.

This morning we started for England, and were, before nine o'clock p.m., once more at York House, where we found the children and the pets all in good safety.

It is a curious circumstance enough that during the period of nearly three months which elapsed between our leaving London on the 27th May, and returning to it this evening, we have not met *accidentally* one single acquaintance, with the exception of Bakmétieff, and Selous the mighty hunter, at Athens, the Master of the Rolls and Lady Esher at Cologne. All the other persons we have seen have been either entire strangers, or else people whom we met of set purpose.

29. Arthur sends me an amusing epitaph, said to adorn the cemetery at Chefoo. The inscription, as he points out, is evidently the work of a Chinese artist who knew little of the pronouns of the English language:—

"Sacred to the Memory
of
JOHN NEWMAN,
Proprietor of the Family Hotel.

Erected by the visitors to the Hotel.

"They will be done."

30. I have not for a long time lit upon so felicitous a use of a quotation as one mentioned in an article in the last *Quarterly*. Over the gate of the cemetery, in which are buried a large number of those who fell on the Southern side in the American Civil War, they have placed the line from Ovid :—

"Qui bene pro patriâ cum patriâque jacent."

September

2. Mackenzie Wallace, Mrs. Greg, and Mrs. Beaumont with us. I mentioned to the first-named that Madame Onou had told me that Gortschakoff's once famous despatches had mostly been written by her uncle Jomini. He confirmed the statement, and added that if Jomini had taken pains he would have written supremely well, but that he was very indolent, a great contrast in this respect to M. de Novikoff, the brother-in-law of O. K., who was always fidgetting about his style. When he was Minister at Athens he once stopped a steamer which was carrying one of his despatches, reclaimed the document, made what he considered a material alteration in it, and then allowed it to go. The alteration which he made was this : In the original despatch he wrote, "J'ai rencontré M. Tricoupi à la Chambre," while in his amended despatch

he wrote, "Nous nous sommes rencontrés à la Chambre M. Tricoupi et moi."

Mackenzie Wallace was in Spain when I started for Greece, and gave me a rather curious account of Castelar's position. He has advised all his friends to rally to the present Government, saying most truly that they have got all that they ever contended for, save and except the form of a Republic; that if they overthrew the present state of things they might, it is true, conceivably get a Republic, but what sort of Republic? Would it be *autoritaire?* Would it be *anarchiste?* Would it be *clérícale?* Who could say? A section of his followers, who are known by the name of Posibilistas, have accepted these views; but when they have said to the great orator, "You are our leader, set us the example; rally to the Government and we will follow," his reply has been, "No! I am bound by my past and cannot do this; you can." They very naturally reply: "How is it you ask us to do what you won't do yourself?" The result of all this is that Castelar is practically out of politics. He is still a deputy, but takes no part in discussions.

5. I went up to preside at the Gibbon Commemoration Committee, appointed at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Historical Society, at which I took the chair just before going abroad. Frederic Harrison, amongst others, came to it, and we transacted a good deal of

business. Most of the Gibbon relics are at Sheffield Place, but one gentleman, an American, possesses, it appears, the great historian's Bible.

7. Mr. Hubert Hall, writing from a place in Norfolk, says: "I often think when I am in this country how much we missed in not having a great contemporary history of the Danish invasions."

9. Brandis came down for the afternoon. Some one spoke of him as a great botanist. "When I was fifteen," he said, "my relation, the famous old Professor Link, said to me, 'Do not think yourself yet a botanist. You do not know 3000 plants. No one has a right to call himself a botanist who does not know 5000; and no one is a great botanist unless he knows 20,000.'"

I took him and E. F. Webster a little later over to Ham House, and as we passed through the walks I recalled this remark, and said: "I am afraid there are a great many so-called botanists now who do not know a hundred plants." "Yes," he replied; "when I came back from India ten years ago it was a very common affectation, amongst so-called botanists, not to know one plant from another; but there is a great reaction now setting in in Germany, and a whole crop of young systematic botanists is coming up."

12. Dr. Baldwin, a well-known American physician in Florence, dined and slept here last night. He gave a

curious account of a summer he had passed at La Traversa, on the old post road from Florence to Bologna, which I followed in 1851. By the assistance of the priest he established a *Klinik*, and lived for many weeks in the Middle Ages. One of his patients had, when he came, so extraordinary an appearance that it was evident his disease was something absolutely unfamiliar. It turned out that he believed himself to be under a spell and possessed by the witch who had laid it upon him. Partly by dealings with the said witch, whose rheumatism he much alleviated, partly by persuading the man that he had spells which could overmaster hers, Dr. Baldwin succeeded in restoring his patient to perfect health. I asked him if he had ever seen the *stigmata*. "Yes," he replied; "not at La Traversa but in Southern Italy, not far from Amalfi." He was under the impression that the person, in whose body they were exhibited, was in no way an impostor, but suffering under a form of hysteria.

He had seen a good deal of Gladstone in Italy, and had formed an estimate of him as a "man of boundlessly erroneous views," supported by "vast and various misinformation."

13. Dr. Christ, author of the *Pflanzenleben der Schweitz*, with his son, came down to spend the afternoon, and went all through the pictures of plants from Guindy,

Madras, and Ootacamund, which I brought home with me. He had a double interest in them, both as a botanist and as being connected with the management of the Basel Mission at Mangalore, of whose tiles and other industrial products I used to hear a good deal in South India. It was something in his writing, a reference to which drew down on the head of Lubbock a furious remonstrance from a rash correspondent, who accused him of misquoting the New Testament! For the further confusion of theology I see that Dr. Christ now puts on his card, according to the well-known Swiss fashion, "Dr. Christ-Socin."

15. Took Lily over to Sunningdale Station, where we met Sir Joseph Hooker with one of his boys, and had a very pleasant hour's botanising on the heaths near that place. I did not know that Sir Joseph was descended from an uncle of his "judicious" namesake; but it is so, and it was that uncle who sent the great theologian to the university.

Hooker mentioned incidentally a saying of Huxley's about a particular statesman, which might, however, have a general application to party leaders: "——— is," he said, "like one of those spotted dogs who runs on in front, but is always turning round to see whether the carriage is coming."

To-day we commenced Volume II. of the list of people

who have stayed with us one or more nights. I prefixed the following note to it:—

"Volume I. was begun at Great Hampden, the old home of John Hampden, on the top of the Chiltern Hills, which we rented from its then owner, George Cameron Hampden, his descendant in the female line. The first entries in it were the names of W. R. Greg and N. Story-Maskelyne, under date of April 16th, 1871. In it were recorded the names of nearly all the people who stayed with us from one night to five years, up to September 11th, 1894, the last two names signed being those of Lady Bonham and her eldest daughter. There were 432 entries at Hampden, where we spent a good deal of 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, and 1875. There were 283 entries at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, which we rented from the second Lord Lytton, from the Autumn of 1875 to that of 1877. In 1876 we bought York House from the Comte de Paris, but did not go to live there till Christmas, 1877. We had 670 entries there up to the time of our going to India in October, 1881. In India only 300 persons stayed with us. I have a separate record of the 6124 who dined, but did not stay, in the three Government Houses at Madras, Guindy, and Ootacamund. After our return from India we re-opened the book at York House on March 7th, 1887, since which date the entries have amounted to 1027, making a total of 2712. Of course the same names recur very frequently."

16. Mackenzie Wallace and Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum, are passing the Sunday here.

I am ashamed to say that although I was once for a brief period Governor of Dulwich College, at a time

when, being in office, I could not attend the meetings, I did not know, till the latter mentioned the fact, that the gallery attached to it had been originally collected by a picture dealer in London for Stanislas Leczynski, who meant to have placed it in Warsaw. Political changes prevented this, and the collection passed into the hands of Sir J. Bourgeois, who left it to its present owners.

Mr. Douglas says that he considers the Babylonian origin of the Chinese as quite demonstrated. They settled originally in the district of Shantung, and only spread very gradually over the great surface which they now occupy, after conquering such races as the Maotse and others who speak languages allied to those of the Shans and are still numerous on the frontiers of the Empire.

He mentioned also that the Koreans had a very simple alphabet of great antiquity, which they had invented for themselves. Their popular books are still printed in it, whilst books of higher pretensions are printed in Chinese.

20. My wife mentioned to me an amusing commentary by a Frenchman on our national boast that the sun never sets on British ground: "Le soleil est obligé de tenir l'œil toujours ouvert sur ces gredins là."

A good saying of Lord Derby's is quoted in Lecky's Memoir, which I have just read: "In nine cases out of ten, so far as my experience goes, it is Naboth who

comes to Ahab to ask him to buy his vineyard." Happy, too, is the remark of the biographer about his hero's opinions: "They were voices, not echoes."

21. Looking for something in an old memorandum book to-day, I came across an amusing saying of Hayward's about a frequent but tedious speaker who has long since passed away: "He looked the mute which unfortunately he was not." It was the same very worthy but wearisome personage who stood for the superlative in the three degrees of comparison often repeated forty years ago, and mentioned on an earlier page: Spoon, Spooner, and Newdigate. Spooner and he were both made specially conspicuous by their anti-Catholic enthusiasms, and the former may be remembered by a passage in St. Stephen's, the same in which occurs the striking phrase:

"Responsibility! that heaviest word in all our language."

It was a much more considerable man than either of those I have mentioned, but likewise too solemn an orator, of whom Bernal Osborne said that he was like "a high-stepping hearse horse."

Who, by the way, was the personage who was *first* called "Self-help by Smiles," about which Victoria asked me this morning?

22. Mr. Cunard told us to-day that after the overthrow of 1848 Louis Philippe spent some days at the Star and

Garter. While there he was waited on by Mr. Ward, the landlord of The Crown, the little roadside inn close to the gates of Orleans House, with whom he had been acquainted during his residence there. "The difference between you and me, Mr. Ward," said the king, "is that I have lost my crown and you have kept yours."

23. Mr. Warren Vernon told us that the great Dantista Scartazzini was, of all things in the world, the pastor of a Calvinist congregation in the Canton of Aargau. Mr. Vernon had visited him, and had received from him a description of an eccentricity in Christian worship of which I have never heard before, but which seems to prevail in his congregation. "Others of our co-religionists," he said, "have the Comunione sedente; we have the Comunione ambulante."

Mr. Vernon also gave me an amusing description of a visit to Val Richer during the first Empire, when the political question of the moment was whether M. Thiers would be elected to the Corps Legislatif. All the family were assembled in M. Guizot's library. He read a chapter in the Bible; then one of the daughters of the house, Madame de Witt, delivered an extempore prayer on the subject of the chapter. Exactly as she said "Amen" the door flew open and the cry was raised: "M. Thiers est nommé!" It had the effect of being part of the service.

24. Met at the Athenæum Sir Richard Pollock, who, on the authority of Rollo Russell, told me that Lord John once sat at a large city dinner next to a civic magnate, who, taking from his pocket a very beautiful snuff-box, said: "This was given to my father by the first Napoleon; there is a hen on the top of it!" "Surely," said Lord John, "it cannot be a hen; it must be an eagle." "No, no," said the owner of the treasure, "it's a hen," pointing as he said so to the "N" on the lid.

Lady Arthur Russell, who has been travelling in Brittany and Normandy, writes:—

"Our last day we spent at Le Rozel, between Bricquebec and Cherbourg, the ancient fief and birthplace of the Russells. We found the place much altered since 800 years, and most of the old people who knew about us gone!

"We called on the Curé, who was intelligent and educated, and who took us round the poor little church, and introduced us to the 'Garde' of the Cte. de Courtivrons, the present owner of the old Manor House.

"The Courtivrons were away, but we went all over the house. In the library the first book we saw was Wiffen's two fat volumes, 'History of the House of Russell,' stuck full of paper marks wherever Rozel was mentioned. I pulled up some yellow flags growing in a damp lane under the chateau walls, and have stuck them in my bog here. I wish when they rock in the wind they would whisper some of the gossip they heard when the Lords of Rozel discussed the Conqueror's mad plan.

"We had a very slow driver from Bricquebec to Le Rozel, and Gilbert exclaimed, 'I daresay this man's ancestor nearly

made us miss the invasion boat in '66!' We found a shoemaker called Rouxel, and a publican called Rousselle, in the main street of Bricquebec, also a Russell fief, but we did not fraternise and ask them to Audley Square."

29. Returned this morning to York House from Hartsbourne Manor, in Herefordshire, which is at present occupied by Wentworth Beaumont and his wife. The only other guest there was Lady Brabourne, whose name brought back to me a story which Coleridge told me about my old Oxford contemporary, her father-in-law. His very judicious devotion to the Union made him an extremely fluent speaker, but he did not always know how to keep his eloquence within due bounds. Coleridge retained to the last a curious objection to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and after a speech on that subject fell in with Lord Beaconsfield as they were leaving the House of Lords. "Thank you very much, my lord, for your speech," said the Prime Minister; "it was an excellent speech, and one that it must have given you great pleasure as a Liberal to deliver." "But why?" said the Lord Chief Justice. "You know the great majority of my party takes an opposite view." "Oh!" said the other, "I have always understood that one of the most marked characteristics of the Liberal Party was its dislike to monopolies. If we hadn't had you, we should have had Brabourne, and it's rapidly becoming a monopoly."

October

5. Dr. and Mrs. Macleane, often mentioned in the Indian volumes of these Notes, dined here last night, as did Mr. and Mrs. Cunard. The last-named told me that a man had once come up to her father, Judge Haliburton, with whom I sat for a short time in the House of Commons, and had said to him: "Sir, I hear that you live in the same place as the author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*. Do you happen to know him?" "Well, I ought to do so," was the reply. "I have shaved him for the last forty years." The querist, thoroughly mystified, was afterwards heard to say: "Strange! that man looks like a gentleman; but he is really a barber!"

Drove up to London to meet, at Lady Dempster Metcalfe's, Miss Shaw, whose articles on the Colonies in the *Times* have attracted so much attention. She demurred entirely to the pessimist view about the progress of Free Trade, pointing out that huge areas of the world were being won to internal Free Trade, and that to break down the crusts which separate those great areas from each other would be no very difficult matter.

The conversation having turned to the short period, rarely extending into old age, which is generally given to man for the production of his best work, she mentioned

the curious case of an inmate of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, who had been a very ordinary stone-mason till eighty, had then entered that almshouse, and at ninety-three had the good fortune to discover and restore to light a beautiful carving long hidden by plaster, thus doing, at that advanced age, the one noticeable act of his life.

9. We have had a very large party at York House, which broke up to-day.

George Bunsen was in his best vein. He repeated the judgment of the Berliners, as to the character of the four sons of Frederick William III., not unlike the description of them I have heard attributed to their father. Of the eldest, afterwards king, Berlin said: "Er kann's und will's;" of the second, afterwards emperor: "Er will's und kann's nicht;" of the third: "Er kann's aber will's nicht;" and of the fourth: "Er kann's nicht und will's nicht."

He gave a curious account of a conversation with a Jew, a man of very high cultivation and learning, who pointed out to him that belief had next to nothing to do with his religion; that he might believe almost precisely what he liked, but that not to perform certain ceremonial acts would be to renounce Judaism. The same person spoke with the most intense horror of his brother's having been baptised. "Er hat sich getauft," he said, and explained that that fact made it absolutely impossible for him to be knowingly under the same roof with the said

brother, or to speak to him under any circumstances whatsoever.

Bunsen said that up to the time of Moltke's death they had always thought that he was as nearly perfect as it is given man to be; but that he had one fault, nearness in money matters. After his death it was discovered that, although the poverty of the first sixty years of his life had made him by habit extremely careful, nothing could exceed the generosity which he sometimes showed on fitting occasion.

He told a story of a man speaking to Bismarck of himself as a great statesman. Bismarck corrected him, and said: "Not statesman, courtier;" and undoubtedly the Chancellor owed his career to the fact of his having seen, when so many men who had far saner ideas on most subjects did not see, that the real centre of power in Prussia was the King.

I showed him the extract from a letter of Hart's in these Notes for 1883, discussing the probable effects of the defeat of China by France in waking up the energies of the former country. He said that it formed a curious parallel to a letter written by Blücher after Jena, prophesying a similar result for Prussia.

I forget to whom he attributed a saying, which, by whomsoever said, was one of the saddest and truest of our times: "The death of the Emperor Frederick was

not merely the death of a man; it was the death of a whole generation."

I was interested to learn that he had been sent, as a young man, to Mrs. Craven by Radowitz, who had been extremely kind to him, and with whom he had travelled in England. I mentioned to him the remarkable impression which the conversation of the Prussian statesman had made on Hayward. "Its fault," he said, "was a certain want of spontaneity. The pebbles of which it was composed had been rolled till all their angles were worn down."

We talked of Hermann Grimm (see these Notes for 1867), and Bunsen mentioned an excellent saying of his. During the brief period when the line of the Main had still a political meaning, some one said at the Græca: "You cannot draw any line between North and South Germany." "Oh yes," said Grimm; "North Germany extends just so far as Goethe is familiarly known."

One day, when Chevalier Bunsen was Prussian Minister in London, he happened to pass through the department of the Chancellerie where passports were dealt with. His eye was caught by one which bore the name of M. Müller *aus* Dessau. A very young man was waiting until his turn came. Addressing him, the Minister said: "I see you come from Dessau. Do you chance to be in any way connected with Wilhelm Müller?" "I am his only child," was the reply. "Oh! then," replied the other,

"come into my room, and let us have a little talk." In a few minutes he found out that the youth had come to England to pursue his Sanskrit studies, and that his great desire was to edit the *Rig Veda*. After some conversation, in which the elder man was much impressed by the younger, he said: "My carriage is at the door. I should like to finish our conversation after my return." When he had got into the carriage he directed the coachman to drive to Leadenhall Street, where he saw a couple of influential directors, told them that he thought it of great importance that the *Rig Veda* should be edited, and that he had got hold of the man to do it; obtained from them the assurance that their colleagues would agree to his proposal and would make a grant towards it of £4000; got again into his carriage, returned to Carlton Terrace, and continued the conversation by informing his young visitor that his dream had as good as passed into a reality.

I made Bunsen repeat to Lady Lytton, as we all three walked together to Pembroke Lodge on Sunday, some of the admirable anecdotes which he told at Knebworth in 1877, and which will be found in these Notes for that year.

He told us that in 1870-71 it was his duty to read some thousands of post-cards from privates engaged in the war. Few spoke of it with any sort of enthusiasm;

but the sentiment that no one should say the writer had not done his duty was almost universal. In one a young man described to his father the great charge at Mars-la-Tour; but it did not seem to have occurred to him that it was anything very remarkable. What did strike him was the fact that they had ridden knee to knee as close as they might have done on parade.

14. Arthur, writing under date of 31st August, says:—

"The papers contain accounts of Chinese successes; and two decrees have lately appeared in the *Peking Gazette*, bestowing rewards on General Yeh, the commander of the army in Corea, and sending forty boxes of pills to the troops there. Unfortunately, I have it on very high authority that the Chinese victories are in reality mythical, and that they have in fact been very badly beaten."

Colonel Leigh Hunt, grandson of the poet and of Williams, who was drowned with Shelley, came to lunch and to talk of the ceremony which he has lately attended at the inauguration of the monument to the poet in Viareggio. He saw an old fisherman of eighty-two, who remembered the cremation, the exact site of which, however, cannot be identified, the sea having receded a good deal. The peasantry in the neighbourhood still conceive that they occasionally see the ghost of Shelley wandering with bent head along the shore, and stopping from time to time to look out into the offing.

16. Miss Smith sent me yesterday the memoir of

her brother prefixed to his mathematical writings. It was drawn up by Charles Pearson, one of the many remarkable men who have disappeared from our society in this fatal year; but it lacked his final revision, and contains various slips. Affixed to it are papers on Henry Smith by Jowett, Bowen, and others. The first of these contains one of Smith's sayings which I never heard, but which is, I should think, correctly attributed to him, as at least two cited by Pearson are not. Some one remarked that Ruskin had a "bee in his bonnet." "Yes," said Smith, "a whole hive of them; but how charmingly they hum in it!"

23. I met to-day in the city Lord Stanmore, last mentioned, I think, in these Notes as Arthur Gordon, who told me that he has just returned from a tour in the South of France, very interesting to him (and interesting also to me as having a good deal of Gordon blood) through the old lands of the family in the neighbourhood of Cahors. He says that he found the name quite as often written in old records Gordon as Gourdon, and that in an old castle which he visited there is still a Gordon Tower, and still the old cognizance of the boars' heads.

Lily began to re-read my Diary to me on 4th September, and we spend an hour over it most days. I observe that in the year 1879 I mentioned having got Arthur Stanley to repeat to a party at the Dugdales a very striking story which he had told me. I was under the impression that

I had recorded it when he first told it to me, but, finding that that is not so, I note it here, for it is very little known. One day towards the end of the reign of Queen Anne, Mr. Bradbury, a well-known nonconformist minister of those days, was walking across Smithfield, when he was hailed from a coach. He obeyed the summons, and found that it came from Bishop Burnet. "Dear me!" said the latter, "you are looking very unhappy. What is the matter?" "Well," replied Bradbury, "I think I have good reason to be unhappy. When your Lordship called me I was thinking that if things go on as they are doing, we shall soon be in the position of our forefathers who suffered in this place." "I don't know," rejoined Burnet; "perhaps a change is nearer than you think. The fact is, the Queen is dying, and I am now on my way to Kensington. If, when I get there, she is dead, or if she dies soon after, I will send a man to wave a white handkerchief from the gallery of your chapel." Bradbury went on to Holborn, performed his service and preached his sermon, but just as he was getting to the end of it he saw the white handkerchief waved from the gallery. He finished his sermon, sat down for a moment, and then rose again, saying: "My friends, I have to call on you to thank God for a great deliverance. The Queen is dead! Long live King George I.!" That was the first proclamation of the House of Hanover in England.

25. ——— repeated to me a saying of a friend of hers: "Ah, my dear, when one has flirted a good deal in youth, the past becomes like a garden in which pet dogs are buried—full of little graves!"

Dined with the Carpenters' Company in London Wall. Till I received my invitation from the Master, Mr. Niemann Smith, I did not even know that there *was* a Carpenters' Company. Yet it has existed for some four or five hundred years, is extremely rich, possesses a very stately hall, and spends a large portion of its income for technical education and other public purposes in east, east-central, and west-central London.

28. Lady Gregory and others with us. She told me that some of her friends had urged ——— to go to a meeting at Oxford and to reply to an Irish agitator, who was to address it. He declined, saying: "I should have no difficulty in answering his arguments, but I am afraid of his inventing facts; and although a willing, I am not a ready, liar."

29. To Lily's confirmation at St. Paul's, the Bishop of London officiating. Of all the Balliol scholars commemorated in Shairp's poem, Temple has gone furthest, so far as the attainment of great place in the world is concerned. Seymour died before he had time to do anything. Riddell and Pritchard died before they had time to do much. Coleridge occupied a greater space

in the eye of the world than Temple; but the Bishop of London ranks far above the Lord Chief Justice. Mat Arnold and Clough, whose fame will outlive that of all the others by long ages, never had anything of what is considered worldly success.

November

2. The present owner of Eden sent me the other day a curious old diary kept by my maternal grandfather, which must have been left there by some carelessness of the packers in 1875. Opening it this morning I came on an account of several visits to Canova's studio. My grandfather describes the great sculptor as a pleasant-mannered little man with an intelligent countenance, and very like the Marquess Wellesley.

6. I ran down to Eastbourne on the 3rd, to stay with the Wilfrid Wards, and came yesterday *viâ* York House to Buckminster, Lord Dysart's place near Grantham, where I am now writing. Sunday was the loveliest day an English Martinmas summer could show; we had endless good talk; I went to two Masses and a Benediction, had a walk on the slopes of the down with my hostess, and paid a long visit to Huxley. The most interesting occupation of my day, however, was listening

for several hours to a large portion of the novel[1] which Mrs. Ward is now writing, with regard to which I will say nothing, save that it seemed to me as good as I could wish it, and that one scene struck me quite as much as did anything on that memorable afternoon in 1887, when the other Mrs. Ward read to Miss Somers Cocks and myself some of the best chapters of *Robert Elsmere*, which was then passing through the press.

We talked of our old friend Emly. His mind remained perfectly clear in spite of his paralytic affection, and he was keenly interested in all that was going on to the very last. I saw a great deal of him when we were in the House together—never more, I think, than in 1863, when I was taking a very active part in the politico-religious questions which came up for discussion that session. Some one told me then that Lord Charles Russell, the Serjeant-at-arms, who had met us walking together, had said: "What can these two men have in common?" Yet we had a great deal, and I had a strong regard for him, which I know he reciprocated.

Huxley spoke of the late meeting of the British Association at Oxford, over which Lord Salisbury presided, and of the strange contrast it presented to its predecessor, held just when the Darwinian controversy was beginning to wax fierce. "Hin ist hin; todt ist todt."

[1] Since deservedly famous as *One Poor Scruple*.

Ward has collected for the Life of Cardinal Wiseman, on which he is engaged, a great many most curious facts about the persecutions of Catholics in England. I had no idea that these had continued so long, or that they had interfered so seriously with daily life.

8. Buckminster is a large commodious house, reminding me just a little outside of Hurstbourne as it was before the fire. It is the very antithesis of Ham, containing nothing of interest, but overlooking a wide stretch of well-tilled though featureless country, much of which belongs to the estate. We found there, amongst others, Lady Huntingtower; Mr. and Mrs. Finch-Hatton; Mrs. Wilbraham, an Australian from Queensland, her husband, Colonel Wilbraham, who is a brother of the Duchess of Sermoneta and son of that very handsome Mrs. Wilbraham whom I remember meeting at Colonel Caldwell's when in Rome in 1867; Mr. Des Graz, Second Secretary of Legation at The Hague, a little senior to Arthur; Mr. Brown Guthrie, a son of Lord Oranmore's, and his sister, married to another Mr. Des Graz.

The most agreeable incident of my visit was a long walk on the 7th with Mrs. Finch-Hatton. I owe to her a delightful specimen of "things one would rather have put differently," which she heard from the person to whom it was said.

A young lady, after hearing Canon ——— preach, met

him at luncheon, and complained that she had been sadly disturbed by some one who had been snoring loudly behind her. "It was in the sermon, of course?" said the Canon. "No," was the reply; "*the curious thing was* that it was not in the sermon, but in the prayers!"

Mr. Finch-Hatton told me that many years ago when he was shooting near Kenilworth, he was astonished by the behaviour of a beater, who was gazing apparently panic-struck into a tangle of brambles. He went up to the man, and found that the object of his not unintelligible alarm was a "Tasmanian Devil," which had escaped from some travelling menagerie!

On the 6th we drove to Belvoir, the situation of which on the summit of a beautifully wooded slope is most remarkable. There has been a castle on this spot ever since Norman times, but the present building is quite modern, and built, unluckily, just a little too soon.

Ran down to Oxford on the 10th. The 11th was a beautiful day, and I walked in the morning across Mesopotamia to find Miss Smith. She had gone, however, to hear a sermon of Dr. Fairbairn's at Mansfield College. I was directed to that rather handsome building, which I had not seen before, and listened, ere I effected my object, to a discourse from Dr. Fairbairn, the distinguished Principal of the institution, about miracles "as approached through Nature or through Personality."

A little later in the day, the President of Corpus showed me a passage in the *Novum Organum*—"Id fere agunt ut mundum plane cogitationibus humanis, cogitationes autem verbis addicant et mancipent."

Leaving Oxford early yesterday morning I went straight to the British Museum, where in the King's Library I formally opened the exhibition of Gibbon relics, and made a preliminary inspection of them, before returning to York House, which I again left this forenoon, with most of our party, and transferred ourselves to 54 Prince's Gate, which we have taken for the winter.

14. Dined last night with Lady Arthur Russell, meeting, amongst others, Henry Grenfell and his wife. The first told me that Gladstone was mainly occupied in playing backgammon. In reply I quoted the line:

> "Atque utinam nugis istis tota illa dedisset
> Tempora saevitiæ."

I gained yesterday what I never expected that I should gain, since I missed the jackals and the yellow Grackle[1] —an agreeable association for Mar Saba. It appears that there is reason to suppose that the hymn which suggested Neale's *Art thou Weary, art thou Languid?* was written by Stephen the Sabaite, who died just eleven hundred years ago. I say suggested, for it is certainly no translation,

[1] See these Notes for 1888.

hardly even a paraphrase, of the original, which Neale said he found in an undated Constantinopolitan hymn-book.

Evelyn's appointment as Second Secretary is announced.

15. Presided this afternoon at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society, which was devoted to Gibbon, and was very largely attended. I opened the proceedings by a short speech, and then called on Frederic Harrison to read his paper (which was quite admirable). After it, a few words were said by Mr. Pelham, Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, by Bryce, and by Maunde Thompson, all ofwh ich will appear in our *Transactions*.

17. Scene—An Audience Chamber. H.M. the Sultan speaking to a great and highly-gifted lady temporarily resident in his capital:—

"I hope you like Constantinople?"

"Yes, but I find great difficulty in leading my Inner Life here."

The dragoman translates much after the fashion of his brother at Belgrade immortalised in Eothen.

The Sultan starts, but recovering himself, observes: "Ah! no one should drink water here without having it previously boiled!"

Returned, for the third time, to the Gibbon relics. The one I should most care to possess is a little miniature

set in pearls, belonging to Lord Sheffield and taken from the half-length by Reynolds, which is also shown, as are his watch, snuff-box, and many other things which belonged to him. Far the most valuable portion of the collection consists of the manuscripts. They are very numerous, including no less than six versions of his autobiography, all written in his own beautiful hand, or one of his beautiful hands, for he had three at different periods of his life. From these the published autobiography was skilfully pieced together after his death. The manuscripts have been very intelligently placed in the cases, so that it is possible to read with ease some of the most well-known passages, such as that in which he mentions that the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall* started into his mind while the bare-footed friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, and the attack on the port wine and Tory politics of the Oxford which he knew.

Sat with Mrs. and Miss Church. We talked of Greece, and they told me that the Dean many years ago was robbed by brigands in that country. Amongst other things they carried off a copy of *The Christian Year*. "What will they do with that?" said Church to his Greek servant. "Oh!" was the reply, "they will think, from the edges being gilt, that it is something of extraordinary value; they will tear out the pages, roll them up into pills, and swallow them as charms"!

18. After taking Lily to the morning service at Westminster Abbey I walked with Aberdare from 54 Prince's Gate, towards the Park. We stopped at the pillar-post hard by, and as my companion struggled to get some letters out of his pocket, he said: "Litera scripta manet," but I cannot add, "Laudo manentem." That led him very characteristically to a fine translation by Dryden of the 29th Ode of the third book of Horace, in which the last-cited phrase occurs:—

> "Fortune that with malicious joy
> Does man her slave oppress,
> Proud of her office to destroy
> Is seldom pleased to bless:
> Still various and inconstant still
> But with an inclination to be ill,
> Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
> And makes a lottery of life,
> I can enjoy her while she's kind;
> But when she dances in the wind,
> And shakes her wings and will not stay,
> I puff the prostitute away."

They were used by Pitt on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons.[1]

Later, at Mrs. Walpole's, Mr. Archibald Milman mentioned, with reference to a not altogether correct version

[1] In his great speech of 21st February 1783. See his Life by Lord Stanhope, Vol. I. page 101.

of the story which has appeared in a recent notice of his father, that when the Dean was dining with Froude the conversation had turned upon a scheme for the reclamation of prisoners. Carlyle maintained that it was impossible, saying: "You can't make white what God has made black." "I am not so sure about that," replied Milman. "Has not our host whitewashed Henry VIII., and have not you yourself whitewashed Frederick the Great?"

Went to visit, under the guidance of the Head Master (Dr. Rutherford) the great hall in Westminster School, where Gibbon was taught, or mistaught, for two years. Mr. Clements Markham delivered a brief address, chiefly upon the historian's school contemporaries. Warren Hastings and the much calumniated Impey were at the top of the school when Gibbon entered it. Beckford was about his standing, and I think Toplady, who wrote *Rock of Ages*. A rude bench has been made valuable by the accident that Dryden carved his name on it, and the walls are decorated with the armorial bearings of many men who, having been more or less educated at Westminster, afterwards rose to eminence. The hall dates from the days of Richard II., but rests on supports said to belong to the reign of the Confessor.

27. With Victoria to the British Museum, where Mr. Murray showed us some of the products of the recent

excavations at Amathus, near Limasol. The most interesting of these was, I thought, a small ornament of twisted bronze, heavily gilt, and meant probably to be twined in a lady's hair. The griffin-like head was quite perfect, and a good deal of the enamel still remained, though it is supposed to belong to somewhere about 600 B.C.

I had no idea that Sir Christopher Wren had tried his hand at a drawing of the Mausoleum as it was when perfect. He did so, however, by no means very felicitously; and it was his drawing, now hung in the Mausoleum room, which suggested to one of his followers that architectural monstrosity the spire of St. George's, Bloomsbury!

25. Mrs. Richard Ward told me this afternoon that when her father first stood as a Catholic for the Isle of Wight, a worthy parson at Freshwater preached against him a sermon on the text, "Not this man, but Barabbas."

28. Mrs. Bishop's *Life of Mrs. Craven* has at last reached me, saved from the perils of waters which so nearly proved fatal to it.

The river, I learn, at Guildford rose to within 11 inches of the machines from which the memoir was being printed, and if a fortunate break had not occurred in the weather Mrs. Craven's Life might have had the very unusual lot of commencing with the second edition.

29. To the British Museum with Lady Henley, where, under the auspices of Professor Douglas, we saw some of

the magnificent Oriental manuscripts in his care, and a variety of other interesting things. I did not know that many of the Lamport Books mentioned on an earlier page had some months ago passed into the possession of the nation; but there they are, for all the world to see, in the King's Library. I had never before observed a case in which are exposed a number of books, on the title-pages or fly-leaves of which is the handwriting of eminent persons;—but I saw to-day, lying side by side, three books containing the autographs of Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon, near which lay others made valuable by the handwriting of Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII., of Prince Henry, the elder brother of Charles I., of Bacon, and of Sir Isaac Newton.

Mr. Gordon, a Brazilian merchant interested in precious stones, told me, *à propos* of some chrysoberyls on his wife's opera-cloak, that they had at one time been preferred to diamonds by the Brazilians, but that a great many having been found, the price had naturally declined.

30. Dined with the Murrays at 50 Albemarle Street. After dinner they showed me Mr. Hallam Murray's quite admirable sketches made in India. More fortunate than I, he had been at Bijapur. Mr. John Murray put into my hands the original manuscript of Gladstone's *Church and State*, and also the proof-sheets of the same with notes in Hope Scott's excellent hand.

One of my fellow-guests was Mr. Lidderdale, whose bold, though much contested action, just four years ago, in connection with the Baring crash, is believed to have prevented a much greater financial catastrophe than the sufficiently great one which followed that event. He mentioned, with very natural pride, that the applications for an interest in the debentures secured on the remaining assets of the Baring estate, offered to-day, had been so numerous as to show that the public had the greatest confidence in them.

December

1. Clara quoted a definition of "The New Woman": "A female who, having ceased to be a lady, has not yet achieved becoming a gentleman."

3. Dined with the Literary Society. A large number gathered to support our new President, the younger Walpole, who has succeeded Coleridge as Coleridge succeeded the elder one. We had Trevelyan, Sir Arthur Clay, the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Justice Wright, who is the latest accession to our ranks, Professor Flower, Lecky, Colvin, Canon Ainger, the Dean of Westminster, and others. Every one was in good spirits, and it was what is called "a highly successful dinner." The numbers,

however, made general conversation impossible; and though I sat between our President and Trevelyan, I carried away little that I specially cared to remember. The latter, however, gave me an amusing illustration of the ruling passion, strong in death. His great-grandfather, it appears, when *in extremis*, sent for the undertaker, and devoted him to the infernal gods, if in conducting his funeral he trespassed on the grass plot in front of his house.

6. To the British Museum to take to Mr. Maunde Thompson the third volume of The Club records, which he is copying. As I went upstairs with him he pointed to a bust of the first Duke of Marlborough, and said: "Some years ago two women were looking at that bust, and one was heard to say, "To think of their having *that* here, and him in the Divorce Court too!'"

7. When I was at Lumigny on my way to India, in November 1874, Mrs. Craven read to me a very remarkable letter which she had received from a girl in New Zealand, and asked me whether I could find out who the writer was. I applied to Robert Herbert, and learned in a few months that she was the daughter of a tradesman in the High Street of Auckland. Having been exceedingly struck by her letter, I repeatedly asked people who had been at Auckland whether they had ever come across her, but could never obtain any satisfactory information. Some few months since I received from Mrs.

Glenny Wilson, a New Zealand authoress, a pretty novel called *Alice Lauder*, and, when I wrote to thank her for it, asked if she had ever heard of Mrs. Craven's correspondent. This morning I received a letter from the lady herself, very much amused at being an object of so much interest after twenty years to an individual she had never seen. She asks, among other things, whether any life of Mrs. Craven had been published, and I have accordingly sent her a copy of Mrs. Bishop's book. This little adventure is a further illustration of Lady Gore Browne's saying about the skeleton of Betsy Davis. (See these Notes for 1878.)

9. My wife has in these last days been reading to me snatches from Lady Granville's letters, interesting chiefly from the frequent recurrence of once familiar names. Lady William Russell appears at a somewhat later period than that at which she figured as Aurora in *Beppo*, and in all the mature beauty of early matronhood. Pauline de la Ferronays dances the Mazurka; Hastings Russell is a child; the "hurried Hudson" passes through Paris on that journey which he so brilliantly described to us at Florence in 1870, and Acton is a beautiful boy. That phrase recalled to me the fact that Hayward told me that Acton had laughingly remonstrated with him for having described the famous Neapolitan Minister as frightfully ugly, and that he had

replied that he would put a note to state that the family looks had improved in this generation. I had never heard the joke made about Sir Robert Adair when it was said that a man of higher rank should have been sent to Vienna: "C'est le fils du plus grand *saigneur* de l'Europe." His father was an eminent surgeon.

At noon to see Lady Mary Feilding, the first time we have met since before I went to Madras. She has been living in great retirement at Malvern for many years. We talked, as might be supposed, of a great variety of subjects, as, for instance, of Miss Maclean, who died at seventy-seven, while I was in Athens; of my sister, whom she thought perhaps the most remarkable woman she had ever come across; of her own twin brother, the last Lord Denbigh; and of a recumbent statue of him done for the church he built in Wales. After a long conversation we went on to Herbert House, where Lady Denbigh and Lady Clare are staying with Lady Herbert. The name of the Princess Wittgenstein coming up, in connection with Mrs. Craven's Life, Lady Mary mentioned that some forty years ago she went on board a steamer in the Mediterranean in which the Princess had passed the night (not a way of spending time likely to improve the appearance); but that neither before nor since had she ever seen any one so beautiful.

10. Presided first at a large house-dinner and then

at a lecture on China, given in the Imperial Institute to some twelve hundred people by Professor Douglas, who takes a much less favourable view of that country than some who treat of it are in the habit of doing. I was amused by an American school-boy's definition of a parable: "A heavenly story with no earthly meaning"!

Professor Douglas told me at dinner that the Archbishop of Canterbury had, at the request of the Chief Rabbi, written to the late Czar's confessor to plead for a more merciful treatment of the Jews, and had received in reply a rather insolent letter. Shortly afterwards he was informed by the Foreign Office that a very distinguished Russian ecclesiastic was in London and desired to see Lambeth. Presently this personage appeared, and turned out to be no other than His Grace's correspondent. The Archbishop lavished on him every civility, but observed after some time that he became embarrassed, and kept muttering something in Russian. When he had taken leave, the Archbishop asked the gentleman who had come with him if he knew what his companion had been saying. "Oh yes," was the answer; "I know quite well what he said." "What was it?" said the Archbishop. "It was a prayer," rejoined the other. "What was the prayer?" "O Lord, grant that he may not remember that letter"!

13. Took the chair at the annual meeting of the

Liberty and Property Defence League, and delivered an address. Lord Wemyss, Lord Fortescue, Mr. Drage, Sir Roper Lethbridge, Mr. Livesey, and others took part in the proceedings, and a very able speech was made by Mr. Burroughs, a blacksmith, who distinguished himself by opposition to the tyrannical proposals of the present government with regard to the Employers' Liability Bill.

On my way westward I fell in with Mr. Giffen, who said he thought the Socialist follies of the day were a mere eddy, out of which we should pass. May it be so!

——— having profanely talked of the dog regnant, who is a Yorkshire terrier, as a wood-louse, Lady E. Fitzmaurice writes:—

"If the English wood-louse, which I don't remember, is like its American cousin, I rather like it—its ways are mysterious, and its coat is neither fur nor down, but like the light fluff of wood ashes. It reminds me of a certain low grassy mound pierced by a cavernous cell, wherein a somewhat rusty 'ram' worked among short ferns, pumping water with a monotonous beat, and the water caught in one's hand from its spasmodic overflow seemed more thirst-quenching than any other. Wood-lice clustered in the crevices of the old wooden door."

14. George Denman showed me to-day at the Athenæum a very excellent and elaborate Latin epitaph on Bowen, which he had just completed, and which is to be placed in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. I was glad to

observe that amongst graver merits his "sales" were not forgotten.

Mrs. Bishop sends me a number of interesting letters about her book. The Princess Wittgenstein says very happily :—

"J'aime à me figurer que les bien-aimées dévancières de Pauline vous savent gré de l'avoir mise en rélief tandis que dans son humilité elle ne s'était jamais montrée qu' à l'ombre de leurs céléstes beautés."

15. To see Emily Creed, just returned from Bath, which she found less changed than might have been expected from the Bath of Miss Austen's novel. "The fault of its society," said somebody, "is that all the hims are ancient and modern!"

Our talk strayed to Miss Edgeworth, whom my friend had known well in her early days, and to a visit she had paid to Woodlands, a pretty place where Mr. Creed once lived, on the edge of Hainault Forest. In the morning she corrected the proofs of *Helen;* in the afternoon she read Irish stories to the children. When pressed to go to some party in London, where she expected to meet many well-known people, she said: "Oh no; the little lion cannot growl among the big lions!"

Sat with Alfred Lyall, who is recovering from a bad illness. Conversation wandered to Canning's famous declaration: "I called a new world into existence to

redress the balance of the old." "Looking to recent events," said my companion, "we should have been more prepared to approve if he had said, 'I called a new world into existence to *reduce* the balance of the old.'"

Have I ever noted that the first Lord Monteagle told me that he was sitting close to Canning when he uttered his often-repeated words? The first result was a titter; but a tremendous cheer quite drowned it, and the speech was one of the great oratorical successes of our century.

19. To the Westminster Play, for the first time, strange to say, in my life. It was the *Andria*. The enunciation of the boys was extremely clear, and some of the acting very good.

I had never looked at the *Andria* until I glanced through it in the last day or two, and did not know that it was open to the same criticism as *Hamlet*, of which some one said that "it was very good, but contained rather too many quotations." In the prologue was the following allusion to Gibbon:—

> "Quem noster non delectat eloquentiâ
> Gibbonus excelsâ? Quis non amplitudinem
> Miratur mentis vastam, quâ complectitur
> Sæclorum seriem, vel Romani prospicit
> Fata imperi titubantis, non aliter suo
> Dominans in argumento et Cæsar gentibus
> In universis? Adeo prævalet vigor
> Virilis animi et ingeni potentia."

There was also a very eulogistic allusion to Froude :—

"Qui jam ferme moriens adpulit
Animum ad Erasmi vitam, fortunas, stilum.
Ipsius Erasmi penicillus non magis
Graphicus, Erasmi haud visust calamus facilior."

The epilogue contained some excellent fooling—Uganda, Maxim's experiments with flying machines, the "New Woman," Female Bicyclists, the squabble about the "Empire" entertainments, *The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, and other music-hall tunes, the recent rows at Christ Church, the man who went to study the Ape language in Africa, being all mixed in a marvellous copy of "longs and shorts."

20. Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, who has returned to London, talked much of the strong attachment, before and during the war, of the negroes in the South to their masters, and said that although the whole of the white population—capable of bearing arms—had to take the field, there was not one single instance of any harm having been done to white women or children, who were left everywhere undefended. I had no idea, until he mentioned it, that there are still places in Louisiana where nothing save Spanish is spoken. Very curious, too, was his account of the way in which men of our own race, when employed on the frontier, seem to catch the grave and gentle manner of the Indian warrior. Lee was

a conspicuous instance of this. The most remarkable Indian Mr. Bayard had ever seen was Red-Cloud, whose appearance and ways were much more feminine, in our sense of the term, than those of his wives. Mr. Bayard gave also a very interesting description of Dr. Hawkes, far the most eloquent man he had ever known, and under whom he had studied. Dr. Hawkes was a great light of the Episcopal Church in America, but undoubtedly of Indian blood, and retained many of the peculiarities of his origin.

23. I sat as usual on Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Ward, who is somewhat better. She told me that she had once heard an American at Rome remark: "As long as I am amongst the heathen gods and goddesses, I can get on pretty well; but when I come to the category of the saints of the Roman Catholic Church, then I *notched*"!

29. Arthur writes from the British Legation at Peking under date of 13th November:—

"The great event of the Empress' jubilee festivities has been, as far as we are concerned, the settlement of the Audience Question. The Russians and French took advantage of the perplexities of the Government, and insisted upon being received within the actual Palace. The Government at once acceded to their request. To be sure they are not in a position to resist the slightest pressure that may be put upon them. Mr. O'Conor also advised the Yamên to do what was desired, and thus this long-pending question has

been determined in a manner favourable to the views held by the Russians and supported by the French.

"The Audience took place in one of the four Throne Halls of the Palace, from which the great officers known as 'Grand Secretaries' take their titles. The particular hall in which the Emperor received us is called the Wên Hua Tien, which means 'Hall of the Lustre of Learning.' In this place the classics are on certain state occasions expounded to the Sovereign, and the Viceroy Li bears the title—his principal one—of Grand Secretary of the Wên Hua Tien. In the spoken language a Grand Secretary is even called 'Chung T'ang,' which translated is no more than 'central hall,' and in speaking of Li Hung Chang he is always known as Li Chung T'ang.

"The building is neither large nor magnificent, and, like everything else in this country, is ill-kept and dilapidated in appearance.

"We proceeded to the Audience, naturally, in chairs. There were five besides the Ministers, and a cavalcade of outriders, as well as some guards supplied by the Tsungli Yamên. The party consisted of Beauclerk, Ker, Fulford, Cockburn, and myself. . . .

"As no one may enter the Palace in a chair, we had to get out in the midst of a large crowd, and pass through a great gate called the Tung Hua Mên, using the left entrance. Inside this we found ourselves in a wide space, in which were standing crowds of civil and military mandarins. We were conducted to a waiting-room and then taken to a still smaller room, in which we waited some time, together with the American Minister, who, as *doyen*, went into the Imperial presence first. The Russians followed, and we came next. The Chinese spoke of us as the 'third lot,' much to the indignation of Cockburn, who overheard them.

"As bearer of Royal letters Mr. O'Conor entered by the middle gate of the Wên Hua Tien. The Emperor was sitting on a low throne, with a table with jade ornaments on it in front of him. He was quite simply dressed, and had a fur cap of the ordinary Chinese pattern on his head. His Majesty looked very ill and worried, and is still very boyish-looking. He might be only fifteen or sixteen, and has not changed in the least since the audience two years ago.

"After Mr. O'Conor had delivered a speech, which was duly translated by Fulford, Prince Kung took the Queen's letters, and laying them before the Emperor knelt down at the left of His Majesty and received the Imperial reply, which was made in Manchu. It struck me that the Emperor spoke more fluently in this language than in 1892. Prince Kung then descended and translated the Emperor's speech into Chinese to Fulford, who put it into English. After another little speech the audience terminated, and we left the presence by the door to the left, though, according to our ideas, to the right. This evolution was somewhat difficult, but though not performed with the grace which one could have desired, we got through it without any mishap.

"There were comparatively few people in the presence-chamber. Four princes of the blood stood near the throne, two on each side, and there were peacock fans behind these persons.

"The representatives received besides ourselves and those I have mentioned were the Germans, French, Spaniards, and the Ministers of Belgium and Sweden-Norway.

"The arrangements for getting away were odious, and we had to struggle to our chairs through a crowd of the 'people' of this city.

"Things are exceeding quiet here. The people are as well, or, if you like it better, as badly behaved as they are in ordinary times."

30. The gods (I am re-reading Herodotus) envied me my usual visit to Mrs. R. Ward, who is not strong enough to talk to-day; but I sat long with Mrs. Walpole and her daughter. The former said that Lyall, who is recovering, rather startled his friends by going to the Athenæum. "I should have hesitated," he said, "to have entered any other Club; but the Athenæum is so full of ghosts that I feel myself amongst my own kind."

Miss Walpole, who has just returned from Eastbourne, told me a story which may pair off with one which I think I have noted in an earlier volume about Darwin and his gardener, who thought that his master might have better health "if he could find something to do"! Huxley, too, has, it appears, a gardener, who, having been asked by his mistress whether he would not be the better for some assistance, replied: "No; the place is not very large, and Mr. Huxley is almost as good as another *man*."

1895

January

4. Sent back to Mrs. Walpole the *Bard of the Dimbowitza*, a volume of songs collected amongst the peasantry of the district in which her father's property lay, by Mademoiselle Hélène Vacarésco, of whom the world heard so much a year or two ago. Her friend, the Queen of Roumania, assisted by another lady, has translated them into English, and they are extremely striking, quite unlike anything I have seen before.

6. In the course of a long conversation with Lady Bowen, she told me that the admirable story of "The American and Daniel in the Lions' Den," cited in these Notes for 1886, and which I used much to my advantage when suddenly called on to return thanks for India at the Clothworkers', in 1887, was really invented by her husband. He had the habit of inventing such things—a laudable one, when it is applied merely to increasing the number of *facetiae* in the world; but deserving of

immediate death when it is used to create anecdotes, or even, as is too often done, to embellish them by providing a "mane and tail," thus falsifying history. There was no fear of Bowen's being taken seriously when he told, as he was fond of doing, towards the end of his life, that Confucius had one night led out his pupils to the bank of a canal and had directed them to look for his hat. After they had made a long and ineffectual search, the sage observed: "It is a very difficult thing to find a hat in the dark, on the edge of a canal, when it is not there."

To see Mrs. R. Ward, who has now regained some, but not all, the ground she had lost since 23rd December. She told me that when the Oratory was opened there was a very great concourse, lay and ecclesiastical. The religious orders were well represented, among them the Dominicans. Nothing was wanting, for, to her great amusement, her eye glancing from them fell on the excellent ———, ready for the Auto-da-Fè, which the Order specially connected with the Inquisition would, if the ceremony had taken place a century or two ago, have been no doubt delighted to celebrate.

I made at the house of Mrs. Leslie Stephen this afternoon the acquaintance of a little beast from South Africa, which she called a Meerkat, and which makes a delightful pet, being both fearless and amiable.

7. Charles Roundell, in reply to a note of mine in which I had mentioned Jowett's speech to the Oxford High School for Girls, on the theme "learn to talk" (see these Notes for 1891), writes: "Miss Swanwick said to me, 'They should learn to converse; talking comes next to breathing.'"

9. Dined with the Bayards to meet the new French Ambassador, M. de Courcel, who speaks English fluently. In the course of dinner Mr. Roosevelt, the American Secretary, mentioned to me that ——— having been asked at West Point the meaning of "Léopold Duc d'Autriche," had replied, "A leopard, a duck, and an ostrich." An intimation was conveyed from Washington to the Examiner in French that this hopeful linguist must be passed in the language of the Gaul. He absolutely refused, resigned his place at the College and in the Army, went into railway work, and has made a huge fortune.

10. Talked with Judge Snagge about Sir Henry James and his refusal of the Chancellorship at the cost of betraying his principles. "It was well said at the time," remarked my companion, "that he declined to become the Keeper of the Queen's Conscience that he might keep the integrity of his own."

13. Clara read to me some of the poems in Mr. Watson's most recent volume. I thought the following description

of a cat watching the fussy activity of a dog extremely good:—

> "Ev'n so, methought, the genius of the East,
> Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,
> Luxurious, enigmatically sage,
> Dispassionately cruel, might look down
> On all the fever of the Occident;
> The brooding mother of the unfilial world,
> Recumbent on her own antiquity,
> Aloof from our mutations and unrest,
> Alien to our achievements and desires,
> Too proud alike for protest or assent
> When new thoughts thunder at her massy door;
> Another brain dreaming another dream,
> Another heart recalling other loves,
> Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes
> For our precipitate pleasures too august,
> And in majestic taciturnity
> Refraining her illimitable scorn."

Mrs. R. Ward mentioned that in her last interview with Newman, some months before he died, she told him that, in a conversation which took place at Childers', three people, one being their host and another John Morley, discussed the question who were the two Englishmen of our times who had produced the greatest effect on the mind of the country. There was a difference of opinion as to the first, but all agreed in giving the Cardinal the second of the two places. He blushed like a girl, and said: "You really should not tell

me such things," but nevertheless was manifestly much pleased.

Mr. Ward said that as he had heard the story told in these Notes for 1893, the printer's blunder in Newman's dedication to Sergeant Bellasis was even more complete than I had heard. The ingenious workman substituted for "Our long, equable, and sunny friendship"—"Our long squabble and funny friendship."

14. George Boyle writes:—

"I have been so much in your company lately in the most interesting book I have read for many a day, Mrs. Craven's Life, that I seem as if I had seen and heard you. My wife and I have been quite absorbed in it. What a charm there must have been about her! I have gone back to the Récit with delight and used the Calendar freely. Verily, there is a power in the Roman Communion to make life real, true, and interesting in a way quite marvellous."

Dined with the Literary Society.

I was surprised to find in *Punch* some weeks ago the story I have told, on the authority of Mrs. Finch-Hatton, in these Notes for November 1894, admirably illustrated by Du Maurier, and still more surprised to be told to-night by Ainger that I had myself told him the story and asked him to hand it on to Du Maurier.

Theodore Martin was asked whether it would not be possible in publishing a new edition of Bon Gualtier's ballads to distinguish those which were his and those

which were Aytoun's. "Yes," he said, "with regard to a very few of them, but the greater number were written in common, or grew up, rather, in common, a verse or two by him, a verse or two by me."

Du Maurier spoke much of a French story, which I also have read, without being equally struck with it, called *Le Procurateur de Judée*, the important part of which is a conversation in which Pilate declares that the name of Jesus and all the circumstances connected with His death had utterly passed out of his mind.

Douglas Galton made us laugh by a tale of an American, who, coming to Europe to study medicine, refused to have anything to do with the English Hospitals. Questioned as to his very decided preference for the Continental ones, he gave as his reason that in the latter you have always the opportunity of testing your diagnosis by the *post-mortem*.

Walpole repeated to me as we drove home a saying of Bowen's at the Literary Society, which was new to me. Somebody spoke of a defence of the Thirty-nine Articles by a beneficed clergyman. "Ah!" remarked Bowen, "a defence by a *bonâ fide* holder for value."

16. To All-Hallows, Barking, to see the Laudian relics, some of which are interesting, as for instance the Archbishop's walking-stick, the red skull-cap worn at his execution, his picture by, or after, Vandyke, portraits of Juxon and Bishop Williams, one of the two shirts worn by

King Charles I. on the scaffold, and one of those curious books pieced together at Little Gidding.

My wife gave a dance last night, and this evening we had a small dinner, after which the Newfoundland question, which is the chief colonial topic of the hour, was exceptionally well discussed by Miss Shaw and my old Oxford contemporary, Charles Johnston, of Oriel—the handsomest man whom I remember at the University, but whose hair is now, alas! as white as mine.

18. Iseult asked me at dinner a French riddle composed by herself: "Qu'est-ce que c'est que la plus grande chose qui s'est perdue en ce siècle?—Mont Perdu."

19. Walked with Mrs. Greg in the gardens behind this house. She told me that a grand-niece of hers had derived Bach's name from the first letters of the four following words—Beats–All–Composers–Hollow. We talked much of the Life of John Addington Symonds, whom I knew only slightly, but whom she knew exceedingly well. We agreed that the book was a photograph of many of the phases of opinion which have perplexed the world in our own unrestful times, and were both delighted with the beauty of the last chapter, in which Miss Margaret Symonds gives an account of her father's death.

21. To the Natural History Museum with Mrs. Mallet, chiefly to look at Jacquin's great book on the plants of Schönbrunn, mentioned in these Notes for last December.

Mr. Carruthers showed us also great numbers of very admirable flower paintings by Jacquin's own hand, some of them on letters sent by him to Dryander. Jacquin had, it appears, a son, also a botanist of merit, though not nearly so eminent as his father. Both lived chiefly at Vienna, and both were born at Chemnitz in Saxony.

23. A wild morning: thunder, with exceptionally vivid lightning, heavy rain, snow, hail, and brilliant sunshine, all in an hour.

Sat long with Mrs. R. Ward. Our talk strayed to those excellent English Catholics, who, devoted to their religion, minimise its practices and receive the Communion only once a year. "Some one," she said, "called them 'hardy annuals.'"

The Meerkat received this afternoon. Amongst others who waited on him was Professor Flower, who cleared up my doubts as to his name. I knew that he was either the Pencilled Ichneumon or the Suricate. He has, it appears, only four toes; that distinguishes him from the Ichneumon and gives him his specific name—tetradactyla. The genus contains only one species.

26. I answered to-day a letter of last autumn from Charles Norton, in which, speaking of the portion of this Diary from the beginning of last year to 20th August, he says:—

"I have a strange feeling in reading it that it relates to a past time. All similar records which one has read have been

of former years, and one finds a novel sensation and interest in this contemporaneity of yours. The men of the day are suddenly foreshortened as if they belonged to another century. I am not sure whether you date from York House or from Strawberry Hill; 18—or 17—94. But what strikes me most is, that Society still exists in London, and that the art of conversation, the social art, is not extinct!"

28. Returned to Prince's Gate from Oxford, whither I went on Saturday to stay with the Warden of Merton, travelling down with Major Ross of Bladensburg and Colonel Malleson, who were on their way to a dinner given by the Vice-Chancellor to the contributors to the Rulers of India series. The Provost of Oriel, the President of Corpus, and others dined with the Warden. I had on my left Albert Watson, a contemporary of mine at the University, with whom I have several times exchanged letters in recent years upon historical subjects, of which he is a great master. Since we were undergraduates together he was for a time Principal of Brasenose, but retired, and now lives mainly to pile up higher the huge structure of erudition which he has raised by the help of his very powerful memory. I had to-night a curiou illustration of its power, for the conversation finding its way, *viâ* Gardiner, to a motion about Hungary which I brought forward in the Union forty-six years ago, and which was of course never reported, so that he could not have refreshed his recollection, he not only re-

membered the drift of my speech and the result of the discussion, but quoted a phrase which I had used, and which, I need hardly say, had, with every other word I uttered on the occasion, vanished from my mind. The phrase he quoted was: "Tidings which might well have roused the long line of rulers who slumber in the vault of the Capuchins." I can well understand my having used it in 1849, for I was most deeply impressed in 1847 by a visit to that same vault of the Capuchins, to which the Archduke Charles, who so narrowly missed being the greatest general of his age, had just descended.

Yesterday I went to the early service in chapel with my host and walked with him after breakfast to see the view from the terrace in Mr. Morrell's grounds. The view was non-existent, for Oxford was shrouded in a frost-mist, but our climb was rewarded by our making the acquaintance of a noble old white and black Newfoundland, who had, like Francis Horner, the Ten Commandments written on his countenance, and received us with the greatest affability.

The Warden told me that he once said to ———: "While I quite admit the immense importance of mathematics for certain purposes, I think you overrate it. Do you really think that Omnipotence can only do its work by mathematical formulæ?" "I think," was the reply, "that they would very much assist its operations."

26. With my wife to the British Museum, to leave in the hands of Mr. Rapson a box of the coins of the Arsacidæ which Evelyn has picked up in Persia. As we were entering the door of the Museum we met Sir Edwin Arnold, who said that in spite of Herodotus he was persuaded that Phœnicians in the service of Pharaoh Necho had really rowed round Africa, and that he thought of writing a Phœnician Odyssey.

29. Henry Cunningham mentioned incidentally a saying of Bowen's about a large class of the novels of this time: "Paradise consisted in the presence of innocence, not in the absence of clothing."

30. We received, at the desire of Lord Thring, in the ballroom of 54 Prince's Gate, a number of people who came to listen to the views of himself, the Bishop of Chester, and others, about Public House reform. I took the chair, and spoke, as I did in the House of Commons in 1877, in favour of trying some modification of the Gothenburg plan, in some places which were willing to try it, with a view to seeing, from the experience there gained, whether we could with advantage build upon some such lines a scheme for the country at large.

31. Mrs. Bacon dined with us. Speaking of a lady who had appeared too much *décolletée*, she remarked: "She ought to wrap herself in oblivion." Very happy,

too, was her remark that Radical politicians do the same sort of harm to the politics of India that aniline dyes do to its art, and her criticism of the dog regnant—"Her *tail* is brief but interesting."

February

4. Dined with the Literary Society. A large party gathered to welcome the American Ambassador, who came as a guest. Jebb told me that during the many years he passed at Glasgow he had got very much attached to the place, so that before he left it, the phrase "Our dear, poetic Glasgow," which he heard used in a sermon, had seemed to him quite appropriate.

My old A.D.C., Hanbury Williams, and his wife were with us. The former attended the German manœuvres last year and was exceedingly well received. He was struck, however, by the curious way in which old and barbarous usages, especially with regard to drinking, linger amongst the officers, even of the crack regiments, side by side with the highest civilisation.

Sent back to Mrs. R. Ward a series of autograph letters, ranging over many years, from Newman to Miss Bowles. They bear testimony to his sensitiveness under the annoyances and oppositions which he had to encounter

for a long period after he joined the Roman Church. I did not come upon many facts which were unfamiliar to me. Here, however, is one: that a year or eighteen months before the publication of Tract 90, William Palmer, Lord Selborne's brother, had prepared a manuscript, on precisely the same lines, for submission to the Russian Ecclesiastical Authorities when he wished to be admitted into Communion with them.

8. Florence Bishop sends me a long letter to her mother from the Duchesse d'Ursel, daughter of Adrien de Mun by his second wife, full of the most enthusiastic praise of the way in which she has written Mrs. Craven's Life.

9. Breakfasted at Grillion's; a very small party, thanks to the intense cold. I sat next Acton, who had Lord Fortescue on his other side. Lord Fortescue told us that when a child he had been taken to the loft above the ventilator, to which ladies were then consigned, where he heard the sound of Canning's voice and had a glimpse of his bald head. He told us, too, that he had been asked to move the Address in 1841; but represented that, under the political circumstances of the moment, it would certainly be alleged, if Lord Melbourne's Private Secretary did so, that it was because they couldn't find any one else. Acton said: "I began my political life in 1841; I canvassed at that election." He was a young canvasser, for his years were only seven.

We elected Sir Francis Jeune and Sir Edward Grey.

Sat long with Mrs. Sellar, who reminded me of a saying of Jowett's to Bowen: "Under these circumstances there is nothing to be done but to put one's trust in God and see how one feels after luncheon."

11. At Mrs. Horner's yesterday afternoon, Mr. St. John Brodrick mentioned that the Ameer of Afghanistan had told Mr. Curzon that he thought he had put to death since his accession about 120,000 of his own subjects. I repeated this to my wife at breakfast, who quoted in reply Alfred Lyall's line in the *Soliloquy* of that potentate:—

> "The virtues of God are pardon and pity—they never were mine."

Finished *Sibylla*, Henry Cunningham's new novel. To it I owe the excellent saying used with reference to the essentially fugitive character of the literature which excites attention only by its impropriety: "Transit gloria immundi."

Where did I come across lately the very true remark that a certain class of people "think they serve God best by serving their neighbour right"?

12. Dined with The Club, Maunde Thompson in the chair. In the course of the evening I mentioned St. John Brodrick's story about the Ameer, and Mackenzie Wallace said that the figures were very much exaggerated.

That led to some talk about Afghanistan, and Lord Lansdowne told us that the Ameer had once asked Pine to give an account amidst a circle of his own people of the largest gun we had in England. Pine described the 100-ton gun, and, when he had finished, the Ameer observed: "I have seen a gun the cartridge of which was as large as the gun which has just been described to you." Very amusing also was the description which the ex-Viceroy gave of an Indian Prince of high degree sitting down to the piano and singing the music hall song, *My Daddy won't give me a Bow-wow.*

13. Dined with the Reays, meeting Walpole, the Knutsfords, the Rayleighs, Lady Arthur Russell, and others. Lady Rayleigh asked my wife whether we were in the Red Book this year. "No," she said, "but our landlord is, and you won't be likely to forget his name. It is Newgass!"[1]

16. The Breakfast Club met here, the American Ambassador, Herbert, Reay, Courtney, Acton, the Danish Minister, F. Leveson Gower, and Aberdare, being present. I count the numbers from right to left, Acton having called my attention the other day at The Club to the fact that that system which I adopted in drawing up my own breakfast lists, printed and circulated some years ago, was a very convenient one.

[1] Argon—the latest discovered constituent of the atmosphere.

I sat between the American Ambassador and Aberdare. The conversation was general, but I heard little that was said except by my immediate neighbours. Mr. Bayard mentioned that he had known Admiral Dupont, who led into action the last wooden and the first iron fleet. He spoke much, too, of Captain Eads, who bridged the Mississippi at St. Louis, executed the works at the mouth of that river, and planned the ship-railway, by means of which he intended that laden vessels should pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, but is now, unfortunately, dead.

Aberdare told a story of the Mayor of some town, who, on laying down his office, expressed his hope that he had never been betrayed either into partiality or impartiality.

17. Wrote to George Boyle about his *Recollections*, which arrived on the 14th, and are dedicated to me. I finished the first perusal of them last night. They cross my own past in so many places as to have a special interest for me; but to all who are worthy to read them they will be, I should think, exceedingly agreeable.

The Reays and others dined with us. Who said with regard to the new French President a thing which was quoted: "Il est plus Félix que fort"?

18. Dined at Grillion's, Acton in the chair, and a very large party.

I reminded Mr. Balfour of his excellent answer made years ago to Constance Lubbock, later Mrs. Sydney Buxton, when she said she would like to hear Disraeli's conversation: "Oh! you need not trouble to do that; you have only to imagine a brazen mask talking his own novels."

Ridley mentioned that on one occasion (I think he said when he was going to move the Address) Disraeli had offered him some Burgundy, which he had declined. "Ah!" was his chief's answer, "that is the advantage of being in Opposition; we can then drink Burgundy and brown sherry." Ashbourne called across to me: "That is very characteristic; you must put it down," and I promised to do so. Later, in a different connection, Plunket told another story of Disraeli which was new to me. In the earlier days of the first Gladstone Administration a group of young members, of whom he was one, used to go down from Saturday to Monday to Maidenhead, man an eight-oar on the river on Sunday, and come back to their work in the House on Monday afternoon. Laughing together, they one day suggested that Lord George Hamilton should propose to the leader of the Opposition that he should officiate as coxswain to their boat in a race against one manned by the followers of the Government, with Gladstone steering. Hamilton, with some fear and trembling, made his request, and the old gentleman, who was as fit to

steer a boat as a mole, agreed to do so, but added: "The other damned fellow won't do it, you know."

Father Healy's name came up, and it was mentioned that when he was almost at his end the doctor said to him: "You are coughing badly this morning." "I am sorry," he replied, "you think that I am coughing badly. I have been practising it all night."

We talked of the way in which good stories get altere and fitted on to wrong people.

I told Balfour that the late Sir Frederick Pollock had once fully explained at the Breakfast Club the history of the *mot* about the tortoise commonly attributed to Sidney Smith, but really said by him to his brother George. "That is very curious," replied my neighbour; "I thought if there was any authentic saying of Sidney Smith's in circulation it was that."

20. To sit with Mrs. R. Ward, who gave a charming account of the flowers on the Alban Mount in the middle of March. I remember seeing in some newspaper, just after his death, a description of a botanical walk in the same locality by John Stuart Mill, which has, I hope, been preserved in some more permanent form.

They have introduced skating upon real ice in the building near the St. James's Park station, to which people used to go to see the picture of the great American cataract. "Where are you going?" said some one, the

other day, to an acquaintance. "To Niagara," was the reply. "To skate?" "No, to see the falls!"

21. My sixty-sixth birthday. I was re-elected this afternoon President of the Royal Historical Society and delivered an address on Herodotus, a *pendant* to the one I delivered on Thucydides, two years ago.

23. Went down to Holloway College, where we had a long discussion, Prince Christian in the chair. I returned to London with Lord and Lady Thring. Conversation found its way, *viâ* my address of Thursday, to Thucydides, and Thring remarked on the phrase which that writer uses with respect to the misfortunes of Nicias, as forming a curious contrast to the usually unemotional character of his writing. He passed on to speak of the *Hecuba*, which he had been re-reading, and of Euripides, whom, like Coleridge, he much admires. It would not be easy to mention two men who better represented the purely Cambridge and the purely Oxford forms of the old English scholarship. Long as I have known Thring, who was in his day a quite first-rate scholar of the Cambridge type, I never before chanced to hear him speak of receiving any pleasure from his classical reading; though I have heard him dwell on the way in which it, and the composition connected with it, had trained him to that exact expression, which made him so admirable a parliamentary draftsman.

26. Returned to London from Windsor, whither I went

last night. I had the same rooms which I occupied in 1892, but the statuette of Lord Beaconsfield had disappeared. The party at dinner was not large. The Empress sat on the Queen's right, next her Lord Ripon, then Princess Beatrice, myself, Lady Ripon, and Lord Edward Clinton, who is now Master of the Household. Next came either two or three others, I am not sure which, one being Prince Stolberg, who has lately joined the German Embassy; then the Duchess of Albany, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was on the left of the Queen. After dinner, the usual circle was formed, and I talked for some time with the Empress. The Queen is prevented by her lameness from moving more than she can help, and her guests are led up to her while she remains seated; but I do not remember ever seeing her so animated, and her voice struck me as unusually strong.

After breakfast, Lord Hawkesbury, who is in waiting, took me to the library and various parts of the Castle, which I had not before seen.

That over, I had a long walk with the Empress, who was attended by Countess Perponcher, through the Park and back by Adelaide Cottage, which was quite new to me. Then we walked for some time alone on the terrace, talking of many things until I took leave.

It was whilst we were waiting in the corridor about

nine last night for the Queen's leading the way to the dining-room, that Lord Ripon told me that he had received a telegram announcing the death of my very old, and his still older friend, Lord Aberdare. He was perfectly well when he breakfasted with me on the 16th, but when I went to see Lady Aberdare two days afterwards, he was confined to his room by a chill. The chill developed into influenza, and now he has gone, just short of eighty, leaving no better man behind him. Few have had a happier, or more successful life, always on the ascending grade, for even the savage and most unjust attacks made on his administration as Home Secretary turned to his advantage. How great a loss he is to me readers of these Notes will readily understand.

Dined with the Club. Maunde Thompson told us that he had completed the copying of our Records. Morrison mentioned that they have lately found in South Africa a variety of diamond so much harder than those hitherto known, that, by its help, engraving upon diamonds becomes an easy operation. Conversation wandered to the Eastern Church, and Mackenzie Wallace said: "The Russian is usually too easy-going and good-natured to be very bigoted; for *real* stiffness in orthodoxy, commend me to a German convert!"

28. Dined with the Monkswells, sitting between my hostess and Mrs. Armine Wodehouse. I asked the latter

whether her mother was the heroine of her father's poem *Calais Sands*, and she replied in the affirmative. I did not know Mrs. Arnold till many years after that; but she must, as a girl, have been just the sort of person with whom a poet would fall in love.

Later I took Victoria to Mrs. Williams Freeman's, when her eldest daughter told me a French riddle which I had never heard: "Quelle bête est la plus musicienne? La sangsue, parcequ 'elle fait des ouvertures de bête aux veines!"

March

1. With my wife to the funeral service for Aberdare at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where I had not been since I went on a like melancholy errand after the death of Lord Derby.

4. Sat long with Reeve. He told me that he had been reading a good deal lately on the period of the Commonwealth, and threw quite a new light upon Milton's famous sonnet, by telling me that many of the massacres in the Waldensian valleys were perpetrated by Irish Catholics, who had been driven from their homes by Cromwell.

He showed me, too, the Life of Cousin, in three volumes, just completed by Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who must be about ninety. That led to some talk about Cousin and

his amusing perplexity when he found himself transferred from the Sorbonne to the Ministry of Education, which he described as a "Couvent de jeunes filles revoltées."

Finished *Christianity and the Roman Empire*, by Mr. Addis, which Dr. James Martineau praised when I went to see him on New Year's Day; a very sane little manual, but not containing much that was new to me. Here and there, however, I came on a curious fact, as for example, that when St. Benedict went to Monte Casino in 529, he found the people in that neighbourhood still worshipping Venus and Apollo.

Dined at Grillion's—a party of six. Conversation found its way to a very eminent person, whose field of fame, however, had not been the House of Commons. "He was making a very dull speech one evening," said Lord Ashbourne, "when I remarked to ——— on the dreariness of the performance. 'He is an admirable man,' was the reply; 'I wish we had him.' 'What would you do with him?' 'Do with him? Send him to Ireland, of course! He would disperse any unlawful assembly in five minutes!'"

An engagement just announced led to talk about Englishmen marrying Americans, and to the aversion which they have, on the other side of the Atlantic, to making settlements. "Do you know the saying," asked Lord Ashbourne, "that no one should marry an American girl

unless she can use the Lord's Prayer—'Our Father, which art in Heaven'!"

The habit of interrupting counsel by repeated questions, which seems to be getting commoner on the Bench, was discussed, and it was mentioned that Lord Justice James was the first who introduced it to any great extent. Some one addressing him once cited an opinion of a judge whom he especially disliked. "Oh!" said James, "that was only an *obiter dictum*." "Yes," was the rejoinder, "but it was made thirty years ago." "What does that matter?" asked the Lord Justice. "*Obiter dicta* were not so common in those days," said the other.

7. Dined with the Portsmouths, meeting Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson, about once more to return to the Cape. He made some allusion to my "Unspoken Speech" reprinted in *Brief Comments*. I said: "Is that sound doctrine"? "Yes," he replied, "quite"; but agreed with me in thinking that we ought certainly to have made a military promenade through the Transvaal. He believes that it would have been made but for professional jealousy, which played, I fear, all too great a part in the events of 1881 in South Africa.

Lady Selkirk gave a curious account of the almost complete suspension of communication in Galloway during the recent terrible weather. Even here I saw people still skating this afternoon in St. James's Park.

9. The meeting of the Breakfast Club, arranged for last week, was put off on account of the death of Aberdare, but it met to-day at F. Leveson Gower's. Courtney, Reay, and I attended.

Reay repeated a curious anecdote. Jefferson reproached Washington for the creation of a Senate, pouring, as he did so, the tea out of his cup into his saucer: "Why did you do it?" asked the ultra-democratic politician. "For the same reason," was the reply, "which leads you to do what you are now doing. We wished to have a place into which we could pour our legislation, in order that it might cool."

Our host told us that it was the Duke of ——— who said to the Prince of Wales: "What very odd people all Argyll's sons do marry!" and received the laughing reply: "I am sorry you think so badly of my sister." The story is often repeated in another form; but Leveson Gower having mentioned it at ———, the Duke said: "It was I who made the remark, utterly forgetting that Lorne had married the Princess Louise!" This is quite the classic instance of "things one would rather have put differently!"

10. Re-read an article by Walter Bagehot on Sir G. Lewis. I had quite forgotten the remark of that statesman to Mrs. Greg's father: "No, I can't do it. The fact is, Wilson, you are an animal, and I am a vegetable." I

had forgotten, too, that it was in speaking of the Suez Canal that Sir George said to Bagehot: "In nine cases out of ten, cure is better than prevention."

I found in the room I occupied at Windsor the other day, the Life of Lord Palmerston, by Evelyn Ashley, and read in it a most excellent letter from Lewis to his chief, in which that doctrine is set forth very clearly and well.

11. Dined at Grillion's—a small party. The conversation was not of the kind which I like best at dinner, but first-rate of its sort, carried on almost entirely between Welby and Chamberlain, the rest of us saying very little. At first it turned upon the Treasury, as seen from without and from within, our chairman looking upon it from the point of view of one who had been President of the Board of Trade and member of various Commissions, while the other looked upon it from the point of view of one who had been its non-political head. I think the victory remained with the attack, not with the defence, and indeed, Welby more or less acquiesced in some of the other's strictures. When they came to discuss the relations of the permanent officials with their parliamentary chiefs, there was less difference of opinion, and, when there was, it seemed to me that Welby had rather the best of it.

14. Lady Blennerhassett, in the last chapter of her new

book, mentions that Louis Philippe asked Talleyrand what men he should employ, and received the brief reply: "Tous ceux dont je ne sais pas le nom."

This reminded me that Acton told me at The Club last Tuesday, that, on a recent occasion, when he and I met, Lord ——— came round the table to him, and asked: "Who is that who has just taken his seat next me?" It was Arthur Balfour, the leader of his own party in the house in which he and I sat together for so many years!

16. George Bunsen writes: "An interesting distich of Schiller's has been printed for the first time lately. The poet, speaking to Kant, says:—

> 'Zwei Jahrzehende kostest du mir; zehn Jahre verlor ich,
> Dich zu begreifen; und zehn, mich zu befreien von dir.'"

Mr. Arthur Balfour, his sister, and Acton dined here to-night. Our other guests were Henry Cunningham and his nephew, Sir Herbert Stephen. There was much talk about things of the moment, such as the struggle now going on with regard to the representation of Warwick, and the *pros* and *cons* of Sir Hercules Robinson's return to the Cape; a good deal also about things of more permanent interest. Burke came up, and Acton quoted the opinion given by M. de Rémusat, that his *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* was the most

remarkable pamphlet ever produced in any age or country. We talked of Circourt, and Acton described going, as a very young man, along with him to see Augustin Thierry, and his astonishment at the extraordinary amount of knowledge which his companion displayed, an astonishment which the intimacy of after years by no means diminished. Both he and Balfour spoke very highly of Sir James Stephen's *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, and thought that no newspaper would now be so bold as to admit such solid and valuable papers. Miss Shaw, who had been driving and talking metaphysics in the morning with George Meredith, praised very highly his novels. Talk about his very difficult style led on to an expression of opinion to the effect that writers who are not simple in their language have very little chance of commending themselves to posterity, so much so that it well might be doubted whether much of either Carlyle or Browning would long continue to be read.

20. The Netherlands Minister and his wife, the Rayleighs, Sir Charles Turner, and others, dined with us. I talked with Henry Grenfell about a statesman of our acquaintance. He told me that he had once asked Lowe how this individual, then rather a new member, was getting on in the House of Commons. "Oh!" was the reply, "he is pompous, egotistical, tiresome, and inaccurate; but, if you make allowance for those defects,

he is doing very well." Lord Ashbourne mentioned that a lady had once sent to Acton some piece of scandal, adding, "that he would never forgive her for having done so." "One touch of ill-nature," he wrote back, "makes the whole world kin."

23. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's—five in all—the Chancellor, Leveson Gower, and Courtney being the others present. The first-named gave us a curious illustration of the cross divisions of opinion now observable in this country. He was recently pressed to place three working men on the Bench of a large northern town, and wrote to a person, in whose judgment he had confidence, to enquire about them. "The first on your list," was the reply, "is a highly respectable working-man, a good specimen of his class. The others are not working-men at all. One is a small tobacconist—the other a small confectioner. Both are Socialists, and both vote with the Conservatives!"

25. We left Prince's Gate this afternoon, and returned to York House after an absence of just a hundred and thirty-one clear days.

29. To see Evelyn, Lady Portsmouth, who is staying with her son and daughter-in-law at 2 Abbey Garden. Talk wandered to the visit she paid us at Hampden some three-and-twenty years ago, and she asked many questions about York House. "Is it not strange," I said, "that

we who lived so long in the home of John Hampden should have come to live in the home of the man who called him 'the author of all mischief'?" "I believe," she said, "that influences cling very long to places." I hope they do. The joint influence of the two houses should be very salutary.

30. The evening brought a letter from Charles Norton, who writes:—

"Your mention of Henry Smith recalled to me an excellent saying of his, which is worth preservation, perhaps, as an instance of the quickness of his wise wit. I had told him a story of a young Oxford clergyman travelling with his pupil, whom I, years before, had fallen in with at Bologna. It was a Sunday morning, and he asked me to join him and his pupil at prayers. I told him I should be glad to do so, but that I was not a member of the Church of England; I had been bred a Unitarian. 'A Unitarian!' said he, 'then I cannot read prayers with you!' 'Silly fellow!' said Henry Smith, 'he ought to have said that he would read a *third* of his prayers with you.'"

31. We had several friends with us at York House, among them, Mackenzie Wallace and Lady E. Fitzmaurice. The second was wearing a pretty little blue watch, which attracted my attention. On it was a motto from Pindar, which led me to ask whether its wearer really enjoyed Pindar. "Yes," she said, "but less now than I did as a young girl." "I have only read," I remarked, "the

Isthmian Odes; I read them at school, but I cannot honestly declare that they gave me any sort of pleasure."

After luncheon to-day we were joined by the Portsmouths, and crossed the river to Ham, where Lord Dysart told me that in the recent terrible winter, the thermometer had fallen in the neighbourhood of Buckminster to 18° below zero of Fahrenheit. Lord Hawkesbury told me at Windsor, that, near his house, it had stood one night at 14°. These are the two lowest temperatures which I have ever heard of in Great Britain.

April

2. Dined with The Club—Walpole in the chair. We talked of our last elected members. "Lord Spencer," said some one, "will certainly not be here, for he is abroad with the Queen, but Balfour may." "Oh! no," was the answer, "he will be kept at the House." "What are they killing to-night?" asked Herbert. "A qui le dites-vous?" answered Lansdowne; "they are busy over Morley's Bill about Irish Land."

Hooker, *à propos* of a question I asked him about the recent filling of the air in Audley Square with the seeds of the plane, spoke with great admiration of a similar phenomenon which he had observed in the Rocky

Mountains, when numbers numberless of the seeds of the poplar floated about, flashing back the rays of the sun.

Conversation having found its way, *viâ* the notorious Danish adventurer, Jorgen Jorgensen (who made himself for a few weeks the Dictator of Iceland) to Tasmania, where he ended his career, Sir Henry Elliot told us when he was there, as a boy, a stranger said to him: "Are you a son of the Governor?" "No," he replied, "I am not his son, but I am his *aide-de-camp;* what can I do for you?" "I am an old Gibraltar man," was the rejoinder; "all I want to know is whether you are a son of the Governor?" At length it dawned upon Elliot's mind that his friend thought he was a son of Lord Heathfield, who had been in his grave about half a century! Lord Carlisle spoke with warm admiration of De Tabley's latest volume. It had not occurred to me before, but I think there is something kindred in the genius of those two gifted men, though the one works with words and the other with colours.

5. I was to-day elected a Trustee of the Athenæum, in room of Aberdare. Lubbock and Sir Frederick Abel are my colleagues.

7. In the afternoon I took Miss White (see these Notes for 8th August 1893) and Lily to Kew, where I had not been for many months. Dyer gave us an amusing account of a dinner at the Chemical Society the other day, at which Bryce had said that it was natural enough that

a substance so inert as Argon should have been discovered by a member of the House of Lords.[1]

Fräulein von Bunsen, who was also of our party, had with her a number of her water-colour drawings, including some taken in a part of Oldenburg, the characteristics of which are wide moors dotted over with very tall crucifixes. One is in the habit of thinking of Oldenburg as a very Protestant region, but the district in which these drawings were made belongs to the old Bishopric of Münster, and is strongly Catholic.

10. I have had read to me recently a Memoir of Shelley, by W. M. Rossetti. The author spoils his work by attempting to defend many quite indefensible proceedings of his hero; but the well-known facts of the life are conveniently put together, and I came on some which I had not before met with, as, for instance, that the poet had a passion for playing with paper boats in the parks, and had said that he could wish to be shipwrecked in one of them, adding, that he should like death by drowning best. I observe, too, that—

"Peacock says: 'Brockden Brown's four novels (*Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Edgar Huntley*, and *Arthur Mervyn*), Schiller's *Robbers*, and Goethe's *Faust* (which last he began reading in 1815), were, of all the works with which Shelley was familiar, those that took the deepest root in his mind and had the strongest influence in the formation of his character.'"

[1] Lord Rayleigh.

How many people now living have ever heard of the first four?

Evelyn returned from Persia on the 8th, and has much to say that is very interesting. He began to write a report on the Bâbis, but discontinued it from the difficulty of getting any reliable information. His impression is that their numbers have been wildly exaggerated. He soon passed in the language and read Persian steadily all the time he was at Tehran, especially Sadi, without finding much that was really remarkable. Even the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam (a very beautiful copy of which he has had written for me by one of the scribes of the Shah) gained quite enormously, he declares, in the hands of Fitzgerald.

16. Mr Bayard told me that Louis Philippe, during his first exile, found his way to Philadelphia and started a business, chiefly in molasses, under the firm of "Orleans and Brother." It was unsuccessful, and the future King became a teacher of French in the family of Mr. Bayard's great-grandfather. He wished to marry one of the daughters, and a miniature of her from his hand is now in the possession of Mrs. John Field in Paris.

In the library at Harvard there is an *Album Amicorum*, which belonged to some gentleman at Geneva in the 17th century, in which are found two memorable names of English travellers: Thomas Wentworth and John Milton.

The second has attached his signature to two lines of his own—

> "Or if virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her";

and

> "Cœlum non animum muto dum trans mare curro."

Yesterday, as we were sitting round the fire after dinner, Mr. Bayard said to me: "I am a great admirer of Talfourd's *Ion*." "So," I said, "was I when I read it, and I know some of it by heart now, but it seems to me utterly forgotten. I do not believe that any one in this room, except ourselves, has ever heard of it." And so it was, for we asked every one of them.

My wife and I drove over to dine at Claremont, where we met Admiral Egerton and his wife, Colonel and Lady Emma Talbot, Mr. Chitty, a son of my Balliol contemporary, and others; amongst them Mrs. Royle, who forms a worthy pendant to her beautiful sister. (See these Notes for 1888.) Sister, I say, for these two Aphrodites married brothers! This one is as dark as the Queen of Port Said is fair.

I took down Lady Emma. The conversation found its way to dogs and their intelligence. She told me that her daughter had once said to a Skye, who slept every night upon her bed: "You can't sleep with me to-night. Father

is going away, and I am going to sleep in my mother's room." When she went to bed, nevertheless, there was the dog comfortably established in the unwonted room. Time passed, and she said to him: "I am going back to my room to-night." When she went to bed, there he was in his usual place.

I asked Admiral Egerton whether he remembered Mrs. Craven at Hatchford. "Oh!" he said, "extremely well. She was a very intimate friend of my mother's, and as long as they both lived I am perfectly sure each confidently believed that she would convert the other."

18. I am reading Lord Stanhope's History of England from 1713-83, which I have had on my shelves for some thirty years, but have only used for purposes of reference. I had never come upon the epitaph of Atterbury, the vigorous conclusion of which is quoted in a note:—

"Hoc facinoris
Conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit
(Episcoporum praecipue suffragiis adjutus)
Robertus iste Walpole
Quem nulla nesciet posteritas!"

20. Miss Sewell, whose *Amy Herbert* I read with so much pleasure fifty years ago, has returned my address of 1891 to the Girls' High School at Oxford, sent to her through Miss White, and after some very judicious remarks

upon the unwise turn lately given to the education of women, adds:—

"I shall not live to see any great change in the present system of instruction, but I have no doubt that there will be ultimately a reaction, and it will not be thought absolutely necessary for every girl to be a proficient in mathematics or a classical scholar. It pleases me to find that you are of my opinion upon this point."

Miss Sewell is, I think, eighty, but her hand is as clear as Mrs. Craven's was at the same age.

22. Dined with the Hugh Smiths at Mount Clare, meeting, amongst others, Lady Herschell and the Chancellor. The conversation having turned to the question of the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, I said to him: "I don't think I ever asked you what you thought about that?" "I am," he replied, "most strongly in favour of it," and proceeded to give very interesting illustrations of some of the inconveniences caused by the present system.

23. I went this afternoon to see George Bunsen, who has been in England for some weeks, but has been prevented by illness from coming to us. He was full of a book upon Wilhelm von Humboldt and his wife, which has recently appeared, and which has excited much interest. He spoke with rapture of the flowers in Hyde Park, and I went to look at them on my way towards the centre of

London. He had certainly not said one word too much. I never saw them so perfect — hyacinths, tulips, scilla sibirica, muscari, daffodils, all in perfection.

I dined at The Club, whither came Maunde Thompson and Flower, Lord Kelvin, Walpole, and Lord Spencer, who made his first appearance, and said he feared he should not be a member so long as his grandfather, who was one for fifty-six years. He reports that the orange trees on the Riviera, whence he had just returned, have suffered as much from the last ghastly winter as have our evergreens. Maunde Thompson mentioned incidentally that the last word which Nelson ever wrote was "Peace." Lord Spencer told us that in the recent fighting between Japan and China, although there had been a great many fires on board the ships, no magazines had exploded, and no machinery had been seriously injured, so skilfully had these vital points been protected from harm.

24. Mrs. Tyrrell has forwarded to me an interesting letter from her brother Mr. Urquhart, in which he gives an account of his recent interview with the Pope, who said with marked emphasis: "Je suis tres content que vous êtes à Oxford. Vous avez toute mon approbation." Mr. Urquhart then asked his blessing for the other Catholics at Oxford, and he replied that he gave it with pleasure, and that it was to be passed on from them to their families. This marks a great change in the attitude of the Holy See.

I must have still in my possession a pamphlet giving an account of the vain attempt which was made, some thirty years ago, to get Pio Nono to listen to reason on this subject. It was at that time that Cardinal Barnabo, the then head of Propaganda, said to the envoy of the most intelligent section of the English Catholics: "I do not observe in this petition of yours the name of any Duke or Prince." To his remark the very obvious answer was made: "Your Eminence is aware that no English Prince can possibly be a Catholic, and as our only Duke is a boy, we could not ask for his signature." "Oh!" rejoined the Cardinal, "I know quite well the constitution of your English society. It is divided into Baroni, Baronetti, e semplici gentiluomini: nearly all who have signed this paper are semplici gentiluomini."

It was Cardinal Vaughan who introduced Mr. Urquhart to his interview. I talked the matter over with him at Townley some years ago, and he was then strongly adverse to this concession being made. *Fata viam inveniunt.*

Mr. Urquhart seems to have been much struck with the solitariness of the Pope amidst all his state, and describes very well the small white figure, sunk back in his great red chair, following them out with his eyes.

25. Met in Pall Mall an acquaintance of my House of Commons days, who stopped me to ask a question, which I could not answer—namely, whether Byron had been

translated into any Oriental language. He told me further that he was about to publish a book to prove that the poet just named was greater than any other, ancient or modern—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and all the rest. I replied, that his work, whether it compelled the assent of the world or not, would at least be a move against the absurd undervaluing of Byron, which is one of the sillinesses of the hour. "Mr. John Murray," I added, "told me not long ago that a young man had said to him: 'Byron had no *technique*"!

27. Mr. Harmer, now Bishop Designate of Adelaide, and husband of Miss Somers Cocks so often mentioned in these Notes, came down last night with his wife to dine and sleep. We talked, of course, a good deal about his new life.

The duties of a Bishop in Australia may sometimes lead him into difficulties. Mr. Harmer's immediate predecessor, Dr. Kennion, now Bishop of Bath and Wells, was holding a confirmation to which a lady came to be confirmed. She did not, however, come alone, but accompanied by a huge and very formidable mastiff. When the rite was about to commence, the Bishop signified to the churchwarden that he should take the animal out. The animal, however, had his own views, and showed a most awe-inspiring row of white teeth. The churchwarden whispered to the Bishop that it would be better to let him alone. The rite pro-

ceeded, the lady knelt, and the dog crouched by her side. "Now is my turn," said the Bishop to himself. "When I put my hands on her head, he will fly at my throat." Not a bit of it, however; the mastiff, seeing no harm was intended to his mistress, merely put his paws on the altar steps and remained quiescent.

Dr. Kennion, when travelling in his diocese, fell in with two men, to whom he talked a great deal, but whom he had not known before. Their names were Bath and Wells. When he had left them, one said to the other: "That must be the Bishop." "Yes," replied his friend; "to us he is the Bishop of Bath and Wells." When he had been translated to that see, the story got abroad and reached him. He enquired into it, and found it was perfectly true.

30. Dined at Grillion's; Lord Cranbrook was in the chair, and there was a large party. As I drove home, Acton, who accompanied me as far as the corner of Down Street, said: "How strange it is to be old!" "You," I replied, "are not as old as I am, but I begin to understand what Hübner meant when he said to me, 'The change that has come into my life is that I feel I have no future.'"

May

4. George Bunsen and his son Lothar came down for the afternoon. In passing from the china closet to the drawing-room, the former tried to give the latter the *pas*, reminding him of the Frenchman who did the same, saying: "Tu as un ancêtre de plus."

7. St. Busbequius—twenty-six days later than last year. The Club met this evening, but only Lord Carlisle, Sir Henry Elliot, and I were present, so that the ballot which was to have been held could not take place. Sir Henry gave a curious account of Lord Melbourne dining at the house of his father, Lord Minto. He kept twitching his knife into the air, catching it as it came down by the point, and repeating: "Dan's a darling!"—something or other which O'Connell had done, or not done, having given him supreme satisfaction.

11. Clara was married this afternoon to Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, junior partner in the house of F. Huth and Co. The six bridesmaids—Edith Bonham, Margaret Stanley, Amy Gaskell, Evelyn Jackson, Rachel Ainslie, and Victoria—were able, thanks to the absence of anything like a possibility of rain, to form a procession at the door of this house, and to walk straight to the church, which was filled with white flowers. Mr. Tahourdin was

assisted by Mr. Lang, now, as Newman was sixty years ago, vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford. Mr. Farmer came from Balliol to play the organ, and the service was concluded by the Chorale of Leuthen.

15. George Bunsen, on the point of returning to Germany, writes :—

"Accept a word of thanks for the pleasure bestowed upon so many by admission to, in my recollection, the most beautifully arranged and adorned wedding-feast, and my congratulations on its splendid success. Everybody seemed to feel that they were 'living up' to an exceptionally enchanting day in May.

"Mrs. Craven's Memoirs, begun by me rather *contre cœur*, and simply in the light of being part of *your* biography, ended by fascinating me beyond all expectation. A rare specimen of womanhood!"

Drove out with Lily to look for flowers, going as far as Mrs. Arnold's house at Cobham, where I showed my companion the graves of Geist, Max, and Kaiser, the "Cedars of Pain's Hill," and other things. Miss Arnold was staying with her sister-in-law, and gave a terrible account of last winter at Fox How. I asked her whether she still collected strange advertisements. She said she did, and brought me several. One of them ended with the words: "Tact and primness required"—a misprint, I suppose, for firmness, reminding me of one, mentioned on an earlier page, in which the

announcement of a death was followed by the words: "Fiends will please accept the intimation." In the garden I made the acquaintance of the well-named snowdrop tree, *Halesia tetraptera*, a relation of the Styrax, which I found in such abundance amongst the ruins of the theatre at Ephesus.

19. Took Miss Florence Bishop, who came down for the afternoon, William Freeman, who is staying with us, and Lily to Kew, where the azaleas and white hyacinths are exceedingly lovely, in spite of the grim weather which has succeeded the splendours of last week. As we drove from Richmond to Ham House, whither the rest of our party had gone by the ferry, Florence told us that Bowen had once asked her if she would play to him a Gloria in Excelsis of Pergolesi's, of which he was very fond. "Could you hum it to me?" she said; "I might then be able to pick it out." "No," he replied; "I have not got it in my head, only in my heart." "How fortunate you are," was her rejoinder, "to have a Gloria in Excelsis always in your heart!"

21. Dined with The Club. Courthope was in the chair. Goschen was in great force, and told some excellent anecdotes most of which, however, I had heard him tell before. Gladstone and Disraeli formed the staple of them. I note one or two which were new to me.

In Disraeli's last days the people about him wanted to persuade him to lean back on one of those cushions the centre of which is hollow; but he said, rather angrily: "Take away that Egyptian symbol of Eternity!"

Goschen repeated, too, much in the form in which I originally knew it, the story, which I have seen—I suspect less correctly reported—of Disraeli's having said to Harcourt at Hughenden: "We have walked far—too far; but the pride of a proprietor upon Sunday afternoon is—boundless!"

Have I, by the way, ever written down the conversation which passed between him and the Princess Batthyany, when, as he took her into a wood close to his house, he remarked in his sententious way, pointing to the beech-wood which covered the ground: "Observe the magnificent prodigality of Nature," and was met by the question from that very practical lady: "Why don't you keep pigs?"

Conversation wandered to Lady Beaconsfield, and it was mentioned that she had once sat next a lady at the Queen's Concert, and after much discourse upon her own married happiness, had said to her neighbour: "But perhaps, my dear, you do not know what it is to have an affectionate husband"!

It was Mr. Maunde Thompson who supplied the curious phrase used to him by Mrs. Gladstone in speaking of her husband: "Surrounded by a halo of humility";

but it was Goschen who recalled an incident which formed a significant commentary upon the amount of time which we all—not one of whom was particularly devoted to either Gladstone or his rival—had expended upon them in the course of the evening. He was dining in Berlin at the house of Lasker, where the opinions expressed with regard to Bismarck were what they would naturally be there; "And yet," said some one, after criticism had had its way, "we have all been talking about him for the last three hours."

Speaking of Gladstone, Goschen told us that he once went to urge that a particular measure should have the first place in the Ministerial programme. Gladstone demurred, but his visitor said: "I am afraid it is inevitable. You committed yourself in the House to its being put first." "I don't think so," said Gladstone; "I do not remember my words, but I think I may say with certainty that I did not commit myself." Hansard was sent for, and the passage looked up. It turned out that the Premier had said "that it would be put in the *fore-front* of the Government business." "You see I am quite right," he observed. "It will have a high place, but not the first; a front is a line, not a point."

Quite on all-fours with this was what he said to a distinguished officer at Seacox Heath, when he made some remark about the "Expedition to the Soudan." "There

is no expedition," said Gladstone. "Oh! sir," was the reply, "I think there is; in fact, I am under orders to start immediately." "There is certainly no expedition," insisted the other, "only reinforcements"!

23. Up to London to breakfast with Lubbock, meeting Lord Kelvin, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir John Mowbray, and others. I asked Sir John Evans, who sat next me, about a dollar, struck by the Bank of England in 1804, which was given me by my son-in-law the other day. He said there were a good many of them, and that the Spanish dollar had also been in circulation at that time, in this country, with the King's head stamped upon it. I had also some talk with Mowbray, chiefly about the threatened Opium debate, but was obliged to leave early, with a view to be present at the consecration of the Bishop of Adelaide, which took place in Westminster Abbey. The sermon was preached by Canon Body, who was more civil to the human race than Emerson, who said that it was as indolent as it dared to be, for, according to him, "Man's craving is for a sphere of reposeful activity." The discourse was far too long, but the pith of it was good—a sort of enlargement of Shairp's words, quoted on a previous page:—

"Then to him they pass'd: but still unbroken
Age to age, lasts on that goodly line;
Whose pure lives are, more than all words spoken,
Earth's best witness to the life divine.

Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter;
Churches change, forms perish, systems go;
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ, no after age shall e'er outgrow."

24. My wife and I went down to spend the day at Mount Browne, the beautiful house which the Sligos have built near Guildford. Madame de Peyronnet and Madeleine were both there.

The former told me that in the middle of the Franco-Prussian war, her gardener at Montgardé (see these Notes for 1870) had christened a new dog Bismarck.

"What can have possessed you to call the dog by such a name at such a time?" she said. "Because," was the reply, "I hope he will serve his master as well as the other Bismarck has served his."

We talked about marriages, and she said "De Vigny," meaning her cousin Alfred, "used always to protest when any one said that such and such a person would be a good husband. 'How can you possibly know?' he asked. 'A man is not a chest of drawers nor a cupboard fit for anybody's use.'"

25. The Breakfast Club met at Goschen's; Reay, the Chancellor, Carlingford, and Leveson Gower being present. We talked of Gladstone's diary, and the Chancellor mentioned that when Sir Edmund Streletzki's will had been disputed, on the ground that he was not of sound mind

when he made it, Gladstone was called as a witness, and deposed to having had a long conversation with him on the immortality of the soul, just about the time that the will was made. It appears that both Streletzki and Gladstone kept notes of this conversation in their respective diaries, and Lord Hannen told the Chancellor that they tallied extremely well.

Reay asked me to hand him the "leaf of unfulfilled prophecy"—a phrase for the *menu*, attributed to Disraeli, which I had never before heard.

On the first evening on which Herschell took his seat on the Woolsack, it chanced that their Lordships were addressed by some very dull speakers, whose names I will not perpetuate. When it was over, Lord Rosebery slipped up to his colleague, and said to him: "Now you have heard the worst!" Goschen amused us by adding: "Lord Salisbury declares that ——" (naming the most awful of all the bores mentioned) "was considered much the cleverest boy in his, Lord Salisbury's, division at Eton."

I walked with Reay as far as Pall Mall, talking of Indian frontier policy, and then, disengaging myself with some difficulty from the usual block of a Queen's Birthday morning, went to say good-bye to Mrs. Harmer, who starts on Saturday for her new home in Australia, rightly and wisely, but nevertheless to the discomfiture of her friends.

I lunched with the Wilfrid Wards, meeting Miss Higgins, Madame Blumenthal, the Cardinal, and others. The talk was very bright, but with an undertone of sadness from the anxiety about Lady Clare Fielding, whose case has been pronounced by the doctors to be beyond hope. Mrs. Ward told me that Lady Margaret Howard, who has been so closely associated with her, and who was of the party, would not believe that she could die, and, assuredly, if a miracle was to be worked for anybody, it might well be for her.

I dined with the Secretary of State for India, sitting between Lord Harris, whom I had not seen since he returned from governing Bombay, and the Bishop of Calcutta, whom I never saw in India, but whom I seem to have met when we were undergraduates nearly fifty years ago. The guest of the evening was Nasrulla Khan, second son of the Ameer, who said a few words which were translated by Colonel Talbot. If he translated with accuracy, one phrase, in which the Shahzada spoke of his "loyal" attachment to the Crown of Great Britain, was very weighty. After the Installation of the Nizam in 1884, I said to Lord Ripon: "There was one word in the speech addressed to our friend more important than all the rest." "Yes, there was," he said. "What was it?" "Coronet," I replied.

27. Returned to York House from Oxford, whither I

went yesterday morning. I thought I should have a long, dull journey, but not at all. I travelled down with Dr. Magrath, the Vice-Chancellor, and we had much talk. He told me that the water-supply of Oxford had once been vitiated in the most curious way by a great development of *Chara fœtida*, which disengages a most evil odour. People were extremely alarmed, and took to drinking the dangerously polluted water of their wells; but the disagreeable smell emitted by the *Chara* was in no wise dangerous, and was happily extremely volatile.

June

11. Returned home this afternoon after an absence of thirteen days.

On the 28th of May, my wife, Victoria, and I went by the Irish mail straight through to New Hall, the home of the Vere O'Briens, three miles beyond Ennis in the County Clare. There we remained till 6th June, seeing many friendly people and interesting things. Amongst the latter I may note Lord Inchiquin's fine place, Dromoland. The house was built in the castellated style just before the architects of our age came to understand it; but it is well situated, looking over a wide piece of water, and flanked by exceptionally productive fruit

gardens. The ilex and the flowering ash grow with peculiar luxuriance. In the house are some pictures of historical interest, one of them of Clarendon's youngest daughter, through whom the family is connected with York House. In the hall stands a huge table which belonged to the cabin—and a gigantic cabin it must have been—of one of the Spanish captains, who perished amidst the final collapse of the Armada off the cliffs along this coast.

Quin Abbey, a picturesque ruin, which deserves more careful looking after than it gets, should also be mentioned, and the well-named Paradise Hill, belonging to Mr. Henn, overlooking the great estuary of the Fergus. Then there was Ennistymon, belonging to Mr. Macnamara, from the drawing-room of which one looks across to a cascade, which in flood or heavy water must be a sort of miniature Trollhätta. Then there was Edenvale, belonging to Mrs. Stacpoole, and remarkable for a walled garden, falling by successive terraces to a very deep lake, which defends it on one side. Then there was Killone Abbey in the grounds of New Hall, and Clare Abbey not far off, while between them there was a holy well and a shrine canopied by a great tree, on which were fixed many ex-votos, from a pair of crutches to large nosegays of the wild hyacinth.

One day, as it chanced the only bad one we saw in

Ireland, was given to a long excursion to the cliffs of Moher, which George Boyle and I, misled by the flattering declarations of the people of Lahinch, that they were within a short walk, failed hopelessly to reach in 1855. They are the highest perpendicular sea cliffs which I have seen, but not, I think, so impressive as the far higher, but by no means perpendicular, sea-face of Achill.

The most agreeable of all our excursions, however, was one to which we gave the two last days of our stay. Passing by railway from Ennis to Limerick, we saw the usual sights of that unlovely spot, and the more attractive lace-school, by which Mrs. Vere O'Brien is trying to re-create one of the lapsed industries of her adopted country. There, too, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Graves, the Anglican Bishop of the diocese. From Limerick we ran down the left bank of the Shannon, leaving Tervoe, poor Emly's place, where we were to have visited him in 1891, between us and the river, and pursuing our journey to Foynes, whence we sailed across to Monare, a delightful little house built by Sir Stephen de Vere. Our kind hosts, its present owners, had arranged everything for our comfort, ordering amongst other things a most superior moon, almost full, which lit up the channel lying between us and Mount Trenchard, Lord Monteagle's estate, so much mentioned in Senior's

valuable journals, which I am having re-read to me. We passed the night of the 5th at Monare, and went next day *viâ* Askeaton, the Abbey of which, not less remarkable than its Castle, is the scene of a weird vision recounted by Miss Lawless in her *Essex in Ireland*. From Askeaton we went to Curragh Chase, where I had a long and delightful ramble in the woods with Aubrey de Vere, climbing, in the course of it, to the cross which looks straight across the lake to the house. He told me that the shape of the Irish Cross is meant to typify that the influence of the Cross extends through Eternity. We talked much of Mrs. Bishop's book, and a good deal of the Oxford Movement. He traced it, I think rightly, to the *Christian Year* more than to any other single agency; but rated the poetical merit of that book much lower than I do, expressing, strangely enough, the opinion that one of the best verses in the volume is that in which occurs the lines—

> "Ambition's boldest dream and last
> Shall melt before the clarion blast
> That sounds the dirge of Rome."

Our talk wandered to Pusey, and my companion told me that Newman said of him: "Dear Pusey never knows when he burns," the allusion being to the child's game in which a person, near the object he is looking for, is

said to be hot—very hot—burning; and Newman's meaning that Pusey would come up quite close to some great truth without knowing that it was a truth.

From Curragh Chase we drove back to Limerick, passing the Castle and no less than three Abbeys near Lord Dunraven's pretty village of Adare, two of which have been repaired, and are used, the one as a Catholic the other as a Protestant Church.

Amongst incidental things which interested me during our stay in Ireland, I may mention a story which was told me by Mr. O'Brien at the Club on the edge of the Fergus, where we stopped for a minute or two on our way to the rather pretty little Protestant church at Ennis. A small terrace which lies between the Club and the stream is commanded by a bridge hard by. On this terrace one day, when the neighbourhood was very much disturbed, stood several country gentlemen. On the bridge were a good many persons who sympathised with, if they were not actually concerned in, the outrages which were going on. Suddenly a rat ran up the wall on the opposite side of the Fergus. Mr. Stacpoole, a landlord who was extremely unpopular, whipped a revolver out of his pocket and shot the creature dead. A sort of sigh, in which surprise and admiration were mingled with regret at his good shooting, went up from the bridge; but Mr. Stacpoole ended his days without being molested. The

assassins chiefly confined their attention to farmers and others less skilled in the use of firearms.

Mrs. Vere O'Brien, walking with me in the woods near her house on the 3rd, said very happily: "Light is the most beautiful — growth the most interesting — the sense of unity under diversity the most blessed of all things."

Opinion seemed to me about equally divided, amongst those with whom I talked, as to what would happen if a new Government came into power. Some said that the priests, who are at present doing all they can to keep things quiet, and the parliamentary agitators would enter upon a new campaign; others, that the priests were sick of it, the agitators impecunious from the failure of the American supplies, and that there would be very little trouble.

On our homeward journey we ran through from New Hall to Chester, slept there, and passed on to London, where my wife left us for York House; Victoria and I going on to Salisbury, where we found the Dean confined to the house, but full, as usual, of good talk.

He showed us an autograph letter from Lord Eldon to his father, who, as Lord Justice Clerk, had written to express his regret at the resignation of the old Chancellor. In it the latter used the phrase, "Conscious of my imperfections," which reminded me of the story often told,

and I suppose true, to the effect that Lord Selborne introduced a similar phrase into the Address of the Judges to the Queen, on the occasion of her Jubilee. It was strongly objected to and defended, when Bowen cut short the controversy by saying: "Had we not better say, 'Conscious as we are of the imperfections of each other'!"

We spoke of Jebb, and Professor Knight said: "He is sometimes extremely ready. Veitch was lecturing on logic in the room over his, and made some remark which so excited the plaudits of his audience that some of the plaster fell from the ceiling. 'You see,' said Jebb to his class, 'the *premisses* of my colleague do not support his conclusions.'"

On the 8th Charles Parker and I went to hear a lecture, which Professor Knight gave to the theological students upon Plato, and I talked to him after it was over, about some of his experiences as an examiner. "The strangest answer," he said, "ever made to me, was this: I asked—'Explain Lupercalia.' Answer: 'Lupercalia was the name of the she-wolf who nursed Romeo and Juliet.'" When J. Lonsdale sent me this story in India (see these Notes for 6th July 1885), I was half tempted to think that some one had happily invented it.

The name of Boase came up, the very learned historical scholar who recently passed away, without leaving much

of importance behind him. "The undergraduates," said Parker, "thought him very severe when he was in the Schools, and christened him the 'Ruthless Boase.'"

We talked of Goldwin Smith, and Parker quoted a remarkable thing which he had heard him say. Some one was speaking with great regret of the disappearance of much that was beautiful in the mediæval order. "You can't," said Goldwin, "have all ivy and no wall!"

I sat long on the afternoon of the 8th with Mrs. Sidney Lear, whom I found as I had left her, lying on her sofa, and at least as much a recluse as ever. We talked much of Mrs. Bishop's book, of Keble, with whom she had been very intimate, and of Miss Sewell, with whom she had been brought into very close relations at Pau, during the last illness of a common friend. She did not put, as Coleridge did, the *Lyra Innocentium* above the *Christian Year*, but gave it a very high place; and, when speaking of lending books, quoted a saying of Walter Scott's, which I did not know: "My friends are no great arithmeticians, but most admirable book-keepers."

After evening service on Trinity Sunday, I went to the Chancellor's garden; but alas! the Chancellor has resigned, and has taken a good many of his treasures with him. Still the place remains extremely lovely. Amongst others there was Dr. Wordsworth, who officiated the other day at the consecration of Bishop Harmer, and

held some months ago an ordination at Adelaide, the first English Bishop, I suppose, who ever did so. Later in the evening we went to the Chapter House, the Cloisters, and the Cathedral itself, with an extremely intelligent architect, who lives in Salisbury, and has made a careful study of these buildings, all of which are looking, in this splendid weather, more beautiful than ever. Amongst many curious things, which he had to tell, was the true explanation of the figure in the nave, which is known as the Boy Bishop. It is really a little effigy of the ecclesiastical founder of Salisbury—Bishop Poore—little because he was not buried within its precincts. At his feet sleeps the Crusader son of William Longsword, killed at the battle of Mansura. William Longsword himself is further up the church on the other side. The architect above-mentioned, speaking of the latter, added a touch worthy of a mediæval Dance of Death: "A rat made its nest in his skull, and died there. I have that rat."

Dined with The Club; Sir Henry Elliot was in the chair, and we had Lecky, Walpole, Maunde Thompson, and Herbert, in addition to our new member, the Bishop of Peterborough. Conversation found its way to Freeman, and the last-named told us that during the Beaconsfield *régime* he had received a letter, in which the Historian of Sicily remarked: "I have been occupying myself very much of late with the reign of King Roger. He had a

Jew Prime Minister, of whom he thought very highly at one time, but eventually burned him. Are not," he added, "all these things set forth for an example?"

I did not know, till Lecky mentioned it to-night, that a branch of the Disraelis was settled in County Carlow.

15. The Breakfast Club met at Robert Herbert's. The Chancellor, Courtney, Alfred Lyall, and Mackenzie Wallace, who made his *début* in our little society, were present.

The Chancellor gave a curious account of the happy accident which has suddenly made a younger son of Lord Clanwilliam's heir in reversion to a beautiful estate and a house full of untold treasures.

Conversation found its way, *viâ* last night's discussion in the House about Cromwell's statue, to open-air statues in London generally, and I said something in praise of the one at the bottom of Berkeley Square. "You don't, I presume," remarked Courtney, "agree with Herbert Spencer, who declares that it is superior to the Venus of Milo." "Not seriously?" I said. "Most seriously," was the rejoinder. "He would be quite ready to demonstrate the truth to you on the spot."

16. The Lyttelton Gells, the Tyrrells, Miss Meade and her father, Sir Robert, are with us. I congratulated the last-named on his nephew's good fortune, and he confirmed the Chancellor's story in every important particular. This afternoon we went over to Ham, finding many more

people than usual: Mrs. Bayard, Madame de Bille, Mademoiselle de Cranach, and Colonel Biddulph among them.

I had forgotten that Meade had been with Lord Dufferin on his mission to the Lebanon, and the amount of retribution exacted for the massacres there had also passed out of my recollection. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Arabistan was shot, as were a hundred and ten other officers, while fifty-seven citizens of Damascus were hanged in front of their own houses after trial by court-martial, and by the orders—given of course under pressure—of Fuad Pasha.

17. Dined at Grillion's—a party of four; Robert Herbert, Lord Crosse, and Lord Norton, being the others. Our talk having strayed to Ward Hunt, whom I remember in his Christ Church days, slim enough, but who grew gigantic before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, I asked Lord Crosse whether it was true, that, when he entered upon that office, and became consequently a Member of the Cabinet, Disraeli said to one of his colleagues: "Have you seen our new elephant? He is as docile as he is intelligent." Lord Crosse believed that it was quite true.

Lord Norton told us, that Prince Albert had mentioned to him, that he had been once asked to accept the dedication of a book upon naval architecture. He replied

that he was so often asked to accept the dedication of books that he was unable to do so unless there was some particular reason for the request. The author rejoined that there was a very particular reason, because his book was the only one in English upon naval architecture. Much surprised, the Prince made enquiries at the British Museum, and found that the statement was not unimpeachably correct, but that the last person who had written in English upon naval architecture was Sir Walter Raleigh!

20. As I returned from winding up the Session of the Royal Historical Society for 1894-95, I met in the Underground Railway Mr. Arthur Arnold, now Chairman of the County Council. We talked of the North-West frontier of India, and he said: "When I was travelling in Beloochistan, I found there was a saying in that country, 'If you meet an Afghan and a cobra, kill the Afghan.'"

24. I came North on the 21st, accompanied by Lubbock, Mr. F. Hanbury, Mrs. Hanbury and Lily, drawing bridle at the High Force Hotel in Teesdale. The evening of that day was given to the immediate neighbourhood of the Falls, the 22nd to Widdybank and Cronkley Fell, the 23rd to Winch Bridge, and to-day, on which, alas! Lubbock was not with us, chiefly to the meadows which border the Tees below Widdybank Farm.

I found sixteen Benthamic species hitherto unknown to me, namely: *Draba incana*, *Thlaspi alpestre*, *Helianthemum canum*, *Arenaria uliginosa* and *verna*, *Peucedanum Ostruthium*, *Crepis hieracioides*, *Hieracium Sabaudum*, *Rubus chamaemorus*, *Salix aurita*, *Salix phylicifolia*, *Kobresia caricina*, *Carex capillaris*, *Melica nutans*, *Sesleria caerulea*, *Equisetum variegatum*.

I saw again, too, a great many plants with which I had only a bowing acquaintance, and re-knit relations with many old floral friends whom I had not seen for years. Prominent amongst the first of these classes was *Geranium Sylvaticum*, which I had once gathered with Axel Blytt, near Christiania, but which is here in vast abundance, and beautiful exceedingly. Prominent in the second was *Viola lutea*, or, as Bentham calls it, *Viola tricolor*. Where I last saw it, on a hillside in Peeblesshire, it was entirely yellow, but here in Teesdale it is oftener than not of an exquisite purple.

George Boyle, who is reading through my Diary, writes, with reference to my remarks about F. D. Maurice in the early part of Vol. I.:—

"I have had so many duels on the subject with different people, that I shall content myself with saying that when one looks back on what F. D. M. did for one's own development, it comes very much to this, that he gave such a noble view of life and the life beyond, as made all ordinary views

seem tame and poor. To use a phrase of Sir W. Hamilton's I heard in a lecture, he increased one's aspiration, and made one feel the greatness of receiving truth as a deposit. This is far from being said as neatly as Hamilton said it, I think, of Kant."

26. I left Teesdale yesterday morning, looking as beautiful as it appeared to the memory or imagination of Macaulay's Jacobite, and, after learning at the station of Barnard Castle the resignation of the Rosebery Government, passed on to London, where I dined with The Club. The Duc D'Aumale was in the chair, with Acton on his right, and Mackenzie Wallace on his left. On my left was Sir Henry Elliot, and on my right Lord Carlisle. Robert Herbert, Poynter, Lecky, and Lord Davey completed the party. At first I was afraid that it was going to split into groups, but St. Edmund—or whoever is our patron saint—protected us. Our chairman, who was perhaps a little overtired at the commencement by the wedding of his grand-niece, who, by the way, he says, is as clever as she is beautiful, and in whom, as having been born at York House, I have a special interest, soon pulled himself together, and was most interesting. Early in the dinner he recalled (*à propos* of Acton's telling us that he had to lecture next term on the French Revolution, instead of giving a consecutive sketch of modern history as a whole) a letter of the Duke of Wellington's to some

one who had written to ask his opinion of the Massacre of Jaffa :—

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. ——— and begs to say that he is not the historian of the French Revolution."

Conversation found its way to Victor Hugo, and the Duke mentioned that, anxious to avoid addressing him in the usual way, and so compromising the Republican principles of his later life, the great poet had written to him as "Cher et royal confrère." He alluded once more to Louis Philippe's interview with Voltaire, which I have recorded in these Notes for last year, and then told, much more fully than I have heard him do before, the story of his father's interview with Danton. In September 1792 when Louis Philippe (then Duc de Chartres) was serving against the Duke of Brunswick, he received the intimation from his superior officer that he had been appointed Governor of Strasburg. He remonstrated, saying that he was far too young to be shut up in a fortress, and that his place was with the active army in the field. The order, however, had gone forth, and all that he could effect was to get permission to go to Paris to try to obtain a reversal of it by the Minister of War. He had great difficulty in being received by that personage, but saw him at length, and was making some remarks to him

about the September massacres, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder—he looked up and beheld a large face, hitherto unknown to him, although he was well acquainted with most of the leaders of the revolution. "Do not trouble about that imbecile," said the stranger; "I have managed your business for you as you wished." "Whom am I to thank for this?" said Louis Philippe. "Le Garde des Sceaux," replied the other.

It was not strange that they had never met, for Louis Philippe frequented the *relatively* moderate club of the Jacobins, while Danton belonged to the Cordeliers.

The young prince was going to take his leave, after profuse expressions of gratitude, when his new acquaintance said: "I have a word to say to you. You came here yesterday morning. I know every one you have seen and everything you have said. You have talked a great deal of nonsense, '*vous avez déblateré beaucoup!*' about things of which you know nothing, amongst others about what you describe as 'the massacres.'" "But surely," interrupted Louis Philippe, "everybody must speak with abhorrence of them." "You don't know anything whatever about the matter," rejoined Danton: "I made them. It was necessary that a stream of blood should flow between the aristocracy and the people. Do not spoil such a future as you have before you."

Louis Philippe's military career led naturally to

Dumourier, of whose abilities the Duke said Napoleon thought more highly than of those of any of the revolutionary generals who preceded him. "More highly than of those of Hoche?" said some one. "Certainly," was the reply; "and even than of those of Moreau."

The Duke gave, too, a very curious description of Dumourier's conversation with Camus, when the Government had begun to suspect the fidelity of the former. It ended by Camus saying that if Dumourier played false he should die by his hand. "That," replied the General, "is equivalent to a *brévet d'immortalité*"! The Duke did not think that Dumourier had intended to betray the country to the enemy: his treason had a political object not inconsistent with devotion to France. Many of us remembered, I daresay, that the speaker had been President of the Commission which had enquired into the doings of Bazaine. "Dumourier," I remarked, "was an excellent scholar, was he not? Am I not right in thinking that he wrote the epitaph on the Duc de Montpensier in Westminster Abbey?" "Perfectly right," replied our chairman; "and very good it is. He was strong in Latin, indeed he was a well-read man all round, and used to account for it by saying: 'It would be odd if I were not, for I passed three years in the Bastille.'" "Was the library so good?" enquired Poynter. "Anyhow," said the Duke, "he had nearly every book he wanted."

Long years after these events, when the news of the Battle of Waterloo came to Twickenham, where Louis Philippe was then living, he took a post-chaise and drove up to London to obtain fuller intelligence. As he passed through Hammersmith, he saw an old blind man being led along the street. He recognised Dumourier, stopped, and going up to him asked if the tidings were true. "*Ah! que c'est affreux!*" answered the other, his French blood getting the better of his hatred to the Napoleonic *régime*, "*La France est bien bas!*"

I had no idea that the Duc de Montpensier and his brother Beaujolais had passed nine years in prison at the Fort St. Jean in Marseilles harbour; but it was so, and that explains the break-up of their constitutions and early deaths. The Duc de Montpensier died, I think, at Christchurch in Hampshire, and Louis Philippe printed, when at Twickenham, an account of his prison life. Both brothers were liberated at length, chiefly through the intercession of their mother; one of the conditions of their liberation being that Louis Philippe should go to America, which, as all know, he did. While there, he saw something of Washington. On one occasion he met the great man, dressed in the most irreproachable style of the English gentleman of the period, with white stockings, walking about in the rain before breakfast. "You walk early, General," he said. "Yes," replied Washington,

"I walk early because I sleep well; and I sleep well because I never write anything which can get me into the slightest trouble. Remember that, young man!"

The illness of his brother Beaujolais led to the marriage of Louis Philippe. Beaujolais had been sent to Malta for his health, but the climate did not agree with him, and it was thought desirable that he should go to Sicily. Various political difficulties, however, came in the way, and to get rid of these, Louis Philippe visited Palermo. There he met Marie Amélie, and obtained the permission of the Government for his brother's transfer to Sicily. The malady had, however, gone too far, and he died in Malta, while Louis Philippe returned to Palermo, and there married.

It is worth noting that, in talking of the imprisonment of the young Orleans Princes, the Duke used the phrase: "No member of my family ever emigrated." Of course the word *family* was employed in a restricted sense, for soon afterwards he described his delight when Louis XVIII. took him in his arms as a child, and addressed him as "*Monsieur*" *comme membre de la famille.* The Duke spoke strongly of the essentially royal manner and bearing of the old King, as contrasted with that of his successor. Charles X. was *bon enfant*, but quite different. Louis XVIII. was the only person in whose presence Louis Philippe was not at his ease. Louis XVIII. sometimes joked with

him a little roughly, as when he urged him to read a most violent satire against the Regent, quoting passages from it. He made up to some extent for this, however, by saying: "After all, your ancestor was a respectable man. 'The best testimony I can bear to his character,' said Louis XV. to me, 'is that I am alive'!"

The member of his family of whom the Duke had least good to tell, was the Prince de Conti, who was also imprisoned in the Fort St. Jean, and who amused his fellow-prisoners by bringing to them one day "Une très-triste nouvelle—nous ne sommes pas même citoyens! J'ai reçu une lettre addressée tout simplement—Conti."

The Duke gave, too, a curious account, I forget on whose authority, of an interview between Dumourier and Louis XVIII. at Mittau, which began delightfully with learned talk of Silius Italicus, but ended less pleasantly by Dumourier, angry at the offer of some appointment, which he considered below his dignity, saying: "There is something between us. It is Valmy."

Such are my chief recollections of a very memorable evening, which concluded by Acton's saying to Mackenzie Wallace and me, after the others had gone: "Is it not a curious testimony to the interest and variety of the topics which have come up to-night, that in the middle of a great political crisis, we, being what and who we are, have not said one single word about it!"

26. To call on Father Sebastian Bowden, who has been forty-three years in the Brompton Oratory, but began life in the Guards. He gave, *à propos* of a German book upon the traces of Catholicism in Shakespeare, a curious account of "the mingle-mangle" of religious opinion which prevailed in the earlier days of Elizabeth, when the same priest would say Mass in the morning, and read the Common Prayer in the forenoon. I quoted to him the first Lord Lytton's very true and vigorous lines:—

> "Each guess of others into worlds unknown
> Shakespeare revolves, but keeps concealed his own.
> As in the Infinite hangs poised his thought
> Surveying all things and asserting nought."

My companion took me all over the building, and showed me the refectory, where there is a striking portrait of Faber in his later stage, when he had become very stout. He seems, in addition to the gifts which I have long recognised in him, to have had great practical power, and a remarkable faculty for driving through any piece of work on which he had set his heart.

29. We ran down yesterday evening to Alderhurst, the Thrings' place near Egham, whither came a very Gladstonian party: Sir Ughtred and Lady Kay Shuttleworth, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Sir John and Lady Hibbert. The first-mentioned, who was Secretary to the

Admiralty, in the Government that has just fallen, had a good deal that was interesting to tell me about the condition of the fleet, and above all about the *Magnificent*, the largest battleship hitherto constructed by any country.

In the afternoon we went to Holloway College, where Prince Christian presided, Princess Christian gave away the prizes, and Lady Frederick Cavendish addressed the girls in a very sensible speech. I moved the vote of thanks, which Thring seconded. This done, I went up to London, dressed at the Athenæum, and dined at Marlborough House, where a large party collected to do honour to Nasrulla Khan. I sat between Herschell and Chamberlain. We had expected the former at Holloway, but he had not been able to get over in time from Windsor, where he and his colleagues had been giving up their seals. Right opposite me sat a man who was obviously a person of high rank, as he sat between Kimberley and Harcourt. Thoroughly puzzled by the unfamiliar face, I said to Herschell: "Who is that sitting opposite?" "Oh!" was the answer, "that's the Speaker." A little later I heard Sir Donald Stewart ask Chamberlain the same question. It is said that numbers of men in the House of Commons did not know Mr. Gully by sight, when he was proposed as Peel's successor.

In the course of the evening Balfour spoke to me about the dinner at 54 Prince's Gate, mentioned in these

Notes for March: "There has been," I said, "a sad tragedy since then. One of the people we had asked to meet you was Lady Clare Feilding, who was very anxious to make your acquaintance." "Oh!" he said, "I should so much like to have known her; I have always heard that she was one of the most delightful of human beings." "You use exactly the right phrase," I said; "that was precisely what she was." In the course of the evening, I said to Reay: "In what other country in the world could the outgoing and incoming Ministry meet after this peaceable fashion?"

30. The post brought me a number of interesting things, among them the published edition of the life of Mlle. Henriette Renan, of which I have so long possessed a privately printed copy. This one is very prettily illustrated, and bears the inscription: "En souvenir du passé," and comes from Ary, who has edited it. Another was the *Deutsche Revue*, for July, with an article by me on Mrs. Craven, written in English, last spring.

We had a large party at York House, among them Mrs. Awdry, Mrs. William Arbuthnot, and Mrs. Arkwright. As I walked with the last-mentioned, I repeated to her what Balfour had said about Lady Clare, and she told me that when the news of her death was announced in the Catholic Church at Mile End, the only response was a long sob. This happened twice, at 9 and at 11.

July

1. I drove up to dine at Grillion's, believing that I should find either a very large party or a very small one. At first it looked as if it was to be the latter, for Sir Redvers Buller and I arrived some time before any one else. Eventually, however, we mustered seven: Chitty, Herbert, Sir Thomas Sanderson, Lord Jersey, and Lord Norton having appeared. It was all very gay and agreeable, but not specially interesting. Violins, their qualities and manufacture, were more talked of than anything else. I did not know, in spite of our acquaintance of nearly nine-and-forty years, that Chitty, who was in the chair, was profoundly versed in those mysteries.

We have just heard that Alick Macleane, the constant companion of Hampden on the Nilgiri hills, and son of Dr. and Mrs. Macleane (see the Indian Volumes of these Notes), received on Saturday, the 29th, from the hands of Mademoiselle Patti, the first competitive prize ever offered for an English opera. His work was performed at Covent Garden.

3. To an afternoon party given by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Clarence House, which was attended by half London. Amongst people I had not

met for a long time was our charming guest of 1882, Lady Harris, who seems to have thoroughly enjoyed her reign in Western India.

5. George Boyle encloses a letter from J. R. Eaton, in which the latter quotes a saying of Hartley Coleridge's to himself. They had been talking of the odd way in which the name of the Evil One has become associated with so many places—the Devil's Bridge, and the like. "Ah!" said Coleridge, "he was ever, sir, the Pontifex Maximus."

7. Mr. C. N. Eliot, Lady Blennerhassett, Baron Schimmelpenninck (the Dutch Secretary) and his wife, Sir George Bonham, with his eldest daughter, and Mr. Paget were with us. There was much pleasant talk, though little that calls for record here; my gems, Ham House, music in the ballroom and elsewhere, the river, and moonlight wandering in the garden, accounting for much of our time.

I had, of course, a good deal of talk with Eliot about the state of Turkey and other political subjects. On my way to church with Lady Blennerhassett, I repeated to her the remark of Louis XV. about the Regent, mentioned under date of 26th June, and she replied: "The Regent used to say: 'Si cet enfant attrape une rhume, je suis perdu,' and Louis Philippe distinctly refused to undertake the guardianship of Henri V., from fear of the imputations

that might be levelled against him if anything happened to his ward."

Baron Schimmelpenninck, who was long in Russia and is a sportsman, told us that black game are there called Titiarka ; that in only one part of Holland, namely, in his wife's province of Friesland, are these birds found, and that the place is known as Titiarkastradale.

M. Georges Picot, historian and economist, came down with his wife, a son, and his very handsome daughter, to spend the afternoon. He is a great opponent of Socialism in all its varieties, and was one of my predecessors in delivering the annual address to the "Liberty and Property Defence League." According to him, no party in France wishes for war with anybody about anything ; but although he is a bitter foe of militarism and of compulsory service, he admits that it is impossible to say one word against the latter to the young generation. It is difficult to account for that if they are as peacefully inclined as he supposes.

9. A letter from Lady Arthur Russell tells me of the death, at eighty, of her mother, Madame de Peyronnet. Strong, wise and witty, with clear insight, wide range, and much knowledge of the world, she had a conspicuous place during the last years of the Second Empire, alike in society and in literature. Her voice could be heard at that time through the best organs of public opinion, as well of London as of Paris, and to so much purpose

that I do not think I was far wrong in calling her "the best statesman in France." I did not know her till 1862, when she was, at forty-seven, still very handsome. In her prime she must have been what her daughter, Lady Sligo, was in 1865 - extremely beautiful, and of the same type, though taller.

11. Dined with Lord Stanmore, meeting Lord and Lady Balfour, Captain Lugard, Elizabeth Lady Carnarvon, Lady Margaret Herbert, and Mr. and Mrs. Maudslay. Lord Balfour, who is Secretary for Scotland in the new Government, mentioned that, like the Home Secretary, he is unable to leave the United Kingdom during his period of office, but that the Chancellor is under even greater disabilities, for he must not, it appears, go even to Ireland. He told, too, an excellent story of Father Healy. A Protestant clergyman, who was on friendly terms with the witty priest, had built a new church, which he was showing with great pride. "Ah! that's the sort of church we want," he said. "It's not only built *on* a rock—it's built *of* a rock." "Blasted rock," was the reply. He mentioned also that once when he was going down to Punchestown he saw a carriage which was reserved for the Lord-Lieutenant and marked "His X." The next saloon to this had been taken for Lord Iveagh, and a porter, with an eye for a joke, had chalked up on it "His XX."

13. To the Requiem Mass at the Oratory for Mrs. Richard Ward, who died early in the week. Since her illness became hopeless, I have spent a great many hours by her bed-side, which I have never left without increased love and veneration. She was not beautiful, far from it, but the bright intelligence and the goodness which shone through her features made her extremely attractive. She was emphatically the daughter of her father, the "Prince of Courtesy," and had inherited his indescribable charm. My first definite recollection of her, though we knew her long before, was as her father's companion in that journey from Calais to Paris, an incident of which I have chronicled in these Notes under date of 13th April 1870. When the white cross for her funeral arrived yesterday, as beautiful as *Eucharis* and *Stephanotis* could make it, I observed that the flower was omitted to which this day more especially belongs, at least in my calendar, and supplied the omission by a "brin de jasmin," from the tree which grows on the outer wall of the conservatory at York House.

Later in the day I attended in the Court House at Brentford the unopposed election of our Member, and made a speech afterwards, at the Club there, in the name of the Liberal Unionists of this district.

14. Wilfrid Ward told me an incident, not of Jowett's last illness, but of the one just before the last. Miss ———

believing him *in extremis*, asked eagerly about his sensations. "It's not at all ecstatic," he said. "Much better believe in God—don't mind what the clergy say."

Ward gave, too, an interesting account of Huxley's last visit at his house. The conversation turned upon Balfour's book, and he spoke against it with extraordinary eloquence. Mrs. Ward had never seen him anything like so brilliant, and said to her husband: "We Scotch people would say that that man is fey."

Our talk turned to the schism in the Positivist Church, and Lyulph Stanley mentioned that, when it took place, the faithful in Paris said: "Que voulez-vous dans le pays de Henri VIII.?"

Scene: An hotel in Brighton. "Mr. ———," said a statesman, who is generally believed to have sacrificed to his ambition at once his principles, his party and his country, "it has always appeared to me strange that your father-in-law, who certainly yielded in ability to no one who was young when I was young, should not have done more in the world. Of course it is no small thing to be in the first ranks of the Bar, but it is not the highest thing, and with his wonderful powers he might have attained to any position." "Perhaps," said the person addressed, "it may have been want of ambition which prevented him doing more." "Eh! what does Mr. ——— say?" said the first speaker, who is rather deaf. "Oh! Mr. ———," said

his next neighbour, "do not repeat to my father what you said just now; he, you know, considers that all ambition is wrong!"

16. Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Kay came down to see us, bringing with her "Conversation Sharp's" Essays, which I remember seeing at Oxford but have never met with since: together with C. K. Paul's excellent sketch of her mother, Mrs. Drummond, whom we used often to see before we went to India.

I have had the sketch read to me, and find it full of things worth remembering. At page 57 we have, for example, the following:—

"Mrs. Drummond used to tell how she wrote from her husband's dictation the well-known sentence to the Magistrates of Tipperary, 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.' We have some of us been apt almost to resent the frequent quotation of the saying; it seems, now-a-days, so obvious, so common-place, as not to need saying at all. But it was not so when it was uttered, and she looked up from her task saying: 'That will cause a row,' to which her husband answered: 'Nonsense, nonsense, my dear,' and went on with his dictation. His wife's quick wits had jumped to the right conclusion, and that very sentence was made a definite charge, on which those to whom the letter was addressed based a demand for his dismissal."

At page 72 there is an account of a party at Lady John Russell's, and of the extreme surprise which Thiers exhibited when, in reply to a question from him, Mrs.

Drummond said that a man who was having a very animated conversation with Lord John was no other than Lord Stanley. "Mais c'est impossible, Madame," replied the Frenchman, "vous vous trompez: ils sont ennemis déclarés." (See these Notes for 29th June.)

Provincial Britons shared the views of M. Thiers. I remember being told that a furious partisan of the Whigs, arriving from the depths of the country, was horrified to see Lord John Russell, who had been having a very sharp passage of arms with Lord Stanley in the House, laughing and joking with him in the lobby. Beside himself with annoyance, he burst away, exclaiming: "That's the way they sells we."

21. General Annesley, who has not been with us since the Reays and he came together to Madras in 1885, his sister Mrs. Vachell, Agnes and Violet Williams-Freeman, Captain Lugard, in addition to Clara, Fritz, Evelyn, and Hampden, made up a pleasant party at York House. The wild weather did not in any way interfere with us, save by wetting those who preferred the river to Ham House, where there was, as often lately, excellent music, but not, as on the last three Sundays, Dolmetsch's performances on the harpsichord of the 17th century which stands in the hall. I had a good deal of talk with Lugard about Africa, and he took, of course, the same line which he has followed in his article in the *National* for this month.

25. Seeing, in the Agenda, that there was to be an election of a Vice-Chancellor at the London University, in room of Sir James Paget, I went up yesterday afternoon to the Senate to vote for Sir Julian Goldsmid, who seemed to me the person best fitted for that office. I had not, however, had an opportunity of talking over the matter with any of my colleagues, and was not a little surprised to find, when the result of the first ballot was announced, that many of them wished to elect me. After the second ballot, this became still more evident, and at last I only escaped from a highly dignified but somewhat embarrassing position by my own vote, for the numbers in the final ballot were: Goldsmid 11, Grant Duff 10. I voted throughout for Goldsmid.

At Eton with Mr. Lionel Byrne. The conversation turning upon the present Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Donaldson told me one of his good sayings, which I had not heard before. He was puzzling over some difficult accounts in which his predecessor and he were both interested, when he suddenly asked his companion a riddle: "Why am I like Homer?" "I am sure I cannot say," was the reply. "Because," rejoined the Bishop, who came from Chester to Cuddesdon, "I lose so much by translation."

I returned to York House in time to receive Prince Roland Bonaparte, who wrote recently to say that Lord Dufferin had given him a letter for me, and whom I asked

to lunch to-day. My wife enquired if it was true, as M. Picot had told her, that His Highness possessed the skull of Charlotte Corday. "Undoubtedly," he answered; and went on to tell us that the craniologists have great battles over the question whether it does or does not indicate criminal proclivities, guided, I daresay, more by their political sympathies than by the white light of science.

We talked of the Anglo-manic tendencies of a certain portion of the *jeunesse dorée*, who went so far a year or two since as to imitate the queer fancy which makes or made our young *élégants* turn up the ends of their trousers. A friend meeting a youth, who had done so on a very fine day in Paris, asked him his reason: "C'est qu'il pleut à Londres," was his reply.

29. Returned to York House from Hursley, whither we went on the 27th to stay with Mrs. Bacon. It is a place I have wished to see for something like half a century, for though Keble was ignorant as a babe of many things which were familiar to the best of his contemporaries, and lived to a great extent in a world of dreams, that does not prevent the *Christian Year* being one of the most precious gifts which has been made to the English-speaking world in the 19th century.

The road from Winchester lies, for the first couple of miles, across an open and wind-swept country, then dips under a long sweep of down, the slopes of which are

thickly set with beautiful yews. Close to the hamlet of Standon a large chalk-pit has been excavated in the slope just mentioned, locally famous as the place whither Keble retired to read the letter which, as he felt sure, had brought him the tidings of Newman's secession. A little further on comes Hursley Church, altered into its present shape chiefly at the expense of its most celebrated Vicar, and now very pretty: full of stained glass, copied, more or less well, from the Fairford windows, with which he was so familiar in his youth.

Amongst other people who came to meet us at dinner was Miss Yonge. I had been told that she was formidable, and certainly her extreme shyness makes her difficult to talk to. I think we got on best upon the subject of English wild flowers, about which she knows a great deal. She told me that *Pinguicula Lusitanica* once grew near Hursley, but that drainage had destroyed it. *Melittis Melissophyllum*, a plant I have gathered on the Continent, but never in Britain, is still found in the neighbourhood. I told her that I knew of a young lady who added to other perfections so minute a knowledge of her works that she could go on anywhere. "I can myself," she replied, "do that with Miss Austen, and to a great extent with Walter Scott; certainly with his poems, and with many, but not all, his novels." I skimmed yesterday all the introductory part of her *Musings on the Christian Year and the*

Lyra Innocentium, picking up several things of interest, amongst them, in a paper by Miss Wilbraham, a Cheshire word for the sunset—th'onder. That is not as poetical as the modern Greek peasant's phrase for the same phenomenon, "the sun is kinging it," Βασιλεύει ὁ ἥλιος, but striking nevertheless.

The weather was detestable. I saw, however, all the most interesting things: the lime walk leading up to the Church; the brass in front of the altar, which commemorates Keble; his grave and that of his wife; the monument to Richard Cromwell and others of his family, who preceded the Heathcotes at Hursley Park; and that of its late owner, Sir William, who gave the living to Keble. I came into relations with Sir William Heathcote when I was taking the initiatory steps towards the appointment of the Commission of 1861 on the Public Schools, and retained a slight but pleasant acquaintance with him till he left Parliament.

We visited at the Vicarage the present incumbent, who is a brother of Mr. Keble's curate, Mr. Peter Young, and I even walked, in defiance of the elements, to the site of Merdon Castle.

Our hostess possesses one very curious relic—a sort of half-map, half-drawing, of Moor Park, which belonged to her husband's family. It was made by the terrible Dean himself when in the service of Sir William Temple. At her house, too, I made the acquaintance of a little dog, of

a kind hitherto quite unknown to me, which had been brought down by native travellers from Lhassa, and bears the name of its birthplace.

Hursley is pervaded by a sort of Anglican perfume, which sometimes produces rather comic effects, as in the case of the good woman who is said to have remarked that Mrs. Keble was "much blest in her donkey." Characteristic, too, of its atmosphere is this little fact.

Most people have heard the story of the late Archbishop of Dublin exclaiming at a dinner-party in his deep voice: "It's come at last! it's come at last!" His horrified wife, springing up, asked: "What has come?" "Paralysis," replied her lord. "Paralysis!" she rejoined. "What can make you think that?" "I have been pinching my leg from time to time," was the answer, "for the last two minutes, and I can feel nothing." "I beg your Grace's pardon," said the lady who sat next to him, "you have been pinching mine." Miss Yonge told this, but made the recipient of the pinches—an Archdeacon!

The piety of these excellent people is not exactly of the cloistral, but certainly of the "*Hortus inclusus*" type. One misses the wider horizons of the *Récit*.

Evelyn, who has been much with us since his return from Persia in the spring, left York House yesterday, to join his former chief, Sir F. Lascelles, at the St. Petersburg embassy.

30. Mr. George Russell, who is editing some of Mat Arnold's letters, wrote the other day to ask me about a notice of motion given by me in 1864, to which one of them refers. Much has happened in the last one-and-thirty years, and I had quite forgotten that I had actually put a notice on the paper, though I well remember having had the intention of following up my speech of 6th May in that year by pressing for a commission on the Schools which did not come under the survey of that of 1861. He has now sent me the exact terms of it, and, as I am telling him, I am glad to observe that they were rational enough—

"To call attention to the expediency of making the Secondary and Elementary Schools throughout the country more available for the purposes of those who wish to give their children a liberal but not a learned education."

The notice seems to have been handed in on 19th May.

August

1. Having been asked by Markham, who is now President of the Geographical Society, to help him in receiving some of the people who, it was hoped, would come over to attend the Geographical Congress now assembled in London, but in which I have taken no

part, I promised to give a couple of dinners to foreigners of distinction, and invited, through the Secretary of the Society, about six-and-twenty of them. Some, however, never came to England at all, some were ill, some engaged, and we had only six on the 31st ult. and four to-night. Those who came to us on the 31st were Prince Roland Bonaparte; Prince A. d'Arenberg, who lives in Paris, and is first cousin to the Prince d'Arenberg who married the beautiful Princess of Servia who visited London in 1863; Judge Daly from the United States, a man now nearly eighty, but still apparently hale and hearty; Captain Vasconcellos from Lisbon; Professor Vambéry from Buda-Pesth; and General Annenkoff, whom I had not seen since he was *aide-de-camp* to General Berg, at Warsaw in January 1864. It was he who took me to see Stanislas Zamoyski, then imprisoned in the Citadel, and about to be tried for high treason. Since those days Annenkoff has seen a great deal of service, as, for example, under Kaufmann in the Khiva Expedition, under Scobeleff at Geuk Tepe, and has made the Central Asian Railway through the regions which his opposite neighbour at dinner and, politically speaking, mortal foe Vambéry, with whom he is evidently on the best of terms, traversed, with his life in his hand, just before I came to know him, a generation ago.

To-night we had Count Limburg Stirum from Holland;

Mr. de Smidt, formerly Surveyor-General at the Cape; Professor Cora from Turin: and Professor Cordier, the Chinese scholar, who succeeded Renan in his office at the French Asiatic Society. The last-named has a most surprising knowledge of London. I tried him with several catches, such as Old St. Pancras and St. Giles's, Cripplegate. He had, however, seen everything I asked him about, except the Barber-Surgeons' Holbein, and was able to puzzle me, in turn, more than once. He declares that he knows Paris even better that Jules Simon, and promises to be my guide to some of the less known points of historical interest there.

Amongst others who did not come whom I asked, were: Bastian of Berlin, Leclercq of Brussels, Moser, representing Bosnia, and Rockhill from the United States.

5. Returned to York House from Lyme Regis, whither I went on the 2nd, accompanied by Iseult, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Shipley, with whom Mrs. Greg was also staying.

The weather was disastrous. Iseult found a fair number of lias and some chalk fossils, but I spent the afternoon of the 3rd, amidst furious rain, in a wholly infructuous search for *Malaxis paludosa* and *Lycopodium inundatum* in Champernaye Marsh, where my excellent guide, Miss Palmer, had found both in some abundance. The only Benthamic plant new to me which I gathered was

Calamagrostis epigeios, which was, however, one of the twenty-three British plants I most desired to find; but I saw *Vicia Sylvatica*, which I have but rarely met with, in magnificent profusion, in a disused chalk-pit near the head of the pretty green dell called the Happy Valley.

On the 5th we went to Ford Abbey, some twelve miles off, a noble place, now in the possession of Mr. Evans. An old Cistercian house dating from Norman times, and still showing in parts, as for instance in the Chapter House, now a chapel, the bird's claw moulding, it was suppressed by Henry VIII., and somewhat later turned into a private residence under the superintendence of Inigo Jones. A good many features of the older architecture escaped his well-meant vandalism, and their style has been sedulously preserved in the alterations made by the present proprietor. Among the more interesting contents of the house are a very splendid series of tapestries, made, from Raphael's cartoons, at Mortlake. Notable, too, in a very different way, is an autograph letter of John Stuart Mill's, written from Ford Abbey when he was eight years old, and fully describing it as it then was, when Jeremy Bentham rented it and gave up part of it to his friend, the elder Mill.

He writes thus in his Autobiography, page 55 :—

"This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish

elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle age architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer existence, and were to me a sort of poetic cultivation, aided also by the character of the grounds in which the Abbey stood; which were *riant* and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters."

Of course we paid proper respect to Miss Austen's reputation by walking along the Cobb, a very high pier or breakwater, built long ages ago to defend the little harbour. Need I add that we speculated with regard to the precise point at which Louisa made her jump?

It was on one of the days we spent at Colway that Mrs. Greg quoted to me, I think from Beowulf, the striking words:—

"Weird wends as she willeth."

At the station of Salisbury this afternoon we fell in with the Dean, and travelled together as far as Surbiton. With reference to a passage in the second volume of these Notes, which he has been reading, he said: "I do not agree with Lady Torphichen that no young people liked Jeffrey. He was extremely kind to me. I well remember one day, when I was reading in the drawing-room before dinner, he asked me what my book was, and I replied: '*The Playfellows.*' 'Oh!' he said, 'by my

old friend Miss Martineau;' and then entered into a discussion of her writings, which made my father, who was listening to it, say: 'Really, Jeffrey, you seem to have given as much attention to child's literature as you once did to man's literature.'"

Conversation found its way, *viâ* Prince A. d'Arenberg, to the beauty of the Princess of Servia, and the Dean said: "I met her at dinner at your house; Thackeray was there, and said that he could hardly take his eyes off her."

12. Returned to York House from High Elms, whither I went on the 10th, accompanied by Lily: meeting, amongst others, Mr. Gully (who will be re-elected Speaker this afternoon), Mrs. Gully, and the Courtneys. There was a good deal of talk about the elections, and about the ceremonial of to-day—little about politics proper, of which all parties have, for the moment, had a surfeit. Mr. Gully, who seems much interested in the derivation of words, mentioned that our barley-sugar originally came into the world in a French dress, as *sucre brulé*, but our neighbours have now adopted our corruption, and translated it into *sucre d'orge*. He gave a pleasant account of the Valley of the Sarine, Mat Arnold's "green river" (see these Notes for the autumn of 1893), and was particularly struck by Gruyêre, which looks, he says, exactly like one of Froissart's little towns; you might

expect, as you pass it, to see a knight in full armour ride out of the gate.

13. In turning over an old book of prints and photographs, I find that we possess an engraving of Lord Brougham's daughter, Eleanor Louisa, to whom he was so much attached, given to my wife at Cannes in 1862 by the old man, and with her name written on it in his own hand. It was for this girl that Lord Wellesley wrote the remarkable epitaph on the staircase of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, mentioned on an earlier page of these Notes. Nothing is more curious than the way in which Brougham has been forgotten by the present generation. If any belonging to it ever read Bulwer's *St. Stephen's*, they must think its author was out of his mind when he penned the lines:—

"What hand unknown
Shall carve for Brougham's vast image the grand throne?"

15. Mr. Pember sent me lately his new volume entitled the *Voyage of the Phocæans*. One of the shorter pieces in it appears to me extraordinarily beautiful. The two first verses are among the best:—

"Perugia holds a picture wrought by one
Whose cunning hand, rich heart, and master eyes
Have drawn their mellow forces from the sun
That ripens all things 'neath Etruscan skies;

A convent wall it is that tells his tale,
Crag-built, breast-high; a grey Nun leans on it,
Gazing across a sweet home-teeming vale:
And underneath for keynote has he writ,
Per gl 'Occh' almeno non v'è Claüsura.

"We gaze with her, but know not whence we gaze—
Some terraced perch perchance of Apennine—
For o'er his scene he spreads a studious haze
That leaves mysterious what he found divine;
Nor may we raise the lappet of her veil
To note if the clipped locks be gold or grey;
Nor ask whose spirit 'tis that thus breaks pale
In one sad whisper to the summer day:
Per gl 'Occh' almeno non v'è Claüsura."

19. We ran down on the 16th to Fredley, Mrs. Kay's beautiful place near Dorking. My old Oxford contemporary, C. K. Paul, and Mr. Herbert Ormerod, who was at Merton just after my time, were both staying in the house. The latter was a first cousin of the late T. C. Sandars, who, considering his very great ability, has left much less of a mark in the world than might have been anticipated, but who was not, I think, intellectually inferior to either Maine or Stephen, with both of whom he was so closely associated in the brilliant spring-time of the *Saturday Review*.

We beat over many subjects. Amongst other names that of Tennyson came up. Paul, who was at one time his publisher, had known the poet extremely well, and

had much to say about him. He told us that the great man considered *Maud* the best of his works, but that he was very unwilling to read it aloud, because, if he did so at all, he liked to read it quite through. He confirmed, on Tennyson's own authority, the well-known story of his having, on that celebrated voyage to Copenhagen with Sir Donald Currie, unconsciously beat time to one of his own poems, which he was mouthing forth, upon the shoulder of the Empress of all the Russias! He liked reading *Lycidas* aloud, but always stopped when he had passed—

"And oh! ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth,"

saying: "That is the only bad line Milton ever wrote."

I asked Paul if he had ever published for Browning. "No," he said, "never." He told us, in another connection, that he had once said to that personage: "What your admirers wish, of whom I may claim to have been one of the earliest, is that you should give us some more lyrics." "Lyrics!" was the reply; "I could give you *buckets* of them, but they're not worth the trouble."

I was amused to learn that Mrs. King, whose highly revolutionary poem, *The Disciples*, I read some years ago, had submitted to the Roman obedience, and now writes in the *Month* as Maria Monica.

When Newman was at Littlemore, and towards the end of his stay there, Archdeacon Manning preached in St.

Mary's a most violent sermon against the Catholic Church, going out in the afternoon of the day on which he preached it to see Newman. Rumours of what had occurred had already reached the community there, and its head sent a young man to tell Manning that he refused to see him. Manning insisted; but the order was absolute. As he walked away the youth courteously accompanied him, soothing his irritation at not being allowed to enter as well as he could. It was not till they had arrived at a point not very far from Oxford, that they saw that they were the objects of a good deal of attention, and J. Anthony Froude — for he was the young man — suddenly discovered that he had forgotten his hat.

We spoke of Miss Cobbe, and Paul said: "I got into frightful trouble with her once, in the most innocent way. I used the expression 'the lower animals.' 'Lower animals!' she said; 'I acknowledge no such distinction — unless indeed you refer to married men.'" Talk wandered to the shrieking sisterhood, and he told us that one of them, in apologising for the absence from a meeting at which she ought to have been present, of ———, on the ground of her being over-tired, observed in perfect good faith: "You know we must not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The *Imitation* was mentioned, and Paul read passages from an essay of his upon that book. He considers that

the question of its authorship has been finally set at rest; that most unquestionably it was written—not merely copied—by Thomas of Kempen, long an inmate of the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, who died in 1471 at the age of ninety. There appear to be extremely good reasons for believing that the man who wrote it in Latin thought in Flemish.

Paul is a Tertiary of the Servites, about whom I knew less than I could wish. They were founded, it seems, in 1233, by seven Florentine merchants, and derive their name from being "religious servants of the Holy Virgin."

Mr. Ormerod told me, in very great detail, an extremely curious story of a man who had fallen into a trance in India, and had, while in it, been able to visit a friend in Ireland, and to note her surroundings with perfect accuracy, the lady whom he visited having, at the precise time, the strongest possible impression that some one had come into the room in which she was sitting. The whole narrative was so circumstantial that no amount of mere coincidence could have accounted for it. Of two things, one: either the friend in India saw, smelt, heard, and was heard in Ireland during his trance; or, Mr. Ormerod, who possesses copies of all the documents connected with the affair, was imposed upon by a person, in whom he placed implicit confidence, without the shadow of a motive. That does not seem probable, but one remembers, nevertheless,

Venables' cynical remark: "One cannot allow too much for the deliberate falsehoods which proceed from persons whose veracity is entirely above suspicion."

In the afternoon, Lord William Beresford, who has recently married the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, came over with her from Deep Dene (famous in the early days of Young England), and we had a long quarter-deck upon the lawn, recalling Madras and Guindy. He seemed to me hardly at all changed, and is a standing proof that you may break half the bones in your body without being much the worse for it.

The grounds of Fredley are extremely pretty—prettier, to my taste, than those of Abinger, where I spent an hour on the afternoon of the 17th, under skies much kinder than those whose horrors I described in these Notes for July 1879. Their most interesting point is the tiny cottage where Mr. Sharp received such a long array of famous persons; and next comes the grove of yews of which Richard Doyle was so fond, and which he introduced into some of his pictures. Their most attractive portion is, however, the natural theatre, side-scenes and all, which is close to the house, and the very place for a pastoral play. The best feature of the grounds at Abinger is the admirable rock-garden, a miniature edition of the one at Kew.

22. Father English dined with us at York House, and

told a good American story of an editor in the Western States who was consulted as to whether a man who was learning to play on the *cornet-à-piston* could go to heaven. He took two days to consider his answer, and then said that he thought that the performer might do so, but that most assuredly the man who lived in the house next to him would not.

Miss Palmer has sent me a specimen of *Malaxis paludosa* just gathered at Champernaye: so the little orchid had not disappeared from that station, but was only under water when I tried to find it.

25. Mrs. Dugdale, Clara, her husband, and Mr. Ormerod were with us at York House. The last-named mentioned an excellent punning motto for a tea-caddy, "Doces"; and a still better Greek one for a cigar-box:—

"Τό Βακχικόν δώρημα λαβὲ, σε γάρ φιλῶ."

31. Accompanied by Victoria I ran down on the 28th to the Manor House, Birkenhead, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Clara's father- and mother-in-law. In the course of conversation our host mentioned that an old man on the Errington estate asserts that his family have held a farm of 17 Cheshire, about 34 imperial, acres for 800 years, and that it has always passed from father to son—a most remarkable fact, if it be a fact at all. Mr. Jackson declares also that, strange to say, by far the

most prosperous branch of industry at this moment in his part of the country is agriculture. Birkenhead progressed with the most extraordinary rapidity in the second quarter of this century, but the land which Sir William Jackson, with whom I sat long in Parliament in my earlier days, bought in 1844, is now worth nothing like half what he gave for it, and the land in the middle of the town is even less valuable than the villa property outside. Mr. Jackson accounts for the great commercial value of the cheese made in his county by the abundance and variety of the natural grasses on which the cattle feed at their own sweet will, wandering from pasture to pasture over the whole extent of each farm. I should like to hear upon this the views of an authority who is, like De Tabley, at once a botanist and a Cheshire landlord.

September

1. The perfection of an autumn day—a pleasant contrast to the blustering weather I found in the North. Miss Sumner told us at dinner an excellent pun, made by one of her Buckinghamshire neighbours. His wife enthusiastically admired, while he as violently disliked Rubinstein. Walking with them one day, she stopped at a gate commanding a view of a cornfield, across which the wind was making waves of shadow. "It is like," she said, "a crescendo of Rubinstein's." "So," remarked the husband, "he goes against the grain with you, too!"

2. We passed an hour this afternoon with Mr. Hutton, who has been living for some time in the greatest possible retirement near York House. In the course of talk, Father English mentioned to me that Tennyson described the handwriting of Mr. G. Ward as "walking-sticks gone mad." Later in the afternoon Miss Sumner repeated a happy saying of one of her sisters. They were talking of Kingsley's letters, which dwell much on the charm of Devonshire streams, but are filled also with expressions of the most intense desire to be once more with his wife and family—a desire which was, however, overpowered by the counter-attraction. "Ah," remarked the young lady, "it was evidently the water brooks that his *heart* panted

after." I had never come across Bishop Wilberforce's observation about his colleague Dr. Jacobson, which Miss Sumner also mentioned to me to-day: "I have often heard of the milk of human kindness, but never before did I see its cow."

9. Accompanied by my wife, Lily, and Iseult, I left home on the afternoon of the 4th, and travelled *viâ* Guildford to Haslemere. Thence we drove through lovely lanes, where holly was the weed of the soil, to Blackdown, near which we fell in with the Frederic Harrisons, who took us to a point above their house commanding one of the finest views in the southern counties. The eye ranges over the estates of Lord Egmont, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Leconfield, and the Duke of Richmond—all very extensive. The foreground is admirably wooded, the background less so, running up to the high open country round Chantonbury Ring. "It is," said Mrs. Harrison, "one of the most Conservative districts in England—Conservative in all senses; old buildings indeed slowly moulder away, but they are not replaced by modern ones, and you may ride for miles and miles without being stopped by a gate." This lovely region connects itself with the history of our times by Lavington, whose whereabouts was pointed out to me, and which played a prominent part in the early life of Manning and the Wilberforces. Who was it who said to me, quite truly,

that the Bishop of Winchester, so stirring and so famous in his day, would only be remembered by his little book *Agathos, and other Sunday Stories?* Even his witticisms will, I fear, oftener than not, be blunderingly repeated in connection with the names of people who had nothing to do with them.

On the 5th a long drive took us to Selborne, where we did homage to Gilbert White by visiting his house and garden. The former has been much changed; in the latter the sundial is still conspicuous. The little park still runs up to the fine mass of beechwood known as The Hanger. The church is even now very simple, but no longer hideous as of old; the grand yew looks, I feel sure, as vigorous in this, the hundredth year after the death of its historian, as it did a hundred years before that event. A slab in front of the altar records his name and arms.

From Southampton we made our way to Christchurch, where our time was well filled up. I paid three visits to the Priory Church, the Norman nave of which is really a noble thing. The Perpendicular Choir is exceedingly good, but is spoilt by a rood-screen, one of the most provoking of its provoking class. We went twice to Barton Cliffs, chiefly to give Iseult an opportunity of searching for the Eocene fossils, with which they abound, and of which she found a good many. We were, too,

more than once at Muddiford, the little seaside village, which has derived importance from the visit of Walter Scott to his friend W. S. Rose, and saw the ribbed sands on which

> "——— was Coleridge pleased to pace,
> While ebbing seas have humm'd a rolling bass
> To his rapt talk."

Yesterday we paid a visit to Reeve at his charming retreat of Foxholes, overlooking the Christchurch estuary, and within the sound of the delightfully musical Priory bells. We found him, on the eve of this his eighty-second birthday, although physically very weak, full of talk about The Club, French politics, and other interesting subjects.

I gave about three hours, partly to-day and partly on the 7th, to Mr. Hart's admirable museum, in which he has collected almost all the birds which have been seen in this district, and to which he is a most instructive and obliging guide. The weather was perfect. My wife found a first-rate point from which to sketch the Priory, and we were all sorry that we had not arranged to stay a day or two longer.

Mrs. Barrington, who has been travelling in Mull and other parts of Western Scotland, writes:—

"The unreliability of the weather gives one the same sense of hopelessness that people do, when their characters are always disappointing one. At first sight, the beauty of pearly

grey lights and slate-coloured water and cloud seems quite a revelation; but living among the mountains you feel something you want to see is always being hidden."

Mrs. Greg, who has been visiting Iona, after complaining, like her sister, of the unkindness of the elements, writes:—

"However, it is much to have rescued those two quiet evening hours from the common fate of hours, and placed them in the sanctuary of memory. The lovely grey, pearly lights of a sun that strove to pierce the clouds, rested on the island, and harmonised with the legends that belong to it,—stories of a far dim past,—all sacred and beautiful,—all half-veiled in mystery. There is to me no spot more impressive than that little island, washed by the wild Atlantic waves, where first the standard of a higher life was raised, and where, during centuries of strife and turmoil, the great actors in the fierce drama of life came to lie in peace when their day was done. Two only of the 359 great sepulchral crosses that once marked their resting-places remain, but those two are perfect, and very beautifully carved."

15. Lady Agatha Russell told me to-day at Pembroke Lodge, that her father had been in the habit of reading a great deal of poetry aloud, but had constantly to stop from inability to master his emotion. I remembered the elder Lytton's lines about Lord Melbourne:—

> "Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes;
> A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise."

17. Since I returned from Christchurch, I have run

through, in Yarrell's book, his account of all the birds which specially attracted my attention in Mr. Hart's collection, without adding much to the information its proprietor gave me. Yarrell is not an agreeable writer, although I daresay accurate enough. He falls, by the way, into a very funny blunder about the name familiarly given to the stormy petrels—Mother Carey's chickens. He imagines that Mother Carey was a hag dreaded by sailors, whereas Mother Carey was no less a personage than the Blessed Virgin herself. Mother Carey is the Mater Cara whom the mariner invoked in danger; and to this day the familiar French name of the bird is "Oiseau de la Sainte Vierge." Yarrell is, however, right in deriving the name of the genus petrel from St. Peter: they seem to walk on the waves as he is said to have done.

19. Sir Harry Prendergast dined with us, and the conversation found its way to the dinner which I gave to the officers who were going on the Burma Expedition, and to the tremendous storm, which, breaking that day on the Coromandel coast, so nearly frustrated all our plans. "Ah!" I said, "that morning was the only time I ever felt cold in Madras!"

The same good fortune which calmed the storm in the night (see these Notes for November 1885) followed the expedition throughout. The Burmese, it seems, had a prophecy that they would be conquered by an army

coming from the West under a white standard, and conceived, when they saw our white signalling flags, that the destined hour had come.

20. Baron Schimmelpenninck left us this morning. He drew last night a very interesting contrast between the peasants of Holland and those of Denmark. The first are Conservative to such a degree that it is impossible to make them depart from their routine usages, however hopelessly inefficient; the second are prompt to seize every new idea, and to carry it into their daily practice. I remember recording in these Notes for 1873 my surprise at the general use that seemed to be made, by quite humble people, of the admirable museums at Copenhagen.

22. Mr. J. R. Byrne, Mr. Paget, the American Ambassador, with his wife, and the Danish Minister were with us. The first-named told us that Mrs. Tait found herself one day in a Tribune of St. Peter's, in company with a Catholic lady whom she did not know, but to whom she made herself useful as a nomenclator. "That," she said, pointing to a gentleman at some distance, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury, and I—am his wife." Her companion's feelings getting the better of her politeness, she involuntarily exclaimed: "How disgusting!" Mrs. Tait must have had a real sense of humour, for she told this story, in Byrne's hearing, at her own table.

I continued with the Danish Minister the conversation which I had with Baron Schimmelpenninck. M. de Bille quite confirms his colleague's account of the wide-awakeness of his countrymen in agricultural matters, pointing out that as farm produce is the only export of Denmark, it is a matter of life and death to the country that it should make the most of its land.

Mr. Bayard says that the Spanish Jesuits introduced Spanish grapes into America, and that their progress can be traced by vines all across the country to San Francisco.

Mrs. Reeve told me at Christchurch that Miss Taylor had introduced both the Priory and Newlyn's Hotel, where we stayed, into her beautiful *City of Sarras*, and they both find a place, I see, in Chapter X., headed "A Parable." Here is the second (p. 181):—

"Ten years later," writes my philosopher, "I re-visited that place. It was again spring; the meadows wore the same golden brocade; the grass, the river-rushes, the blue water, the rippled sea, were all as fair and young as the day when first I had looked on them. This time I was one of a gay company, and we rode a merry train through the narrow streets of the little township. We lay that night at a small tavern, the courtyard of which looked out on the roadway, where two rivers met beneath a stone bridge. Between it and the moss-grown walls of the minster was a fair and well-kept lawn, once a convent garden, where the pink and white blossom of May were already decking the ancient trees. I sauntered forth alone, with a half-formed intention of seeing

once again that altar, the picturesque memory of which had remained with me through many a varied scene of life and lands. But fatigue or chance delayed my steps; and, as I watched the sunlight sliding from roof to window, and from window to water, as the fair radiance faded in the west, I forgot, in the enjoyment of the cool twilight, the object which had drawn me from the mirthful companionship of my fellow-travellers."

30. On the 25th we crossed the Channel and slept in Paris. Next day we transacted the business which took us thither; but I saw nothing, and met no one of the slightest interest. The weather was tropical, recalling rather the banks of the Jumna at this season than those of the Seine. As I sat in the deserted Tuileries Gardens, I remembered Mat Arnold's lines about the dying Rachel:—

> "In Paris all looked hot and like to fade.
> Sere, in the Gardens of the Tuileries,
> Sere with September, drooped the chestnut trees."

On the 27th we ran down to Blois, where we met Bernard Mallet and his wife. They were just starting for Orleans, but delayed their journey, and we all went together to Chambord, an excursion which takes less time than the guide-books lead one to expect, and is very repaying. The country is level and sandy—a portion of the ill-reputed Sologne—Segalonia, the land of rye. Henry James, commenting on its dreariness, quite truly says,

"that it is a peasant's, not a landlord's landscape." Asparagus, vines, and gourds were the chief crops. The vintage was just beginning. Wine, they tell us, will this year be deficient in quantity, but excellent in quality. Chambord has no advantage of situation. It stands on a dead flat in a huge park, which is 21 miles round, but contains, at least in the part we traversed, no good trees. The estate is now the property of the Duke of Parma. The most remarkable feature of the château is, I think, its highly ornamental chimneys, which join with its *tourelles* to make it present a more broken outline to the sky than any building which I can recall. Inside are many portraits, the largest being one of the Comte de Chambord, who issued from this place the too famous manifesto about the white flag, which made Madame de Noailles remark, as I have elsewhere mentioned: "Il ressemble à Virginie, qui se noyait plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise." Marshal Saxe, who ended here, in reviewing for pastime his regiment of Lancers, the military career which began at the Schwedenstein,[1] on the field of Lützen, is the tutelary divinity of the spot, and the table on which he lay dead is one of the few pieces of furniture which, thanks, I suppose, rather to accident than design, was not broken up and carried away in the Revolution. Other things have been bought back by Royalist

[1] See Sainte Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. xi.

sympathisers and returned to the château, but it is even now nearly empty. We climbed the great double spiral staircase, wandered over the mighty roof, admired the Salamander of Francis I., and recollected the story of it I have mentioned on an earlier page, observed the two *caissons* which had been cut away to give room for the scenery required when Molière played the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* here before Louis XIV., and drove back to Blois enjoying an afterglow, not inferior, I think, to any I have seen either in Egypt or on the Marina of Madras.

The morning of the 28th was given to the Castle of Blois, which I had not visited for many years.

The reigning *concierge* is excellent, and knows her lesson so well, that I half suspect her of having peeped through a chink of the door when Guise was being murdered. Among things I do not remember observing when I was last here, are a beautiful little tower, of which my wife made a sketch, to the right as one looks across the court to the great outside staircase; the room where Catherine de Medicis worked; and the astrological observatory of that amiable lady. Henry James uses the right phrase, when he speaks of the part of the building we owe to Francis I. as "this exquisite, this extravagant, this transcendent piece of architecture"; but I think that he is less happily inspired when he complains of its over-restoration. Perhaps the years that have

elapsed since he visited the rooms have toned down their colours. If the *Faïence* of Blois existed when I last passed this way, it had quite escaped my recollection, for which I owe it an apology. It is decidedly pretty.

In the course of the afternoon we went on to Tours, having a good view of Chaumont as we left the station of Onzain. We had meant to have visited it, at Mrs. Greg's suggestion, but it is now only shown on Thursdays.

The Cathedral of Tours, though not large, is very lovely, the blue stained glass of the east end being specially charming to my eye.

About one o'clock we started by the State railway for Azay le Rideau, which we reached in about an hour, passing near the spot where, as some maintain, took place the great battle, in which, happily for us, the "Arm of Charles Martel" did not "fail upon the plain of Tours." The country has the same market-garden character as that between Chambord and Blois, but here the peasant has a more grateful soil to deal with.

Arrived at Azay we separated, my wife preferring to sketch a piece of the château, from a point just to the right of the little bridge which spans the moat, while I walked through the rooms. She chose the better part, for although there are a great many historical pictures of importance, the exterior is distinctly better than the interior, good as that is. The exterior is most fascinating,

and the water from which the walls rise had, even in this burning year, none of the imperfections which Henry James discovered in it, but took me straight to Mat Arnold and to "*Valentine*."

The short approach leading up to the house was bordered by scarlet Salvias, alternating with one of the Cassias which I came to know on the South Indian Hills —I think *laevigata*.

We were most unwilling to tear ourselves away, but it had to be done; and we were soon hurrying at a headlong pace in a light open carriage along the Valley of the Indre to Ussé, now the home of Bertrand de Blacas, so often mentioned in this Diary, who inherited it from Madame de la Rochejacquelin. He, alas! was not there; but the honours of his noble place were admirably done by his housekeeper, much the best *concierge* I ever fell in with in any country. The house stands on a wooded slope overlooking the Indre, and the eye ranges from it far across the wide valley of the Loire to Rochecotte, whose name so often occurred in my letters from Mrs. Craven. The house, which is in excellent order, is full of pictures and works of art, not a few of the greatest merit. I wonder in what other châteaux of France are to be found so many of the best modern English books as are grouped on the shelves of the owner of Ussé?

Few things interested me more than a little picture of

the Duchesse de Duras, taken in the very room in which it is now placed. The chamber in which Louis XIV. slept remains much as he left it. Vauban and his family, who once owned Ussé, appear a good deal.

I had hoped that Madame de Roche Aymon, *née* Mademoiselle de Blacas, might be at Champigny, but she too is absent from this region, and is at Menou, where I visited her father and mother in 1875. It is now her property.

From Ussé we passed to Langeais, chiefly along the great dyke, which says to the Loire, as well as it can: "Thus far and no further." In most places, by the way, I could, just at present, walk across the so often terrible Loire. Langeais is approached by a long bridge across the river, and stands up grandly from the town which clusters round it, but it is of an earlier period than Azay and Ussé: built for defence rather than for the delight of life. It has been most elaborately restored and fitted up by its present owners, who are extremely kind in allowing it to be shown at all times, but we had only the last light of a brief though superb autumn day to see it by, and lost, I fear, many details.

To-day was given to Loches, which lies some thirty miles to the south of Tours, and is approached by a most deliberate train. The objects of interest there are the general aspect of the picturesque little town, the tomb of

Agnes Sorel, the oratory of Anne of Brittany, the at once curious and beautiful Church of St. Ours, and the grand old keep. The second of these is extremely charming: two angels are at the head, two lambs are at the feet of "the Fairest of the Fair," who had the good fortune to have her beauty perpetuated and her epitaph written by people who were wise enough to say:—

> "She has died well,
> And if she lived not all so, as one spoke,
> The sin pass softly with the passing bell."

The interior of the oratory of Anne is all sculptured over with the tuft of ermine and the twisted cord, which recall her so often to the traveller in this district.

I do not know why Henry James found the pointed cupolas, if such they can be called, "sinister." To me they seemed *bizarre*, unlike anything I had seen before, but by no means "sinister." He saw them, however, on a day which called for umbrellas, we on a fine one—a fine one, that is, at Loches, for our servants, whom we sent to Azay, arrived there in a deluge.

The keep is noble, and looks from the garden like a sea cliff.

October

1. Loches led naturally to Plessis, which stands in a suburb of Tours, and thither we went this morning, undeterred by the warnings of Henry James, who found his visit most uncomfortable. Little of the dwelling of Louis XI. remains, but we encountered nothing that was disagreeable in wandering about it. The "defiant dog," whose attitude was the least of our predecessor's misfortunes, had been replaced by a large meek creature in bad health, for whose infirmities my wife prescribed, I trust to her advantage.

Later we went to Marmoutiers, an establishment of the Sacré Cœur, erected on the site of the magnificent abbey, whose destruction was one of the many stupidities of the Revolution. I climbed to the grottoes which tradition connects, truly or falsely, with the earliest teaching of Christianity in the Loire Valley. Mother Digby, already mentioned in these Notes, now the head of the great organisation of the Sacré Cœur, whose centre is in Paris, was for many years an inmate of this house.

A great contrast to the light and air of Marmoutiers was presented by the house, absurdly called the dwelling, of Tristan l'Ermite, beautiful in its decoration, but standing in a very narrow and phenomenally fetid street.

In the Rue Nationale Balzac was born, and the town has placed his statue not far from the top of it.

2. The morning was wet and cold. By the time, however, that we got to Chinon, which lies beyond Azay le Rideau on the same line, the sky was clear, and we had a delightful afternoon in that most striking place. Immediately on our arrival we climbed the hill to the sadly ruined ruins of the château, which occupied one corner of the great hill fort, where Henry II. of England died, and where Jeanne d'Arc had her first interview with Charles VII. The views over the forest and the beautiful Vienne, which, unlike the Loire, is essentially, at least in this part of its course, a river and not a torrent, would of themselves more than repay the trouble of the ascent. The time that remained after we came down was given to the little town, which is full of pretty old houses, most of them untouched, some restored, and well restored.

The Church of St. Etienne at one end of the place detained us some time, that of St. Maurice at the opposite end still longer. Both are attractive, the second, as we saw it, singularly soothing and reposeful.

Before leaving on the 3rd, we had time to make another pilgrimage to the lovely Cathedral of Tours. I have been in that town more than once in former years, but only for very flying visits, and had quite underrated the number of

interesting things to be seen there, while overrating, I think, its attractions as a place of residence.

4. A slow train took us yesterday, through a very featureless country, in some three hours to Le Mans. I was glad to see Le Loir, which has, like the Vienne, more of the river character than its feminine relative; and, if my eyes did not deceive me, I saw *Spartium iuncum* in some abundance along the line—an unexpected sight to me so far north.

The cathedral of Le Mans stands nobly, and the choir with its double aisle is unique. The glass, too, in that part of the building, is exquisite. The nave is less attractive.

There are other churches of much merit in the large, prosperous town, especially the one commonly known as La Couture, a corruption of *de culturâ Dei*, but little else to detain a traveller.

From Le Mans to Caen, 103 miles, the way lies through the Department of the Sarthe, full of hedges dotted with hedgerow timber, and that of the Orne, which is rather bare. We passed Alençon and Argentan of lace-making fame, and at Coulibœuf were only six miles from Falaise, which, alas! we did not see. The cathedral of Séez, of which I had never even heard, seemed to me remarkable.

5. The morning was given to Caen, of which I had a glimpse in the spring of 1850, but have never revisited. Then we went for some hours to Bayeux, where we saw

the very naïve, but very interesting, tapestry and the great cathedral. After making all due allowance for the fact that the latter has been much altered and improved since it was first built in 1106, it is hard to realise that they belong to almost the same period. How was it that it fared in those days so much better with architecture than with all her sister arts?

My wife remarked very truly, that the view of Caen, as one approaches the station from the west, has a curious resemblance to Oxford as seen from the railway.

6. This morning I went to High Mass at St. Pierre, the church which rises in the midst of the town, and possesses one of the most beautiful spires I have ever looked upon. It so happens that till to-day I have not chanced to be present at the "Bénédiction du Pain" and the distribution of the "Pain bénit," sufficiently common in French churches and perhaps a survival of the ancient Agapé.

We spent the early afternoon at the Abbaye aux Dames, where a long service, including the Devotion of the Rosary, which seems to me tiresome, was concluded by the Benediction. The Litany of the Virgin was deliciously sung by the nuns. In the Abbaye aux Hommes, the last resting-place of the Conqueror, whither I went later in the midst of a torrential rain, it was not sung, but gabbled by priest and people in a highly unedifying fashion. The phrases

of that remarkable composition, Rosa Mystica, Turris Davidica, Turris eburnea, and the rest, require the chants to which the "prétres barbares" (see Renan's *Prière sur l'Acropole*) adapted them. Without these they seem strange and far-fetched. With them they fall on the ear as the varied gleam of a long succession of many-hued precious stones falls on the eye.

7. From Caen we ran on to the eastward through a country which well deserves to be called Avilion, if that name of old romance really means an apple orchard. After we had passed Lisieux, with the two unequal towers of its great church, and had left the Calvados for the Eure, apples became fewer, but the scenery was still pleasant.

Evreux, where we halted, is, I think, one of the dullest little towns in Christendom, but has a cathedral whose fame brought us hither. The choir is in the hands of the builders; the high altar is temporarily placed in the transept, the space behind it being walled up and covered with a huge red screen. When the whole is once again open—perhaps a year hence—the cathedral will be one of the loveliest. I know no piece of Gothic architecture which more readily recalls the baseless but pretty fancy that the pointed arch was suggested by the pine woods of the North.

8. I went back this morning to the cathedral, to satisfy

myself how it came about, that a building, in which there is so much Norman work, should give such an impression of grace and lightness. I concluded that the cause was the great height of the nave and its narrowness in proportion to its breadth, the unusual elongation of the clerestory windows, and the gigantic dimensions of the extremely pointed arch between the transepts and the choir.

These great French churches and the life which give them life, are after all about the most creditable things the human race has created, since it began its upward progress from a stage of development far below that of the people, whom poor Sir Alexander Grant described at the Metaphysical Society as "Sir John Lubbock's disgusting savages," little thinking that the gentleman, to whom he attributed so disagreeable a possession, was one of his audience.

We left Evreux with much satisfaction, for really "l'ennui tombe de trop haut" in its lifeless streets. We walked them for three-quarters of an hour yesterday, without seeing a cat or a dog.

Our road to Paris lay by Mantes, where I spent half an hour on my way to Montgardé in 1870. Between that place and our destination we passed Poissy, where they show the font in which St. Louis was christened, and Colombes, where, as Murray mentions, Henrietta Maria died in great poverty. How many waters had flowed

under the bridge since Vandyke painted the pretty girlish face which looks out at us in the gallery at Ham?

9. I went early to see Jules Simon, whom I found in the room I have been accustomed to see him in for more than a generation. He has been operated on for cataract, and the operation was successful, but another form of mischief has supervened, and he is nearly blind For three years he has hardly read at all, but he can still write, and is read to. At this moment he is preparing, by the desire of his colleagues, an address to be delivered at the approaching centenary of the Institut. We talked of Touraine, and he told me that the convent over which Montalembert's daughter presides is at Vouvray. I recalled the account he gave me at the time of our friend's despair, when she came to say that she wanted to become a nun; and he recounted the scene in much the same words that he used then. I asked him whether any new talent equal to that of the men we had known was beginning to "poindre." "No," he said, "I cannot see it, and there is this curious difference between the men who were young with me and those who are young now. We grew up in a 'contemplation' of those who came before us which was almost excessive, whereas now there is a *muraille* between the young and the old. Some of them

start all sorts of new theories, and think us fools for not accepting them, little knowing that they are mere *Vielleries*."

Compare a letter in the Indian portion of these Notes, in which Mrs. Craven gives a similar account of the state of things in her very different society. Simon held the same language to that which he held some time ago to Lubbock about France. She is ceasing to be *guerroyante*, except as to the lost provinces.

Later in the day I sat long with Dufferin. We talked of many things, amongst them of the state of Turkey, of Hanotaux and his Life of Richelieu, of Lobanoff, of the French as negotiators, of the Chitral Expedition. In the rooms there is a statuette, as there ought to be, of Pauline Borghese. He spoke much of his mother's power of conversation, and told me that she had written a novel, the manuscript of which had, however, been lost.

He had made the acquaintance of some distant relations of his at or near Poitiers—Blackwoods, descended from a man who had been sent over to manage the estates which Mary Stuart held in that province as Queen-Dowager of France.

10. The morning was given to the historical part of the Conciergerie, which, strange to say, I had never visited. We saw, amongst other things, the prison of Marie Antoinette, and the hall, now turned into a chapel, in

which took place that "last Supper of the Girondins," which is described by Carlyle in a memorable passage of his prose-poem on the French Revolution.

The little door remains just as it was, through which they passed to the extraordinary last scene.

"'Te Deum Fauchet has become silent; Valazé's dead head is lopped: the sickle of the guillotine has swept the Girondins all away—the eloquent, the young, the beautiful, the brave,' exclaims Riouffe. 'Oh! Death what feast is toward in thy ghastly halls!'"

In the afternoon I sat for an hour with Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, whom I found still quite hale at ninety-one, while his intelligence is just as clear as it was when he came to the first of our long series of breakfasts in March 1860. He made me, according to his custom, a sort of allocution chiefly upon the external and internal politics of his country, which I thought statesmanlike in the highest degree. *He*, at least, has no illusions as to the state of French Finance or the folly of the Russian Alliance. We dined with the Dufferins, meeting M. de Stuers, now Dutch Minister here, whom we had not seen, I think, since he stayed with us at Knebworth in 1877. (See these Notes for that year.) I made also the acquaintance of Colonel Dawson, the Military Attaché, who was long with Arthur at Vienna, and saw, when there, a great deal of the Emperor. He told me much

that was interesting about him, and about those of his family who stand nearest the throne.

12. We left the Hôtel Vouillemont before eleven, found the sea in a horrid temper, and reached York House rather late.

14. Replied to a long letter from Mrs. Harmer, giving an account of her new home in North Adelaide. She writes:—

"Rather a good riddle has been going the round of society here of late. 'Why is the new Bishop sure to please?' 'Because by the addition of a see he becomes a charmer!'"

17. Returned to York House from Hampshire, whither we went on the 14th to stay with Evelyn, Lady Portsmouth, who is farming 700 acres, rented from her son, near the station of Grately, between Andover and Salisbury. Mr. Evans, one of her sons-in-law, Robert Herbert, and the present Lord Carnarvon's sister, Lady Victoria, were her other guests. I caught a violent cold crossing the Channel, and was not able to be much in the open air.

Lady Portsmouth quoted, in the course of conversation, a remark made, she thought, by Madame Récamier, when speaking of an old man: "C'est une ruine, mais une ruine où des esprits reviennent;" and also one which she attributed to Louis XV., and which does him credit: "Vraiment on a beaucoup d'embarras pour faire du bien."

22. I received this morning Jowett's College Sermons, edited by William Freemantle, now Dean of Ripon.

The first piece in the volume, an address to his pupils the night before receiving the Communion, is ascribed by the Editor to about the year 1850. I have looked into my Diary for that year, and find that it was delivered on the evening of 18th May—more than five-and-forty years ago. It is curious to read the following passage now :—

"Of the future we hardly know anything else, but that it will be unlike the present. We ourselves shall change with it ; if anyone here is living half a century hence, it will be in a changed world. How changed that inner world of thoughts and feelings, when at the best resignation will have taken the place of life and hope, and the scene in which he lives be folding up before him like a vesture, and whether in hope or faith or despair he will himself begin to feel that he has nothing more to do with these things. And how all his family relations may have changed I need hardly mention, and how the course of the great world itself, with its struggles for empire, and prejudices and passions, may have changed, in which each one here present is as nothing and insignificant, I may say, except in the sight of God only. Of what we ourselves shall be fifty years hence, we can scarcely form a more distinct idea than of what another will be, so dimly can we see through the clouds which cover us."

There is a very informing article in the *Quarterly* for this month, which, founded on an elaborate Life of Tasso just published by Signor Angelo Solerti, sweeps

away the whole of the fantastic legend about the poet's sufferings, to which Byron and so many others have given currency. The real Tasso, with all his splendid genius, was, from time to time, a maniac dangerous to himself and others. The much-abused Duke Alfonso was extremely kind to him; while his love for Leonora, and all that was supposed to have come of it, is a mere fable.

Delivered a lecture to the Literary Society here on the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, being moved thereto chiefly by the *saugrenu* criticism upon her work by the author of the article about her in the Dictionary of National Biography, partly, too, by the much better, but still inadequate, notice of her in Mr. Ward's *English Poets*.

23. Finished *The Countess Eve*, by the author of *John Inglesant*, a pretty book in its author's well-known manner. I sent for it on account of a prayer, quoted in its pages as having been composed for the Jubilee of 1751, which was read by Lady Portsmouth on the morning of the 17th:—

"O Father of light and God of all truth, purge the whole world from all errors, abuses, corruptions and sins. Beat down the standard of Satan, and set up everywhere the standard of Christ. Abolish the reign of sin, and establish the kingdom of grace in all hearts. Let humility triumph over pride and ambition; charity over envy, hatred and malice; purity and temperance over lust and excess; meek-

ness over passion, and disinterestedness and poverty of spirit over covetousness and the love of this perishable world. Let the Gospel of Christ, in faith and practice, prevail throughout the world."

28. To Lincoln's Inn Hall, to hear the address of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, on Legal Education. To my great satisfaction, it was exactly on the lines of a speech I made in the House of Commons on 1st July 1864, which he very likely never saw. As we were coming out, I met Sir James Mathew, who said: "This reminds me of old times." "Yes," I replied; "I suppose you and I attended the first of the lectures delivered in this Hall under the new regulations, which came into force in 1852."

29. A young lady who lunched with us said, as she was putting on a large fur mantle to go away: "My friends in Rome used to call this the Cloaca Maxima."

30. Professor Church gave me, too, when travelling up to London with him, a lesson in Latin, by telling me that the present Archbishop of York was talking to an Archdeacon about one of their common acquaintance. "Ah! poor fellow," said the latter; "he has got Angĭna pectoris." "Pardon me," said the Archbishop: "Angīna." "I have always," said the other, "been taught to pronounce it Angīna." "You are wrong, however; the word occurs in Plautus, and the second

syllable is unquestionably short." I remember the story of Lanfranc, who when reading in the refectory, was corrected by the Prior, and told to say docĕre instead of docēre. He complied immediately, telling the other monks afterwards that it was worse to disobey than to make a false quantity.

November

3. Finished the *Oxford Movement*, by Mr. Wakeling, a sort of epilogue to Dean Church's book mentioned on an earlier page, and in the main an account of the way in which the teaching of the "Tracts for the Times" spread over Southern England, after the appearance on the scene of Father Dominic the Passionist.

The book, if book it can be called, for it can hardly be said to have either beginning, middle, or end, most sadly wants an index, but contains a great number of interesting facts, and supplements my knowledge of the times in which I have lived, in a variety of small ways.

Looked at from one point of view, many, perhaps most, of the people commemorated would have to be pronounced superstitious and foolish; but although that is quite true, they contrived to turn out a prodigious amount of good work, and to do a great deal for the civilising of England,

which all the agencies existing before the publication of the *Christian Year*, whether in or outside of the Anglican Communion, were wholly, and even ludicrously, inadequate to accomplish.

Here and there, too, one comes on a good anecdote, as for instance at page 100, where it is mentioned that on an Easter Sunday Mr. Bennett, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, seeing that a very large number of people had come to receive the Communion, and that the long service would be unusually trying, went up into the pulpit, and said: "Christ is risen—this is my text, and this is my sermon. Now to God the Father, etc., etc."—an example that much deserves to be followed!

I remember many years ago coming across—was it in one of the earlier numbers of *Punch*?—a delightful account of the English Church service of those days, from a Hindu point of view. The benighted heathen was misled by the not unnatural supposition that the great gilded organ was the idol. I never knew, however, that there really was a church in Essex, where, as Mr. Wakeling informs us at page 11, all the congregation used to turn to the organ when it began to play.

The name of Mr. Garbett, whose election to the Professorship of Poetry, over the head of Isaac Williams, was one of the absurdities of the Tractarian controversy, reminds me of the only interesting thing I ever heard of

that worthy. A conversation was going on as to the respective strength of the Greek and English languages, and one of the party was putting the latter altogether below the former. The discussion was cut short by Garbett's remarking: "Well, when I hear men passing through Brasenose Lane, and saying to each other: 'These are the rooms of that *beast* Garbett,' it strikes me that the English language is by no means deficient in strength."

Lady Agatha Russell asked me at Pembroke Lodge on Friday last if I knew who first said: "The schoolmaster is abroad." I did not; but a letter from her this morning encloses the following extract from a speech made by Lord Brougham on 29th January 1828:—

"Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some—perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

5. I drove up last night to the Literary Society. We had Walpole, Lecky, Henry Cunningham, Birrell, Douglas Galton, Sir Archibald Geikie (quite recently added to our numbers), Flower, Colvin, Henry James, Lyall, Ainger, Moulton, and others—quite a galaxy; but of course no conversation was possible except with very near neighbours. The best thing I carried away was contributed by Birrell

who quoted an epitaph suggested for the worthy, but terribly talkative, Professor Bonamy Price—"Hic tacet." Ainger mentioned that some of the Wordsworth family had been furious when so inconsiderable a person as Tennyson succeeded their illustrious relative, whose own elevation to the Laureateship had been just as unfavourably regarded in some quarters.

I talked with Mr. Justice Wright—in whose house Jowett died—a good deal about the account of the Master, which I lately received from its author, Lionel Tollemache. I have had it twice read to me, and think that on the whole it gives a very truthful impression of Jowett as he appeared in society. He was not, however, at his best in society; he required time to mobilise his battalions. When I first knew him, a conversation with him was a series of long silences, interrupted only by brief and sensible, but not very striking, remarks. In later life he was strongly impressed with the importance of conversation. I think I have noted, in 1891, his speech to the young ladies at Oxford on the theme, "Learn to talk," and, in the volume just published by William Fremantle, there is an excellent sermon on Conversation.

His difficulty in conversing was a real misfortune to him. I see, from Mr. Skelton's pleasant book, *The Table Talk of Shirley*, that he could not at all understand the immense impression Jowett had made on such men

as Sir Alexander Grant, or the group that surrounded him in Edinburgh, and was chiefly struck by the sage's extraordinary talent for silence. So, I make no doubt, were hundreds of others who only met him once or twice Knowing that he was particularly anxious to make Balliol useful to young men going into the Indian Civil Service, I sent, when I was Governor of Madras, my Chief Secretary to call upon him. No man could have given him information so thoroughly up-to-date about all Southern India, but Jowett had next to nothing to say, and could hardly ask his visitor a single question.

They ought to publish more of the Addresses he used to deliver to his pupils the night before they received the Communion. These made an infinitely greater impression on me than ever did anything he said in conversation.

Tollemache's book, nevertheless, deserves to live as a contribution to the history of Victorian Oxford.

6. Finished a bright little book by Goldwin Smith about Oxford, intended chiefly for American consumption. It contains, of course, little that is unfamiliar to me, but not nothing. I did not know, for example, that the statutes of Corpus had been so filled, as they would appear to be, with the spirit of the English Rennaissance —"that grey dawn, which," as Goldwin says, "never became a very bright dawn."

Re-awakened intellect in England and Germany turned, he goes on to tell us, to the pursuit of Truth rather than of Beauty. Alas! alas! one remembers Renan's remark about Lamennais: "Il se ruait sur la vérité avec la lourde impétuosité d'un sanglier: la vérité fugace et légère se détournait, et, faute de souplesse, il la manquait toujours."

Mrs. Griffith, of New Court, told me to-day that she had known intimately a lady of Horace Smith's family. Just as he was dying, some one said to him: "Will you have some more ice?" "No," he said; "no more ice for me—except Paradise." I remembered the last words attributed to Rabelais as he drew his cowl over his face:—"Moriamur in domino."

I went on to the University of London, where we had a long sitting of the Committee of Arts and Sciences. Some one quoted a saying of old Sir William Smith's when he was examiner: "I have not the slightest objection to the Senate seeing the papers of those whom I pluck, but God forbid that it should see the papers of those whom I let through."

8. I bought, when at Tours, Pierre Loti's *Jérusalem*, and have now gone through it. He has an excellent eye for atmospheric effects, for light, for shade, and for colour; but I do not think his work is likely to add much to the knowledge of any one who has visited the Holy City with some care, or who is familiar with the religious

questions with which a visitor to it ought to be occupied. At the same time, he says many things well, as, for instance: "On prie comme on peut; et moi je ne peux pas mieux" (p. 220); or, "Les plantes sauvages—petites choses si frêles et pourtant éternelles, qui finissent toujours par reparaître obstinément au même lieu pardessus les décombres des palais et des villes."

16. I have had read to me a number of lectures by Professor Seeley, among them three upon Roman Imperialism, in which he combats successfully the absurd "cleverism" of these latter days, which attributes to the first Cæsar, when he grasped the reins of power, a deliberate purpose to improve the lot of the provincials. Professor Seeley is, I observe, very strongly of opinion that the root-malady of the later Roman Empire was want of population. From one cause or other he thinks the human harvest failed, and a succession of plagues, which began in the days of Aurelius, completed the enfeeblement which other bad influences had begun.

Lady Derby, with whom I spent the afternoon at Holwood, told me that the unpublished papers relating to her husband's political life were not very numerous. I said that it seemed to me highly important that, although it well might be that nothing could be published at present, the whole story of the circumstances, under which he left Lord Beaconsfield's Government, should

be put in a form in which they could ultimately be given to the world.

17. Miss Williams Freeman, who has, since she was with us in July, been spending some months at Gooreynd —a very beautiful place in a hideous country—not far from Antwerp, told me to-day that a French officer, when engaged with the *Flora*, then commanded by her great-grandfather, who was later Admiral of the Fleet, threw on board of that ship a reliquary containing a piece of the true cross, hoping thereby to excite his crew to board the enemy successfully. The attempt failed, and the relic is still in the possession of her grandmother.

I have had the last few chapters of Sir Joseph Crowe's Reminiscences read to me. I saw, when I called on him at Leipzig in the winter of 1861-62, that he was acquainted, as few Englishmen were, with German affairs; but I was not aware till now that he had gained his knowledge by having been sent by Lord Russell on a secret mission to Germany, in the autumn of the year 1859.

26. Evelyn writes from St. Petersburg:—

"The following is rather amusing, and is the motto of the Frias family:

Antes que Dios fuera Dios,
Y los peñascos peñascos,
Eran los Velascos Velascos.

"For swagger, I think this beats anything I ever heard.

"There is a Count Dohna in Germany, who is also proud

of his birth. He is rather eccentric, and remarked to the Emperor: 'Als die Hohenzollern noch als Affen auf den Bäumen kletterten, waren die Dohnas schon ein uraltes Grafengeschlecht.'"

29. I returned very late last night from the North, whither I went on the 27th to attend De Tabley's funeral. He died rather suddenly at Ryde last Friday. In a note to me, sending back the piece of this Diary for September and October, he gave a bad account of himself, but nothing to lead one to expect any immediate danger. He did not know how ill he was, and when his sister, Lady Leighton, arrived, he was already unconscious.

I was not able to accept the loan of Tabley, when he offered it to me in the autumn of 1888, and had never visited it, but the place is very stately, and makes the life of its owner, who hardly ever went there, though it was kept up ready for immediate occupation, a greater riddle than ever. The more so because, on an island in one of the lakes of the Park, stands the ancient hall of his Leicester ancestors, where (save for the interruption caused by service being held in the neighbouring chapel on Sundays and Saints' Days) he might have lived the life of the Thebaïd, for it can only be approached by a bridge, the gate on which is kept locked. He was buried in the churchyard of Saint Oswald's, at a place called Lower Peover (pronounced Peever). His recluse life had thinned his friends, and

putting aside a few of his nearest relations, Sir Henry Longley, who had been with him at Christchurch, and I were their only representatives. The tenantry, however, and their families, mustered in great numbers in the beautiful little church, built almost entirely of dark oak; and the service was extremely impressive.

Lady Leighton was anxious that, as he had been christened with water brought from the Jordan, so he should be buried in earth brought from the Holy Land; and, accordingly, when the words "Dust to dust" were uttered, we all threw some of it into the grave.

A lyre in white flowers with strings of violets, one of which was broken, lay upon the coffin.

And so passes away one of the most gifted and accomplished men whom his order has contained in our times. Poet, novelist, numismatist, botanist, and so much else, he lived under the spell of some evil star, which prevented him ever reaping, either in happiness or fame, anything like the harvest which, but for its baneful intervention, would assuredly have fallen to his lot.

30. I have had, in these last days, Mat Arnold's letters read through to me—"Une œuvre de longue haleine," for they fill nearly 800 closely printed pages. The immense majority of them are addressed to members of his family. Outside of it, his chief correspondent is Lady de Rothschild. A good many of the earlier ones are to Mr. Wyndham

Slade, whom I can just remember as a Bachelor at Balliol, when I went up in 1847. There are about a dozen to my wife and myself; a few, chiefly near the end, to Charles Norton, George Bunsen, and Mr. George Russell, who has edited the book, and has prefixed to it a very true and graceful prefatory note. Nearly all the letters are to people I have known. It is very interesting to see in some of them the *primi pensieri* for poems, as, for instance, for the lines about Carnac in two letters, one to his wife, one to his mother, dated 8th May 1859.

December

1. A pleasant party at York House. The conversation straying to Watts, Miss Lawless, who was sitting on one side of me, mentioned that he had said to her: "I think I am quite accurate in telling you that I saw the sun rise every day last summer," and Mrs. Tyrrell, who was sitting on my other side, told us that he had said to her: "I am seventy-eight, and I hope still to do my best work." I thought of the *Prière pour une Femme Agée*, which was found among Mrs. Craven's papers, and a copy of which Mrs. Bishop made for me.

I quote a passage from it:—

". . . Me voici agée, faible, fatiguée—fatiguée de n'avoir rien, ou si peu fait pour vous. Mais la faiblesse

devient la force quand vous daignez vous en servir. En cinq — trois — un an ! que de grandes choses ont été faites ! Vous avez envoyé sur la terre des âmes qui y sont restés bien peu de temps, qui en peu de jours fournirent une longue carrière. Pourquoi le temps qu'il me reste à vivre ne serait-il pas fructueux comme tant de jeunes vies que le monde a vues si vites finir et qui ont cependant exercé une si grande influence parmi les hommes."

Tyrrell quoted an excellent German equivalent for the well-known French saying, "Chacun a son vilain petit goût" :—

"Jedes Thierchen
Hat sein Plaisirchen."

I walked over with Mrs. Awdry and her daughter, in the afternoon, to bid good-bye to Mrs. Scott, who is just starting for her villa at Florence. She told me that my old acquaintance Mr. James Fergusson, the author of the *Handbook of Architecture*, had related to her two very curious stories about pythons. Some people who kept those creatures went away from home, telling the servants on no account to enter the room themselves, but after about a week, cautiously to unlock the door and slip in some pigeons. Fearing they might forget to do so at the proper time, the servants put in the pigeons immediately after their master and mistress had gone. The result was that when they returned, the poor pythons were still fasting. If the servants had waited a week and then put in the pigeons,

they would have had their dinner, but the birds having been with them for a week before they got hungry, they had come to treat them as pets, and nothing would induce them to touch them.

The other story was equally creditable to the amiability of the python, for it was of one of these animals, which, having been long in the habit of coming every morning to have its head stroked by its master, and missing the caress when he died, coiled itself up in a corner, refused food, and died itself.

4. I opened Mr. Hare's *Biographical Sketches*, with the hope of finding something new about Arthur Stanley, but have not met with anything interesting which I did not know before. In the same volume there is, however, a very informing paper on Paray-le-Monial, whence emanated, two hundred years ago, the devotion of the Sacred Heart, which has become so widespread in our own day. It appears that the first important convert of its foundress, Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, was Father La Colombière, one of the Chaplains of Catharine of Braganza, and that a good many of her letters addressed to him when he was living in St. James's Palace still exist.

In his sketch of Alford (whom I never knew, but whose excellent lectures on the New Testament at Quebec Chapel I frequently attended in the fifties, and whom I met near the end of his life at the Metaphysical Society)

Mr. Hare does not cite *Lady Mary*—incomparably the best thing which the Dean ever wrote. I have to thank him, however, for some exceedingly pretty stanzas addressed "Filiolæ dulcissimæ," three of which I cite :—

"Once in a life-time is uttered a word
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard,
Once in an age is humanity stirred.

"Once in a century springs forth a deed
From the dark bands of forgetfulness freed,
Destined to shine, and to help, and to lead.

"Yet not e'en thus escape we our lot,
The deed lasts in memory ; the doer is not :
The word liveth on, but the voice is forgot."

One can only fall back on the remark of Father Strickland to me, quoted in these Notes for 1863 :—"One may do a great deal of good in this world, if one doesn't care who gets the credit for it"—a true, but a hard saying nevertheless. The fine epitaph on Dean Alford's tomb under the yew trees of St. Martin's at Canterbury, the most historical of English churches, is quite new to me :—

"Diversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis."

9. To call on Lady Russell, with whom I found Mrs. Trotter, the owner of Colinton House, near Edinburgh, which, as I mentioned in these Notes some years back, was endowed with a brand-new and particularly unpleasant ghost by Mrs. Oliphant's vivid imagination.

10. Mrs. Greg, who has been with us since the 7th, but who left us this morning, told me that good judges now consider an Englishman of the name of Dunstable to have been a most important precursor of Palestrina. I looked him up this afternoon at the Athenæum, in the Dictionary of National Biography, and observed that he died as early as 1453, and was remarkable both on account of his musical and mathematical ability. Music indeed seems to have made very great progress in England, even before his time, but its early promise was crushed by the wars of the White and Red Rose.

I also glanced at a paper of Lady Gregory's in *Blackwood*, containing some sketches of several of her husband's friends—all well known to me, and all in old days frequently members of the party which used so often to dine in the left-hand corner of the Athenæum coffee-room. She says very happily of Kinglake, that his words seemed to crystallise into epigram as they touched the air.

I have had, after long years, *Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals*, by Joseph Robertson, re-read to me—this time in the large-paper copy given me by John Webster of Edgehill. I did not know, or had quite forgotten, that the Wolf of Badenoch, who burned the Cathedral of Elgin in 1390, was buried at Dunkeld, with an epitaph describing him as an "Earl and Lord of happy memory"!

Joseph Robertson, who died prematurely in 1866, and a memoir of whom is prefixed to his admirable little monograph, was, to me, far the most interesting of the group to which he belonged, and of which John Stuart and Cosmo Innes were also distinguished members. Mr. David Laing I never saw, and Mr. Skene I think I only met once in Mr. David Douglas's shop.

11. No book which I have come across for a long time has interested me more than a sketch of Latin Literature, lately published by Mr. Mackail (see these Notes for 1884). In almost every page it pleasantly reminds me of something that had slipped my memory, or tells me something I did not know. The last is chiefly the case in the third section, which brings the story down to the days of Augustine. I have had the whole book twice read through to me, and shall probably, ere long, have much of it read to me again.

Charles Pearson used to quote with approbation a saying which he attributed to the famous Edinburgh philosopher, Sir William Hamilton: "The study of mathematics leads to madness, idiocy and death." I know not how that may be; but ——— told me to-day that a recent Senior Wrangler, being required to write down in a medical examination the complaints from which he had suffered, astonished the examiners by describing one of them as *Brown Kitis*.

I remarked in the article on Dunstable, mentioned in these Notes for the 10th, that Johannes Tinctoris had said that "music began in England." Of Johannes Tinctoris, Heaven help me, I had never heard; but I find that he was a Fleming, who lived mainly at Naples, and wrote some music, but also certain treatises upon that art which are much more important than his music. It was he who compiled the first musical dictionary, the ancestor of Sir George Grove's valuable book: to which I owe the above information.

13. We drove up to dine with the Leckys. There was, of course, much conversation about his recent triumphant election for the University of Dublin.

After the ladies had gone, I found myself sitting next Mr. Robertson of the Foreign Office. Conversation found its way, *viâ* Aberdare, at whose house we had once met years ago, to feats of agility, and to my neighbour's father, "Robertson of Brighton," who was famous for them when at Brasenose.

Something led to our speaking of the small events which influence men's lives, and Mr. Robertson said: "My father always maintained that the whole course of his life had been changed by the barking of a dog. Once, when he was very ill, a dog belonging to Lady Trench, who lived next door, was terribly vocal. He was very good-natured about it, and formed thereby the acquaintance of

its mistress. It was the influence of Lady Trench which determined him not to make his career in the army, as some seven or eight of his ancestors had done, but to take orders."

14. Lecky lent me last night a short speech which the Duc d'Aumale made recently, at a meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, about Reeve. I copy some sentences:—

"Je n'ai pas la prétention de prononcer devant vous l'éloge d'Henry Reeve; la compétence me manque comme la préparation. En vous rappelant quelques traits de cette noble figure, je voulais, comme je vous l'ai dit tout à l'heure, acquitter une dette de cœur envers un ami qui, jusqu' aux derniers moments de sa vie, m'a prodigué les marques d'affection. Il voulut célébrer à Chantilly le 80e anniversaire de sa naissance, et un de ses derniers soucis était de réclamer les bonnes feuilles du septième volume de l'Histoire des Condé, dont il voulait rendre compte dans sa Revue.

"La mémoire du philosophe, du lettré, de l'érudit, du confrère eminent, de l'homme bon et aimable, mérite de rester honorée dans notre Compagnie."

17. When Lothair was being re-read to me this morning, the happy phrase about "the furious conoscenti of the House of Commons" reminded me of an incident which took place there. A member of that tiresome brotherhood had said to Cardwell, who, as being for the moment in charge of the House, had replied to one of his outpourings

about a matter of taste: "Why on earth did *you* answer me? What do *you* know about art?" "Nothing at all," said Cardwell; "that's just why I was the right person to answer you."

19. In a paper read before the Historical Society to-day, Mr. Raymond Beazley stated the, to me, quite unknown fact that an Irish monk, known as Fidelis, had travelled along the Sweet-water Canal of Necho and Hadrian to the Red Sea, as late as near the end of the 8th century of our era.

If I had met Frederic Harrison at our Council to-day, I should have congratulated him on his *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, a book which seems to me, in so far as I can presume to judge, full of sane criticism; but I have certainly not read a sixth part of the works which he passes under review and seems thoroughly familiar with. If I had not been, from the summer of 1848 onward, so dependent on the eyes of other people, I should doubtless have become acquainted with many more of them. Under no circumstances, however, can I imagine having read anything like as many as he has done, still less could I have remembered, like him, all the details of the novels!

We dined and slept at 50 Albemarle Street, meeting the Governor-Designate of Madras, Sir Arthur Havelock, and his wife, General Chapman, and others. With the

first I talked, of course, chiefly about his future work; with the second, who is now at the head of the Intelligence Department, about the military and naval position of the United States in case the recent astonishing action of the President were to lead to hostilities. I sat between our hostess and Lady Jeune. The latter mentioned, as a curious instance of the rapid way in which great names get forgotten, that a young married lady, in Society, had asked the other day: "Who *was* Mr. Gladstone?" Mr. Murray showed me after dinner some of the large and small type printing of the great Plantin house,—both very good.

24. Miss Broughton, the novelist, dined with us last night. The name of George Eliot coming up, she gave an amusing account of the shock which one of that lady's most devoted admirers had received. He met her at the house of the late Master of Balliol, and was adoring, at a distance, when he heard George Lewes say as she left the dining-room: "Get along, Polly." I came, by the way, a few minutes ago, on a letter from Jowett, published in Stanley's Correspondence, which shows that his admiration for George Eliot went very far. He says that her conversation was as good as her books. I do not agree with him. It was too like her books.

26. I have just lit on the following, in a letter from Arthur Stanley to his mother, dated Paris, 15th February

1862, and describing a conversation with Madame de Circourt :—

"Grant Duff, who was in Paris, had given her 'a new Prayer Book' which she had not seen before. She begged me to look at it on the table. It was 'The Christian Year.' She had been enchanted with it, and had only found out that it was not by a Roman Catholic from the omission of a hymn for the Fête Dieu. I opened it for her at 'Wish not, dear friends, my pain away.' 'Oh, yes! I know that well. I have read it many times.' She had read Faber's book with great pleasure, and thought it showed a wonderful knowledge of human nature: it was like St. François de Sales, not like Fénélon, whom she found quite useless. I asked what parts of the Bible she found most consoling. 'Job and Tobit; not the Psalms, they are too jubilant.'"

In the volume from which I take this extract, just published by Murray,[1] Mr. Prothero entirely avoids the wearisome subject of Stanley's theological controversies, of which there was unavoidably so much in the Life reviewed by me last year. The Stanley of these delightful letters is the Stanley who fascinated me. I am more than ever struck with his extraordinary power of taking in impressions through the eye. Of the places unseen by me which he describes, I think I should most like to have seen Rügen, Lisbon, Le Puy, and, perhaps, one or two scenes in Greece—these last, however, only if one could

[1] Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., between the years 1829 and 1883.

have seen them at a suitable time of year. Of interesting people he had seen a great many, but not, I think, more than I, who am now a little older than he was when he was taken from us.

My nephew Douglas writes from the Mena House Hotel close to the Pyramids:—

"I have been riding lately with Conan Doyle, the novelist, and find him excellent company. Talking of unconscious literary plagiarism, or rather of literary coincidence, he said that some years ago, while travelling in Switzerland, he came upon an inn which was isolated among the mountains during four months of the year. By the time he had descended to the plain below, the plot of a story, in which two enemies were to be shut up in this place during the four months, was clear in his mind. At the first railway bookstall he came to, one of Maupassant's books caught his eye. He bought it, and turning to the first page *L'Auberge* appeared as the heading of the story. The *Auberge* was his identical inn, the story was the story of two enemies shut up there during the winter, and the *dénouement* the same as he had imagined."

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